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Cologne Cathedral.

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INTERNATIONAL LIMITED EDITION

THE RHINE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

BY VICTOR HUGO

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON

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THE RHINE.

CHAPTER I.

FROM PARIS TO FERTÉ-SOUS-JOUARRE.

Dammartin: its Literature and Curiosities. — An Accident and its Result. A German Wagon. — The Pleasures of Country Travelling. — The Philosophical Hunchback and Reasoning Gendarme. — Meaux and its Curiosities.

ABOUT two days ago I started from Paris. Pursuing my way by the route of Meaux, leaving St. Denis and Montmorency on the left, I cast my eyes upon the rising ground at the bottom of the plain; but a turning in the road soon hid it from my sight. On long excursions, I have a peculiar *penchant* for short stages, hate to be encumbered with luggage, and love to be alone in my carriage with the two friends of my boyhood, — Virgil and Tacitus.

As I had travelled by Soissons a few years ago, I took the Châlons road, which, owing to innovators, or, as they style themselves, utilitarians, has now but very little interest left. Nanteuille-Haudoin boasts no longer of the castle built by Francis I.; the magnificent manor of the Duke of Valois, at Villiers-Cotterets, has been converted into a poor-house; and there, as almost everywhere, sculpture and painting — the mind of by-gone ages, the

grace of the sixteenth century — have disappeared. The enormous tower of Dammartin, from which Montmartre, nine leagues distant, could be distinctly seen, has been razed to the ground. Its lizard and vertical form gave rise to the proverb, which I could never well understand: "Il est comme le château de Dammartin, qui crève de rire." [1]

Since it has been deprived of its old bastille, in which the Bishop of Meaux, when he quarrelled with the Count of Champagne, took refuge with seven of his followers, Dammartin has ceased to engender proverbs. It is now only remarkable for literary compositions similar to this note, which I copied verbatim from a book lying on the table of an *auberge:* —

"Dammartin (Seine-et-Marne) is a small town, situated on a hill; lace is the chief article of manufacture. Hotel: *Sainte Anne.* Curiosities: the parish church, hall, 1600 inhabitants."

The short space of time which those tyrants of diligences, called *conducteurs,* allow for dinner, would not permit me to ascertain if it was true that the sixteen hundred inhabitants of Dammartin were really curiosities.

In the most lovely weather, and on the finest road in the world, between Claye and Meaux, the wheel of my vehicle broke. (I am one who always *continues his journey,* for if the carriage renounce me, I abandon the carriage.) At that instant a small diligence passed, which was that of Touchard. There was only one va-

[1] He is like Dammartin Castle, bursting with laughter.

cant seat; I took it, and in ten minutes after the accident I was once more on my route, perched upon the *imperiale*, between a hunchback and a gendarme.

Behold me now at Ferté-sous-Jouarre, a pretty little town, with its three bridges, its old mill supported by five arches in the middle of the river, and its handsome pavilion of the time of Louis XIII., which, it is said, belonged to the Duke of Saint-Simon, and is now in the hands of a grocer.

If in fact M. de Saint-Simon did possess that old habitation, I very much doubt whether his natal mansion of Ferté-Vidame ever had a more lordly and stately appearance, or was better adapted to his rank of duke and peer, than the charming little castle of Ferté-sous-Jouarre.

The time is perfect for travelling. The fields are full of laborers finishing the harvest and building immense stacks at different spots, which in their half-completed condition are not unlike the pyramids in ruins that are met in Syria. The ridges of corn are so arranged on the brow of the hills as to resemble the back of a zebra.

In travelling I do not seek for incidents; my desire is fresh scenes, which excite and create ideas, and for that new objects suffice. Besides, I am content with little. If I see trees, the greensward, and have the open air, with a road before and behind me, I am perfectly satisfied. If the country is flat, I like an extended horizon; if it be mountainous, I like the landscapes, and here one is ever presenting itself to the view. Before me is a charming valley; to the right and left, the strange caprices of the

soil, — huge hills bearing the marks of husbandry, and squares pleasing to the sight; here and there groups of low cottages, whose roofs seem to touch the ground; at the end of the valley a long line of verdure, with a current of water, which is crossed by a little stone bridge, partly dismantled by age, that serves to unite the two highways. When I was there a wagon crossed it, — an enormous German wagon, swelled, girt, and corded, which had the appearance of the belly of Gargantua, — drawn upon four wheels by eight horses. Before me, near the opposite hill, and shining in the rays of the sun, the road takes its course, upon which the shadows of the tall trees represent, in black, a huge comb minus several teeth.

Ah, well, the large trees, the shadow of a comb, — at which perhaps you are laughing, — the wagon, the old bridge, the low cottages, create pleasure, and make me happy. A valley such as this, with a brilliant sun above, always pleases me. I looked around and enjoyed the scene, but my fellow-travellers were constantly yawning. When the change of horses takes place, everything amuses me. After the cracking of the whip, the noise of the horses' hoofs, and the jingling of the harness, we stop at the door of an *auberge.* A white hen is seen on the highway, a black one amongst the brambles; a harrow, or an old broken wheel, in a corner; and children in the height of mirth, with comely yet far from clean faces, playing on a heap of sand. Above my head, Charles V., Joseph II., or Napoleon, hangs from an iron gallows: powerful emperors they were; now they are only fit to serve as signs for an inn. The house is in

confusion with voices giving contradictory orders; on the threshold the ostlers and kitchen-maids are busy acting pastorals, the dung-heap makes love to the wash-tub, and as for myself I take advantage of my elevated position on the top of the coach to listen to the gossip of the hunchback and the gendarme, and admire the pretty little colonies of dwarf-poppies that look like oases on the black roof.

Besides, my gendarme and hunchback were philosophers. There was no pride in them; they chatted familiarly together, — the former without disdaining the hunchback, the latter without despising the gendarme. The hunchback paid a tax of six francs to Jouarre, the ancient *Jovis ara*, which he explained to the gendarme; and when he was forced to give a sous to cross the bridge over the Marne, he became enraged with the government. The gendarme paid no taxes, but related his story with *naiveté*. In 1814 he fought like a lion at Montmirail; he was then a *conscrit*. In 1830, in the days of July, he took fright and fled; he was then a gendarme. That surprised *le bossu*, but it did not astonish me. *Conscrit*, he was only twenty years of age, poor and brave; gendarme, he had a wife and children, and a horse of his own, — he played the coward. The same man, nevertheless, but not the same phase in life. Life is a sort of meat, which sauce alone renders palatable. No one is more dauntless than a galley-slave. In this world it is not the skin that is prized; it is the coat. He who has nothing is fearless.

We must also admit that the two epochs were very different. Whatever is in vogue acts upon the soldier as

upon all mankind; for the idea which strikes us either stimulates or discourages. In 1830 a revolution broke out. The soldier felt himself under a load; he was cast down in spirits by the force of contemplation, which is equal to the force of circumstances; he was fighting by the order of a stranger; fighting for shadows created by a disordered brain, the dream of a distempered mind, — brother against brother, all France against the Parisians. In 1814, on the contrary, the *conscrit* struggled with foreign enemies for things easily comprehended, — for himself, for his father, his mother, and his sisters; for the plough he had just left; for the hut which he saw smoking in the distance; for the land which he had trod in infancy; for his suffering and bleeding country. In 1830 the soldier knew not what he was fighting for; in 1814 he did more than know it, he felt it; he did more than feel it, he saw it.

Three things very much interested me at Meaux. To the right, on entering the town, is a curious gateway leading to an old church, — the cathedral; and behind it an old habitation, half fortification, and flanked with turrets. There is also a court, into which I boldly entered, where I perceived an old woman who was busily knitting. The good dame heeded me not, thus affording me an opportunity of studying a very handsome staircase of stone and wood-work, which, supported upon two arches and crowned by a neat landing, led to an old dwelling. I had not time to take a sketch, for which I am sorry, as it was the first staircase of the kind I had ever seen; it appeared to me to be of the fifteenth century.

The cathedral is a noble-looking building; its erection was begun in the fourteenth century, and continued to the fifteenth. Several repairs have lately been made, but it is not yet finished; for of the two spires projected by the architect, one only is completed; the other, which has been begun, is hidden under a covering of slate. The middle doorway and that on the right are of the fourteenth century; the one on the left is of the fifteenth. They are all very handsome, though time has left its impress upon their venerable appearance. I tried to decipher the bas-reliefs. The pediment of the left doorway represents the history of John the Baptist; but the rays of the sun, which fell full on the façade, prevented me from satisfying my curiosity. The interior of the church is superb: upon the choir are large ogees, and at its entry two beautiful altars of the fifteenth century; but unfortunately, in the true taste of the peasantry, they are daubed over with yellow oil-paintings.

To the left of the choir I saw a very pretty marble statue of a warrier of the sixteenth century. It was in a kneeling position, without armor, and had no inscription. Opposite is another; but this one bears an inscription,— and much it requires it, to be able to discover in the hard and unmeaning marble the stern countenance of Benigne Bossuet. I saw his episcopal throne, which is of very fine wainscoting, in the style of Louis XIV.; but being pressed for time, I was not able to visit his famed cabinet at the bishop's.

Here is a strange fact. There was a theatre at Meaux before there was one at Paris, which, as is written in a

local manuscript, was constructed in 1547. Pieces of a mysterious nature were represented. A man of the name of Pascalus played the Devil, and afterwards retained the name. In 1562 he delivered the city up to the Huguenots; and in the year following the Catholics hung him, partly because he had delivered up the city, but chiefly on account of his appellation, "Le Diable." At present there are twenty theatres in Paris, but there is not a single one here. It is said that the good people of Meaux boast of this; which is, to be proud that Meaux is not Paris.

This country abounds with the age of Louis XIV.: here, the Duke of Saint Simon; at Meaux, Bossuet; at La Ferté-Milon, Racine; at Château-Thierry, La Fontaine, — all within a range of twelve miles. The great seigneur is neighbour to the great archbishop, and Tragedy is elbowing Fable.

On going out of the cathedral I found that the sun had hid himself, which circumstance enabled me to examine the façade. The pediment of the central doorway is the most curious. The inferior compartment represents Jeanne, wife of Philippe-le-Bel, from the *deniers* of whom the church was built after her death. The Queen of France, her cathedral in her hand, is represented at the gates of Paradise; Saint Peter has opened the folding-doors to her. Behind the queen is the handsome King Philippe, with a sad and rueful countenance. The queen, who is gorgeously attired and exceedingly well sculptured, points out to Saint Peter the *pauvre diable* of a king, and with a sidelook and shrug of the shoulder, seems to say,—

"*Bah!* allow him to pass into the bargain."

CHAPTER II.

MONTMIRAIL. — MONTMORT. — EPERNAY.

Montmirail Castle. — Vaux Champs. — The *Reconter* and Reflections thereupon. — Montmort Castle. — Mademoiselle Jeannette. — The Churches and the Curiosities of Epernay. — Anecdote of Strozzi and Brisquet. — Henry II.'s Fool.

I HIRED the first carriage I met at Ferté-sous-Jouarre, at the same time asking one question: "Are the wheels in good order?"

On being answered in the affirmative, I set out for Montmirail. There is nothing of interest in this little town, except a pleasing landscape at the end of an avenue, and two beautiful walks bordered with trees; all the buildings, the *château* excepted, have a paltry and mean appearance.

On Monday, about five o'clock in the evening, I left Montmirail, and directing may way towards Epernay, was an hour afterwards at Vaux-Champs. A few moments before crossing the far-famed field of battle, I met a cart rather strangely laden; it was drawn by a horse and an ass, and contained pans, kettles, old trunks, straw-bottomed chairs, with a heap of old furniture. In front, in a sort of basket, were three children, almost in a state of nudity; behind, in another, were several hens. The driver wore a blouse, was walking, and carried a child

on his back; a few steps from him was a woman, bearing a child in her arms. They were all hastening towards Montmirail, as if the great battle of 1814 were on the eve of being fought.

"Yes," I said to myself, "twenty-five years ago, how many poor families were seen flying from place to place!"

I was informed, however, that it was not a removal, — it was an expatriation. It was not to Montmirail they were going, — it was to America; they were not flying at the sound of the trumpet of war, — they were hurrying from misery and starvation. In a word, my dear friend, it was a family of poor Alsacian peasants who were emigrating. They could not obtain a living in their native land, but had been promised one in Ohio. They were leaving their country, ignorant of the sublime and beautiful verses that Virgil had written upon them two thousand years ago.

These poor people were travelling in seeming cheerfulness, — the husband was making a thong for his whip, the wife was singing, and the children playing. The furniture, however, had something about it of wretchedness and of disorder which caused pain; the hens even appeared to me to feel their sad condition.

The indifference of the heads of the family astonished me. I really thought that, in leaving the country in which we first see light, which links our hearts to so many sweet associations, we should, on taking a last look, shed a tear to the memory of the scenes of our childhood, to the land which contained the mouldering

ashes of our forefathers. But these people seemed regardless of all this; their minds were set upon the country in which they hoped to obtain a livelihood.

I looked after them for some time. Where was that jolting and tumbling group going?—ay, and where am I going? They came to a turn in the road, and disappeared; for some time I heard the cracking of the whip and the song of the woman, then all was quiet. A few minutes afterwards I was in the glorious plains where the emperor had once been. The sun was setting, the trees were casting their long shadows, the furrows which could be traced here and there had a lightish appearance, a bluish mist was at the bottom of the ravine, the fields seemed deserted; nothing could be seen but two or three plows in the distance, which appeared to the eye like huge grasshoppers. To my left was a stone-quarry, where there were large millstones, some white and new, others old and blackened: here, were some lying pell-mell on the ground; there, a few standing erect, like the men of an enormous draught-board when upset.

I determined upon seeing the castle of Montmort, which was about four leagues from Montmirail; I took the Epernay road. There are sixteen tall elms, perhaps the most beautiful in the world, whose foliage hangs over the road and rustles above the head of the passenger. In travelling, there is no tree pleases me so much as the elm; it alone appears fantastical, and laughs at its neighbour, overturning all as it bends its head, and making all kinds of grimaces to the passers-by in the evening. The foliage of the young elm may be said to spring forth when

your eyes are fixed upon it. From Ferté to the place where the sixteen elms are seen, the road is bordered only with poplars, aspens, and walnut-trees, which circumstance did not at all please me.

The country is flat, the plain extending far beyond the range of the eye. Suddenly, on leaving a group of trees, we see on the right, half hidden in a declivity, a number of turrets, weather-cocks, and housetops; it is the castle of Montmort.

My cabriolet stopped, and I alighted before the door of the castle. It is an exquisite fortress of the sixteenth century, built of brick, with slate-work; it has a double *enciente*, a moat, a three-arched bridge, and a village at its foot. All around is pleasant, and the castle commands a most extensive view. It has a winding staircase for men, and a *rampe* for horses. Below, there is also an old iron door, which leads to the embrasures of the tower, where I saw four small engines of the fifteenth century. The garrison of the fortress at present consists of an old servant, Mademoiselle Jeannette, who received me with the greatest civility. Of the apartments of the interior, there only remain a kitchen, a very fine vaulted room with a large mantelpiece, the great hall (which is now made a billiard-room), and a charming little *cabinet*, with gilt wainscotting. The great hall is a magnificent chamber: the ceiling, with its beams painted, gilded, and sculptured, is still entire; the mantelpiece, surmounted by two noble-looking statues, is of the finest style of Henry III. The walls were in former times covered with vast squares of tapestry, on which were the portraits of the family.

At the revolution a few daring individuals of the neighbouring village tore down the tapestries and burned them, which was a fatal blow to feudalism; the proprietor replaced them with old engravings, representing views of Rome and of the battles of the great Condé. On leaving, I gave thirty sous to Mademoiselle Jeannette, who was bewildered with my bounty.

Night was coming on when I left Montmort. The road is one of the most detestable in the world. It leads into a wood which I entered, and consequently I saw nothing of Epernay but colliers' huts, the smoke of which was forcing its way among the branches of the trees; the red mouth of a distant furnace appeared for a few moments, and the whistling wind agitated the leaves around. Above my head, in the heavens, the splendid chariot was making its voyage in the midst of stars, while my poor *patache* was jogging along among pebbles.

Epernay: yes, it is the town for Champagne, — nothing more, nothing less.

Three churches have succeeded each other: the first, a Roman church, was built in 1037, by Thibaut I., Count of Champagne, and son of Eudes; the second, a church of the Renaissance, was built in 1540, by Pierre Strozzi, Marshal of France, Seigneur d'Epernay, who was killed at the seige of Thionville, in 1558; the third, the present one, appeared to me to be built from the design of M. Poterlet-Galichet, a worthy merchant, whose shop and name are close to the church. All three are admirably described and summed up by these names:

Thibaut I., Count of Champagne; Pierre Strozzi, Marshal of France; and Poterlet-Galichet, grocer.

To tell you the truth, the last-mentioned church is a hideous building, plastered white, and has a heavy appearance, with triglyphs supporting the architrave. There is nothing left of the first church; and of the second, but a few large stained windows and an exquisite façade. One of the windows gives the history of Noah with great *naiveté*. The window-frames and façade are daubed with the hideous plaster of the new church. It seemed to me as if I saw Odry, with his short white trousers, his blue stockings, and his large shirt-collar, carrying the *casque* and cuirass of Francis I.

They wished to show me the curiosity of the country, — a great wine-cellar, which contains one hundred thousand bottles. On my way I came in sight of a field of turnips, where poppies were in flower, and butterflies sporting in the rays of the sun. I went no further; the great cave could well spare my visit.

The pomatum for restoring the hair, which is called at La Ferté "Pilogène," at Epernay is called "Phyothrix," a Greek importation. By the way, at Montmirail, I had to pay forty sous for four fresh eggs; it struck me as rather high.

I forgot to mention that Thibaut I. was interred in his church, and Strozzi in his; however, I should decidedly disapprove of M. Poterlet-Galichet having a place in the present one.

Strozzi was rather what may be termed a *brave* man. Brisquet, the fool of Henry II., amusing himself one day,

greased, before the whole court, a very handsome cloak that the marshal had put on for the first time. This excited much laughter, and Strozzi resorted to a most cruel revenge. For me, I would not have laughed, nor would I have avenged myself. To bedaub a velvet coat with grease, — I have never been over-delighted with this pleasantry of the sixteenth century.

CHAPTER III.

VARENNES. — CHÂLONS. — SAINTE MENEHOULD.

The Reverie. — The Arrest of Louis XVI. — The Salutation and its Effects. — Notre Dame at Châlons. — Antiquarian Forgetfulness. — The Inscription. — Watchman, Wife, and Gnome Son. — Abbey of Notre Dame de l'Epine. — Storm. — Metz Hotel. — Sleeping Canary. — Host and Hostess. — Champagne and the Signification of Champenois. — Madame Sablière and La Fontaine.

YESTERDAY, at the decline of day, while my cabriolet was rapidly rolling by Sainte Menehould, I was reading these sublime and beautiful lines, —

> " Mugitusque bovum mollesque sub arbore somni.
> . . . . . .
> Speluncæ vivique lacus."

For some time I rested my hand upon my book, with a soul full of those vague ideas, sad yet sweet, which the rays of a setting sun generally awaken in my mind, when the noise of the carriage-wheels on the causeway awoke me from my reverie. We were entering a town; but what town was it? The coachman's reply was, " Varennes." We traversed a street which had something grave and melancholy in its appearance; the doors and shutters of the houses were closed, and grass was growing in the courts. Suddenly, after having passed an old gateway of the time of Louis XIII., we entered a square surrounded with small white houses, of one story high. Louis XVI., on his flight in 1791, was arrested in this

square by Drouet, the postmaster of Sainte Menehould. There was then no post at Varennes. I descended from my carriage, and for some time kept looking at this little square, which, to the man who does not think of past events, has a dull appearance; but to him who does, it has a sinister one. It is reported here that Louis, when arrested, protested so strongly that he was not the king (what Charles I. would never have done), that the people, half inclined to credit his statement, were about to release him, when a Monsieur Ethé, who had a secret hatred against the court, appeared. This person, like a Judas Iscariot, said to the king, —

"Good-day, sire."

This was enough; the king was seized. There were five of the royal family in the carriage with him; and the *misérable*, with these words, effected their downfall.

"*Bon jour, sire*" was for Louis XVI., for Marie Antoinette, and for Madame Elizabeth, the guillotine; for the dauphin, the torture of the Temple; and for Madame Royale, exile and the extermination of her race.

I have already observed to you, if I do not mistake, that material nature often exhibits singular symbolisms. Louis was descending a rapid and dangerous slope at the moment of his arrest, where the leading horse of my own carriage was nearly falling. Five days ago I saw something like a giant's draught-board on the battle-ground of Montmirail. To-day I cross the fatal little square of Varennes, which has the form of the knife of the guillotine. The man who aided Drouet, and seized Louis XVI. there, was named Billaud. Why not Billot?

Varennes is about fifteen leagues from Rheims, — that is to say, for my coachman; to the mind there is an abyss, — the Revolution.

I put up for the night at a very ancient-looking *auberge*, which had the portrait of Louis Philippe above the door, with the words inscribed, —

"Au Grand Monarque."

During the last hundred years, Louis XV., Buonaparte, and Charles X., had each figured in his turn. Louis XVI. was, perhaps, arrested at the Grand Monarque, and, on looking up, saw the portrait of himself, — *pauvre grand monarque!*

This morning I took a walk into the town, which is pleasantly situated on the banks of a pretty river. The old houses of the high town, seen from the right bank, form a very picturesque amphitheatre; but the church, which is in the low town, is truly insignificant. It is within sight of my inn, and I can see it from the table at which I write. The steeple is dated 1766. It was two years older than Madame Royale.

This sombre adventure has left some trace here, — a rare thing in France. The people still speak of it. The innkeeper informed me that a gentleman of the town had *written a comedy on it.* This recalls to my mind that, on the night of the escape, when they were disguising the dauphin as a girl, he asked Madame Royale *if they were going to act a comedy.* This was the play the "gentleman of the town" had composed.

I owe an apology to the church, which I have just

visited, for the portal on the right is rather pretty. If my architectural descriptions do not weary you, you must permit me to say that Châlons has not quite answered to my expectations,—at least the cathedral has not. Neither is the road from Epernay to Châlons as fine as I fancied it might be. You get an occasional glimpse of the Marne, on the banks of which are two or three pointed spires like the steeple of Fécamp; but all the country consists of plains, — nothing but plains. It is, of course, very beautiful, — too beautiful, in fact. The sameness is somewhat varied by numerous flocks of sheep and their shepherds.

The exterior of the cathedral is noble, and there still remains some rich stained glass, — a rose window especially. I saw in the church a charming chapel of the Renaissance, with the F and the salamander. Outside the church there is a Roman tower in the severest and purest style, and a delicious portal of the fourteenth century. But the dilapidations are hideous. The church is filthy; the sculptures of Francis I. are covered with yellow paint, and the graining is daubed over also. The façade is a poor imitation of our façade of Saint-Germain; but the spires! I had been promised open-worked steeples. I counted on these steeples. I found two; but they had heavy pointed caps of stone, — open-worked, if you will, and original enough for that matter, but heavily moulded, and with volutes intermingled with ogives! I went away terribly disappointed.

I visited the church, and if I did not find all I ex-

pected, I found what I did not expect, — that is, a very pretty Notre Dame at Châlons. What have the antiquaries been thinking of when, speaking of Sainte-Etienne, they never breathed a word about Notre Dame? The Notre Dame of Châlons is a Roman church, with arched roofs and a superb spire, bearing the date of the fourteenth century. In the middle is a lantern crowned with small pinions. A beautiful *coup d'œil* is afforded here (a pleasure which I enjoyed) of the town, the Marne, and the surrounding hills. The traveller may also admire the splendid windows of Notre Dame, and a rich *portail* of the thirteenth century. In 1793 the people of this place broke the windows and pulled down the statues; they also destroyed the lateral gateway of the cathedral, and all the sculpture that was within their reach. Notre Dame had four spires, three of which are demolished, testifying the height of stupidity, which is nowhere so evident as here. The French Revolution was a terrible one; the revolution Champenoise was attended with acts of the greatest folly.

On the lantern I found engraved the inscription, apparently in the writing of the sixteenth century, —

"Le 28 Aout, 1508, la paix a été publiée à Chal — "

This inscription, which is partly defaced, and which no one has sought to decipher, is all that remains of that great political act, — the conclusion of peace between Henry III. and the Huguenots by the intercession of the Duke of Anjou, previously the Duke of Alençon. The Duke of Anjou was the king's brother, and had an eye

upon the Pays Bas, and pretensions to the hand of Elizabeth of England; but the war with the religious sects which succeeded thwarted him in his plans. The peace, that happy event, proclaimed at Châlons in 1580, was forgotten by the whole world on the 22d of July, 1839.

The person who conducted me to this lantern was the watchman of the town, who passed his life in the *guette*, — a little box with four small windows. His box and ladder are to him a universe; he is the eye of the town, always open, always awake. Perpetual *insomnia* would be *somewhat* impossible. True, his wife helps him. Every night at twelve o'clock he goes to sleep and she goes to watch; at noon they again change places, thus performing their rounds at each other's side without coming in contact, except for a minute at noon and another at midnight. A little gnome, rather comically shaped, whom they call their son, is the result of the *tangent*.

There are three churches at Châlons, — Saint Alpin, Saint Jean, and Saint Loup.

About two leagues from Châlons, upon the Sainte Menehould road, the magnificent Abbey of Notre Dame de l'Epine suddenly presents itself. It has a real steeple of the fifteenth century, as open as a piece of lace and as admirable, although flanked by a telegraph which it looks down on, disdainfully, as a great lady might do. It is strangely surprising to come on such a magnificent structure of Gothic architecture in such a wilderness, — a wilderness that barely feeds a few wild poppies. I

spent two hours in this church, and roamed about in spite of a hurricane that made the bells vibrate distinctly. I held my hat in my two hands, and admired while whirlwinds of dust were driving at my eyes. From time to time a stone detached itself from the steeple and fell close beside me in the cemetery. There are a thousand details worthy of being painted. The gargoyles are peculiarly complicated and curious. They are in general composed of two monsters, one borne on the shoulders of the other. Those of the apsis would appear to represent the Seven Deadly Sins. Lust, — a pretty peasant, with her petticoat raised quite too high, — must have scandalized the poor monks.

There are at most three or four cabins in the neighbourhood, and it would be rather hard to explain how this cathedral without a town, village, or hamlet near it, had come into existence, if I had not discovered in a chapel carefully padlocked a very deep little well. This is a miraculous well, very humble and simple, and quite like any other village well, as a miraculous well ought to be. The well produced the church, as a bulb produces a tulip.

I continued my route, and after travelling three miles came to a village where the inhabitants were celebrating, with music and dancing, the *fête* of the place. On leaving, I perceived, on the summit of a hill, a mean-looking white house upon the top of which was a telescope, shaped like an enormous black insect, corresponding with Notre Dame de l'Epine.

The sun was setting, the twilight approaching, and the

sky cloudy; from the plain I looked at the hills, which were half covered with heath, like a *camail d' éveque*, and on turning my head, saw a flock of geese that were cackling joyously.

"We are going to have rain," the coachman said.

I looked up. The half of the western sky was shrouded in an immense black cloud; the wind became boisterous; the hemlock in flower was levelled with the ground; and the trees seemed to speak in a voice of terror. A few moments expired; the rain poured down in torrents, and all was darkness, save a beam of light which escaped from the declining sun. There was not a creature to be heard or seen, — neither man upon the road nor bird in the air. Loud peals of thunder shook the heavens, and brilliant flashes of lightning contrasted wildly with the prevailing darkness.

A blast of wind at length dispersed the clouds towards the east, and the sky became pure and calm.

On arriving at Sainte Menehould the stars were shining brightly. This is a picturesque little town, with its houses built at random upon the summit of a green hill, and surmounted by tall trees. I saw one thing worthy of remark at Sainte Menehould, — that is, the kitchen at the hotel of Metz. It may well be termed a kitchen; one of the walls is covered with pans, the other with crockery; in the middle, opposite the window, is a splendid fire and an enormous chimney. All kinds of baskets and lamps hang from the ceiling; by the chimney are the jacks, spits, pot-hangers, kettles, and pans of all forms and sizes; the shining hearth reflects light in all

corners of the room, throwing a rosy hue on the crockery, causing the edifice of copper to shine like a wall of brass, while the ceiling is crowded with fantastic shadows. If I were a Homer or a Rabelais, I would say, —

"That kitchen is a world, and the fireplace is its sun."

It is indeed a world, a republic, consisting of men, women, and children ; male and female servants, scullions, and waiters ; frying-pans over chafing dishes, bounded by pots and kettles ; children playing, cats and dogs mewing and barking, with the master overlooking all, — *mens agit at molem.* In a corner is a clock, which gravely warns the occupants that time is ever on the wing.

Among the innumerable things which hung from the ceiling, there was one that interested me more than all the others, — a small cage, in which a canary was sleeping. The poor creature seemed to me to be a most admirable emblem of confidence; notwithstanding the unwholesomeness of the den, the furnace, the frightful kitchen, which is day and night filled with uproar, the bird sleeps. A noise, indeed, is made around it, — the men swear, the women quarrel, the children cry, the dogs bark, the cats mew, the clock strikes, the water-cock spouts, the bottles burst, the diligences pass under the arched roof, making a noice like thunder, yet the eyelid of the feathered inhabitant moves not.

Apropos, I must declare that people generally speak too harshly of inns, and I myself have often been the first to do so. An *auberge,* take it all in all, is a very good thing, and we are often very glad to find one. Besides, I have

often remarked that there is in almost all *auberges* an agreeable landlady ; as for the host, let turbulent travellers have him, — give me the hostess. The former is a being of a morose and disagreeable nature, the latter cheerful and amiable. Poor woman ! sometimes she is old, sometimes in bad health, and very often exceedingly bulky. She comes and goes, is here and there, — this moment at the heels of the servants, the next one chasing the dogs ; she compliments the travellers, frowns at the head servant ; smiles to one, scolds another ; stirs the fire ; takes up this and sends away that ; in fact, she is the soul of that great body called an *auberge*, the host being fit for nothing but drinking in a corner with wagoners. The fair hostess of La Ville de Metz, at Sainte Menehould, is a young woman about sixteen years of age, is exceedingly active, and she conducts her household affairs with the greatest regularity and precision. The host, her father, is an exception to the general run of inn-keepers, being a very intelligent and worthy man ; in all, this is an excellent *auberge*.

I left Sainte Menehould, and pursued my way to Clermont. The road between those two towns is charming ; on both sides is a forest of trees, whose green leaves glitter in the sun, and cast their detatched and irregular shadows on the highway. The villages have something about them of a Swiss and German appearance, — white stone houses, with large slate roofs projecting three or four feet from the wall. I felt that I was in the neighbourhood of mountains ; the Ardennes, in fact, are here.

Before arriving at Clermont we pass an admirable

valley, where the Marne and the Meuse meet. The road is betwixt two hills, and is so steep that we see nothing before us but an abyss of foliage.

Clermont is a very handsome village, headed by a church, and surrounded with verdure. Then the road turns and the whole valley is presented to view. It is surrounded by a vast circle of hills, in the midst of which is a beautiful and almost Italian village, so flat are the roofs. To the right and left are several other villages perched on woody heights, while belfries are seen through the fog, — a sign that other villages are hidden in the folds of the valley as in a robe of green velvet, and great herds of oxen pasture on the broad meadows. Through it all a pretty stream ripples joyously. I spent an hour crossing this valley. During the time a telegraph at the end was figuring these three signs, —

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While the machine was doing this, the trees were rustling, the cattle lowing and bleating, the sun was beaming over the whole heavens, and I was comparing man to God.

Clermont is a beautiful village, situated above a sea of verdure, with its church above its head, just as Tréport is above a sea of waves. Turning to the left from the middle of Clermont, the traveller in two hours reaches Varennes through a lovely country of plains and hills and streams. This was the charming road Louis XVI. followed to his ruin.

I find that I have made use of the word *Champenois*, which, by some proverbial acceptation, is somewhat

ironical; you must not mistake the sense which I affix to it. The proverb — more familiar, perhaps, than it is applicable — speaks of Champagne as Madame la Sablière spoke of La Fontaine, — "That he was a man of *stupid* genius," which expression is applied to a genius of Champagne. That, however, neither prevents La Fontaine from being an admirable poet, nor Champagne from being a noble and illustrious country. Virgil might have spoken of it as he did of Italy, —

> "Alma parens frugum,
> Alma virum."

Champagne is the birthplace, the country, of Amyot, that *bonhomme* who took up the theme of Plutarch, as La Fontaine did that of Æsop; of Thibaut IV., who boasted of nothing more than being the father of Saint Louis; of Charlier de Gerson, who was chancellor of the university of Paris; of Amadis, Jamyn, Colbert, Diderot; of two painters, — Lantare and Valentin; of two sculptors, — Girardon and Bouchardon; of two historians, — Flodoard and Mabillon; of two cardinals full of genius, — Henri de Lorraine and Paul de Gondi: of two popes full of virtue, — Martin IV. and Urban IV.; of a king full of glory, — Philippe-Auguste.

People who hold to proverbs and translate Sézanne by *sexdecim asini*, as thirty years ago they translated Fontanes by *faciunt asinos*, will be glad to learn that Champagne has given birth to Richelet, the author of the "Dictionnaire des Rimes," and to Poinsinet, the most mystified man of an age in which Voltaire mystified the

world. Well, then, will you, who love harmonies, who believe that the character, the work, and the mind of a man are natural products of his country, regarding it as proper that Bonaparte should be a Corsican, Mazarin an Italian, and Henri IV. a gascon, — will you listen to this? Mirabeau was almost a native of Champagne, Danton entirely so. What conclusion do you draw from that? And, gracious heavens! why should not Danton be a Champagnese? Was not Vaugelas a Savoyard?

The great Fabert, that illustrious marshal of France, was also a native of Champagne. He was the son of a bookseller and a man who never wished to rise too high or sink too low, — a pure and serious spirit that kept carefully within the limits of the success which had come to him. Tried successively by destiny, — first, in his rank, then in his modesty, — he was always the same in presence of the humiliations he encountered as he was in presence of the vain honours within his reach, neither rejecting the humiliations from pride or the honours from a sense of unworthiness, but repudiating both from purity. He refused to be the spy of Mazarin, and to accept the blue ribbon at the hands of Louis XIV. He said to Louis XIV., "I am a soldier; I am not a *gentilhomme.*" He said to Mazarin, "I am an arm and not an eye."

Champagne was a powerful and vigorous province. The Count of Champagne was the lord of the viscounty of Brie, which Brie was in itself, properly speaking only a little Champagne, as Belgium is a little France. The Count of Champagne was a peer of France and bore the

banner of the Lilies at the coronation. He convened his own States in royal fashion by seven counts qualified as peers of Champagne; they were the counts of Joigny, Rethel, Braine, Roucy, Brienne, Grand-Pré and Bar-sur-Seine.

There is not a town or village in Champagne that has not an interesting origin of some sort or other. The great communes are intermingled with our history; the small ones are always the scene of some adventure. Troyes was saved from Attila by Saint Loup, and saw in 878 what Paris has only seen in 1804, — a pope crowning an emperor in France; John VIII. crowning Louis-le-Bègue. It was at Attigny that Pepin held his high court of justice, thereby making Gaifre, Duke of Aquitaine, tremble.

Champagne is a powerful province, and there is no town or village in it that has not something remarkable. Rheims, which owns the cathedral of cathedrals, was the place where Clovis was baptized. It was at Andelot that the interview between Gontran, King of Bourgogne, and Childebert, King of Austrasie, took place. Hinemar took refuge at Epernay, Abailard at Provim, Héloise at Paraclet. The Gordiens triumphed at Langres, and in the Middle Ages its citizens destroyed the seven formidable castles, — Chagney, Saint Broing, Neuilly Cotton, Cobons, Bourg, Humes, and Pailly. The league was concluded at Joinville in 1584; Henry IV., was protected at Châlons in 1591; the Prince of Orange was killed at Saint Dizier; Sezenne is the ancient place of arms of the Dukes of Bourgogne; Ligny l'Abbaye was founded in the

domains of Seigneur Chatillon, by Saint Bernard, who promised the seigneur as many perches of land in heaven as the sire had given him upon earth; Mouzon is the fief of the Abbot of Saint Hubert, who sends six coursing dogs, and the same number of birds of prey, every year to the King of France.

Champagne retains the *empreinte* of our ancient kings, — Charles the Simple for the *sirerie* at Attigny; Saint Louis and Louis XIV., the devout king and the great king, first lifted arms in Champagne, the former in 1228, when raising the seige of Troyes, the latter in 1652 at Sainte Menehould.

The ancient annals of Champagne are not less glorious than the modern. The country is full of sweet souvenirs, — Merovée and the Francs, Actius and the Romans, Theodoric and the Visigoths, Mount Jules and the tomb of Jovinus. Antiquity here lives, speaks, and cries out to the traveller, "Sta, viator!"

From the days of the Romans to the present day, the town of Champagne, surrounded at times by the Alains, the Suèves, the Vandals, and the Germans, would have been burned to the ground, rather than have been given over to the enemy. They are built upon rocks, and have taken for their device "Donec moveantur."

In 451 the Huns were destroyed in the plains of Champagne; in 1814, if God had willed it, the Russians would also have met the same fate.

Never speak of this province but with respect. How many of its children have been sacrificed for France! In 1813 the population of one district of Marne consisted of

311,000. In 1830 it had only 309,000, showing that fifteen years of peace had not repaired the loss.

But, to the explanation: When any one applies the word *bete* to Champagne, change the meaning; it signifies *naif*, simple, rude, primitive, and redoubtable in need. A *bete* may be a lion or an eagle. It is what Champagne was in 1814.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM VILLERS-COTTERETS TO LA FRONTIERE.

The Effects of Travelling. — The Retrograde Movement. — Reflection. — The Secret of Stars. — The Inscription "I. C." — The Cathedral where King Pepin was crowned. — The Prisoner's sad *Rencontre*. — Rheims. — Church at Mézières. — The Effects of a Bomb. — Sedan and its Contents. — The Transpiring Events at Turenne's Birth. — Conversation of a Sir John Falstaff and his Better-half.

THIS time I have made some way. I write to you to-day, my dear friend, from Givet, an old little town which has had the honour of supplying Louis XVIII. with his last order of the day, and his last pun: "Saint Denis, Givet (*j'y vais*)."

I arrived here at four in the morning, pommelled to death by the jolting of a frightful chariot, which they call a diligence. I threw myself on my bed in my clothes, slept two hours, and then, day having broken, I rose to write to you. On opening my window to enjoy the view, I perceived the angle of a whitewashed wall, an ancient wooden gutter choked with moss, and an old cart-wheel leaning against a wall. As to my room, it is a big hall, furnished with four immense beds with an immense chimney in wood, surmounted by a wretched little mirror, and on the hearth a very small fagot, near the fagot a broom, and near it an antediluvian bootjack, the opening of which rivals the windings of the Meuse. If you venture to put

your foot into it, you are pretty sure never to get it out again. Others have, like myself, probably limped about the house with the bootjack fastened to their heel, crying aloud for help. To be just, I must make a little correction as to the view. A moment ago I heard hens cackling; I leaned out of the window and I saw a charming little garden mallow all in flower, just beneath me. It stood on a plank, supported by two old pipkins and gave itself all the airs of a rose-tree.

A trifling incident, not worth relating, caused me to make a retrograde movement from Varennes to Villers-Cotterets; and the day before yesterday, in order to make up for lost time, I took the diligence for Soissons. There was no passenger but myself,—a circumstance which was in no way disconcerting, as it gave me an opportunity of turning over at my ease the pages of some of my favourite authors.

As I approached Soissons, day was fast fading, and night had cast its sombre aspect over that beautiful valley where the road, after passing the hamlet of La Felie, gradually descends, and leads to the cathedral of Saint-Jean-des-Vignes. Notwithstanding the fog which rose around, I perceived the walls and roofs of the houses of Soissons, with a half-moon peering from behind them. I alighted, and, with a heart fully acknowledging the sublimity of Nature, gazed upon the imposing scene. A grasshopper was chirping in the neighbouring field; the trees by the roadside were softly rustling; and I saw, with the mind's eye, Peace hovering over the plain, now solitary and tranquil, where Cæsar had conquered, Clovis

had exercised his authority, and where Napoleon had all but fallen. It shows that men — even Cæsar, Clovis, and Napoleon — are only passing shadows, and that war is a fantasy which terminates with them; whilst God and Nature, which comes from God, and Peace, which comes from Nature, are things of eternity.

Determined on taking the Sedan mail, which does not arrive at Soissons till midnight, I allowed the diligence to proceed, knowing that I had plenty of time before me. The *trajet* which separated me from Soissons was only a charming promenade. When a short distance from the town, I sat down near a very pretty little house, upon which the forge of a blacksmith shed a faint light. I looked upwards: the heavens were serene and beautiful, and the planets — Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn — were shining in the southeast. The first, whose course for three months is somewhat complicated, was between the other two, and was forming a perfectly straight line. More to the east was Mars, fiery in his appearance, and imitating the starry constellation by a kind of *flamboiement farouche*. A little above, shining softly, and with a white and peaceful appearance, was that monster-planet, the frightful and mysterious world, which we call Saturn. On the other side, at the extremity of the view, a magnificent beacon reflected its light on the sombre hills which separate Noyon from Soissonnais. As I was asking myself the utility of such a light in these immense plains, I saw it leaving the border of the hills, bounding through the fog, and mounting near the zenith. That beacon was Aldebaran, the three-coloured sun, the

enormous purple, silvery, and blue star which rises majestically in the waste of the crepuscule.

Oh, what a secret there is in these stars! The poetical, the thinking, and the imaginative have, in turn, contemplated, studied, and admired them,—some, like Zoroaster, in bewilderment; others, like Pythagoras, with inexpressible awe. Seth named the stars, as Adam did animals. The Chaldeans and the Genethliaques, Esdras and Zorobabel, Orpheus and Homer, Pherecide, Xenophon, Hecatæus, Herodotus, and Thucydides — all eyes of the earth, so long shut, so long deprived of light — have been fixed from one age to another on those orbs of heaven which are always open, always lighted up, always living. The same planets, the same stars, that fix our attention to-night, have been gazed at by all these men. Job speaks of Orion and of the Pleiades; Plato listened and distinctly heard the vague music of the spheres; Pliny thought that the sun was God, and that the spots on the moon were the exhalations of the earth. The poets of Tartary named the pole *senisticol*, which means an *iron nail;* Rocoles says, "That the *lion* might as well have been called the *ape;*" Pacuvius would not credit astrologers, under the idea that they would be equal to Jupiter: —

> "Nam si qui, quæ eventura sunt, prævideant
> Æquiparent Jovi."

Favorinus asked himself this question: "Si vitæ mortisque hominum rerumque numanarum omnium et ratio et causa in cœlo et apud *stellas foret?*" Aulus-Gellius, sailing from Egine to Pirée, sat all night upon the poop,

contemplating the stars. "Nox fuit clemens mare, et anni æstas cœlumque liquide serenum: sedebamus ergo in puppi simul universi et lucentia sidera considerabamus." Horace himself — that practical philosopher, the Voltaire of the age of Augustus, greater poet, it is true, than the Voltaire of Louis XV.— shuddered when looking at the stars, and wrote these terrible lines :—

> "Hunc solem, et stellas et decedentia certis,
> Tempora momentis sunt qui formidine nulla
> Imbuti spectant."

As for me, I do not fear the stars,— I love them ; still, I have never reflected without a certain conviction that the normal position of the heavens is night, and what we call "day" arises from the appearance of a bright illuminary.

We cannot always be looking at immensity; ecstasy is akin to prayer; the latter breathes consolation, but the former fatigues and enervates. On taking mine eyes from above, I cast them upon the wall facing me; and even there, subject was afforded for meditation and thought. On it were traces, almost entirely effaced, of an ancient inscription. I could only make out I. C. Without doubt, they referred either to Pagan or Christian Rome,— to the city of strength, or to that of faith. I remained, my eyes fixed upon the stone, which seemed to become animate, lost in vain hypotheses. When I. C. were first known to men, they governed the world; the second time, they enlightened it,— Julius Cæsar and Jesus Christ.

Dante, on putting Brutus the murderer and Judas the traitor together in the lowest extremity of hell, and causing them to be devoured by Satan, must have been influenced by a similiar thought to that which engrossed my whole attention.

Three cities are now added to Soissons — the Noviodunum of the Gauls, the Augusta Suessonium of the Romans, and the old Soissons of Clovis, of Charles the Simple, and of the Duke of Mayenne. There remains nothing of that Noviodunum which the rapid march of Cæsar terrified. "Swessiones," say the Commentaries, "celeritate Romanorum permoti, legatos ad Cæsarem de deditione mittunt." Of Swessonium all that is left is some unsightly ruins, among others the ancient temple which the Middle Ages turned into the chapel of Saint Peter. Old Soissons is more interesting. It has Saint-Jean-des-Vignes, its old castle, and its cathedral in which Pepin was crowned in 752. I have not been able to trace any vestige of the fortifications of the Duke of Mayenne, nor to find out whether they are the fortifications which led the emperor to remark, in 1814, as he noticed some fossil remains in the wall, "The walls of Soissons were built of the same stone as the walls of Saint Jean d'Acre," — a very curious observation, considering how it was made, when, and by what a man.

It was very dark when I entered Soissons; therefore, instead of looking for Noviodonum or Suessonium, I regaled myself with a tolerably good supper. Being refreshed, I went out and wandered about the gigantic silhouette of Saint-Jean-des-Vignes, and it was twelve

o'clock before I returned to the *auberge*, when silence and darkness prevailed.

Suddenly, however, a noise broke upon my ear; it was the arrival of the mail-coach, which stopped a few paces from the inn. There was only one vacant place, which I took, and was on the point of installing myself, when a strange uproar — cries of women, noise of wheels, and trampling of horses — broke out in a dark narrow street adjoining. Although the driver stated that he would leave in five minutes, I hurried to the spot; and on entering the little street, saw, at the base of a huge wall, which had the odious and chilling aspect peculiar to prisons, a low arched door, that was open. A few paces farther on, a mournful-looking vehicle, stationed between two gendarmes on horseback, was half hid in the obscurity; and near the wicket four or five men were struggling and endeavouring to force a woman, who was screaming fearfully, into the carriage. The dim light of a lantern, which was carried by an old man, cast a lugubrious glare upon the scene. The female, a robust country-woman about thirty years of age, was fiercely struggling with the men, — striking, scratching, and shrieking; and when the lamp shone upon the wild countenance and dishevelled hair of the poor creature, it disclosed, melancholy to behold, a striking picture of despair. She at last seized one of the iron bars of the wicket; but the men, with a violent effort, forced her from it, and carried her to the cart. This vehicle, upon which the lantern was then shining, had no windows, small holes drilled in front supplied their place. There was a door at the back part

which was shut, and guarded by large bolts of iron. When opened, the interior of the *carriole* disclosed a sort of box, without light, almost without air. It was divided into oblong compartments by a thick board, the one having no communication with the other, and the door shutting both at the same time. One of the cells, that to the left, was empty, but the right one was occupied. In the angle, squatted like a wild beast, was a man, — if a kind of spectre with a broad face, a flat head, large temples, grizzled hair, short legs, and dressed in a pair of old, torn trousers and tattered coat may be called one. The legs of the wretched man were closely chained together; a shoe was on his right foot, while his left, which was enveloped in linen stained with blood, was partly exposed to view. This creature, hideous to the sight, who was eating a piece of black bread, paid no attention to what was going on around him; nor did he look up to see the wretched companion that was brought him. The poor woman was still struggling with the men, who were endeavouring to thrust her into the empty cell, and was crying out, "No, I shall not! Never — never! — kill me sooner — never!"

In one of her convulsions she cast her eyes into the vehicle, and on perceiving the prisoner she suddenly ceased crying, her legs trembled, her whole frame shook, and she exclaimed, with a stifled voice, but with an expression of anguish that I shall never forget, —

"Oh, that man!"

The prisoner looked at her with a confused yet ferocious air. I could resist no longer. It was clear that she

had committed some serious crime, — perhaps robbery, perhaps worse; that the gendarmes were transporting her from one place to another in one of those odious vehicles metaphorically called by the gamins of Paris *paniers à salade;* but she was a woman, and I thought it my duty to interfere. I called to the galley-sergeant, but he paid no attention to me. A *worthy* gendarme, however, stepped forward, and, proud of his little authority, demanded my passport. Unfortunately I had just locked up that *essentiel* in my trunk, and, whilst entering into explanations, the jailers made a powerful effort, plunged the woman, half-dead, into the cart, shut the door, pushed the bolts, and when I turned round all had left, and nothing was heard but the rattling of the wheels and the trampling of the escort.

A few minutes afterwards I was comfortably seated in a carriage drawn by four excellent horses. I thought of the wretched woman, and I contrasted, with an aching heart, my situation with hers. In the midst of such thoughts I fell asleep.

When I awoke, morning was breaking; we were in a beautiful valley, — that of Braine-sur-Vesle. Venus was shining above our heads, and its rays cast a serenity and an inexpressible melancholy upon the fields and woods; it was a celestial eye, which opened upon this sleeping and lovely country.

The mail traverses Rheims at full gallop without any respect for the cathedral. It is barely possible to perceive above the gables of a narrow street two or three minarets, the escutcheon of Charles VII., and the

slender "flèche des suppliciés" shooting up from the apsis.

From Rheims to Rethel there is nothing, — Champagne Pouilleuse whose golden locks have just been cropped by July; great bare yellow plains, immense soft billows of earth on the top of which quiver, like a vegetable foam, some wretched briers; occasionally, at the edge of the landscape, a lazy mill turning slowly, as if the noonday sun was too much for it, or on the sideway a potter drying on planks set up before his door some dozen of flower-pots. Rethel sinks gracefully from the top of a hill down to the Aisne, whose arms intersect the town in two or three places. There is nothing, however, that proclaims it the ancient princely residence of one of the seven count-peers of Champagne. The streets are the streets of some big burgher town rather than of a city. The church is rather mean-looking.

From Rethel to Mézières the path climbs those vast steps by which the plateau of the Argonne is connected with the higher plain of Rocroy. The great slate roofs, the whitewashed fronts, the wooden projections that defend the houses on the north from the rain, give the village a peculiar aspect. Now and then, the heights of the Faucilles break the line of the horizon towards the southeast; but there are few or no woods, barely some clumps of trees on the distant hillsides. That bastard child of civilization, deforestation, has sadly wasted the old den of the Wild Boar of the Ardennes.

I looked as soon as I came to Mézières for some of the ancient half-ruined towers of the Saxon castle of Helle-

barde. I only found the cold, harsh zigzags of a citadel of Vauban. On the other hand, while examining the passes, I perceived at different points rather fine remains, although they were dismantled, of the wall attacked by Charles V. and defended by Bayard. The church of Mézières is somewhat noted for its stained glass. I profited by the half-hour the mail grants travellers for breakfast to visit it. The windows must indeed have been very beautiful; there are still some fragments of them remaining imbedded in large windows of white glass. But the most interesting object is the church itself, which is of the fifteenth century. It has a charming porch on the southern side. Two bas-reliefs of the time of Charles VIII., above two pillars on the right and left of the choir, have been shamefully whitewashed and mutilated. The whole church is plastered over with yellow, the grainings and keystones of the roof being picked out in various colours. This is all very stupid and very ugly. On the north of the apside I perceived an inscription upon the wall, which testified that Mézières was cruelly assailed and bombarded by the Prussians in 1815; and above it these words, —

"Lector leva oculos ad fornicem et vide quasi quoddam divinæ manus indicium."

I raised my eyes, and saw a large rent in the vault above my head, and in it an enormous bomb, which, after having pierced the roof of the church, the timber-work, and the masonry, was thus stopped, as if by miracle, when about to fall upon the pavement. Twenty-five years have now expired, and still it remains in the same

position. That bomb, and that wide rent which is above the head of the visitor, produce a very strange effect, which is heightened upon reflecting that the first bomb made use of in war was at Mézières, in the year 1521. On the other side of the church another inscription informs us that the nuptials of Charles IX. with Elizabeth of Austria were happily celebrated in this church, on November 17, 1570, two years before St. Bartholomew. The grand *portail* is of this epoch, and, consequently, noble in appearance, and of a refined taste.

As for Mézières, there are some very tall trees upon its ramparts; the streets are clean, and remarkable for their dullness; there is nothing about the town that reminds us of Hellebarde and Garinus the founders, Balthazar who ransacked it, Count Hugo who ennobled it, or of Folques and Adalberon who besieged it.

It was near noon when I arrived at Sedan, and instead of seeing monuments and edifices, I saw what the town contains, — pretty women, handsome *carabiniers*, cannon, and trees and prairies along the Meuse. I tried to find some vestiges of M. de Turenne, but did not succeed. The pavilion where he was born is demolished, but a black stone, with the following inscription, supplies its place: —

ICI NAQUIT TURENNE
LE II SEPTEMBRE MDCXI.

The date, which is in prominent gold letters, struck me, and my mind reverted to that eventful period. In 1611 Sully retired; Henry IV. was assassinated the preceding year; Louis XIII., who ought to have died as his father

did, on the 14th of May, was then ten years old; Richelieu was in his twenty-sixth year; the good people of Rouen called a man Petit Pierre, who was afterwards named by the universe Le Grand Corneille; Shakspeare and Cervantes were living, so were Branthome and Pierre Mathieu. In 1611 Papirien Masson and Jean Bussée breathed their last; Gustave Adolphe succeeded the visionary monarch Charles IX. of Sweden; Philip III., in spite of the advice of the Duke of Osunna, drove the Moors from Spain; and the German astronomer, Jean Fabricius, discovered the spots on the sun. Such are the events that were transpiring in the world when Turenne was born. Sedan has not been a pious guardian of his memory. The house in which he was born has been thrown down and his castle razed to the ground.

I have not had the courage to go to Bazeilles and find out whether or not some peasant proprietor had torn up the avenue of trees the great soldier had planted. There is, however, a mediocre bronze statue of Turenne in the principal square of Sedan. It did not console me for all the rest. The statue is but glory. The room in which he was born, the castle in which he lived, the trees he planted would have been souvenirs.

Neither are there any souvenirs of William de la Marck, that horrible precursor of Turenne in the annals of Sedan. For this there is a better reason. It is a remarkable thing, and worth while recording, that at a given time, by the natural progress of things and of ideas, the city of the Wild Boar of the Ardennes became sufficiently humanized to give birth to a Turenne.

After a good breakfast in an excellent hotel (the Croix d'Or), there was nothing to keep me at Sedan; I decided to return to Mézières and there take the coach for Givet. The distance is five leagues; but then, these five leagues are picturesque. I made them on foot, followed by a swarthy bare-footed lad who trudged along merrily with my valise. The path lies nearly parallel with the Meuse. Half a league from Sedan, I came on Donchery with its old wooden bridge and its fine trees; then smiling villages, pretty cottages sunk in masses of verdure, broad meadows where herds of oxen were feeding in the sun. The Meuse now vanishing, now showing itself again. The weather was simply delightful. Half way on the journey I became very hot and very thirsty; I looked around on all sides for a house where I might get a drink. At last I saw one. I ran for it, hoping it might be a tavern, and I read this sign above the door, "Bernier-Hannas, corn-chandler and pork-butcher." Beside the door, on a bench, was a man with the goitre. There are many such unfortunates in this country. Nevertheless, I bravely entered the pork-corn-chandler's and drank the glass of water brought me by him of the goitre.

I arrived at Mézières at six in the evening; at seven I left for Givet, squeezed into a low, narrow, and gloomy coupé between a fat man and a fat woman, husband and wife, who said tender things to each other across me. The lady called her husband *mon pauvre chiat.* I do not know whether she intended to call him *mon pauvre chien* or *mon pauvre chat.* Crossing Charleville, which is only a cannon's shot from Mézières, I noticed the

central square, built in 1605 in a grand style by Charles de Gonzague, Duke of Nevers and Mantua. It is the worthy sister of our Place Royale in Paris; it has the same arcades, brick fronts, and high roofs. Then, as night was coming on, and as I had nothing better to do, I slept, but oh, such a violent, horrible sleep as I had between the snorings of the fat man and the gaspings of the fat woman! I was awaked from time to time by the changing of the horses, by lanterns suddenly flaring at the window, and by dialogues like this: "I say you? I say you! — Who is that red-headed jade? I don't want her. — Where is M. Simon? M. Simon? Bah! he is at work. He is always at work. He works faster than a windmill." Another time the carriage stopped for a relay. I opened my eyes. A hurricane was blowing, the heavens were overcast, an immense mill was revolving sinisterly above our heads and seemed to be looking at us with its two lamps as with two eyeballs of burning coal. Again soldiers surrounded the diligence; a gendarme demanded our passports. The rattling of chains in lowering a drawbridge and the light of a street lamp which showed mounds of shot and pieces of ordnance gaping at us, gave evidence that we had reached Rocroy. This name awakened me entirely. Although this was hardly seeing Rocroy, I had a certain pleasure in thinking I had passed through these heroic places, Rocroy and Sedan, on the same day and within a few hours. Turenne was born at Sedan; it might almost be said that Condé was born at Rocroy.

However, my two fat neighbours talked away and

related to each other, as happens in a badly concocted play, things which both knew very well already. "Just think of it! they had not been at Rocroy since 1818. Twenty-two years! M. Crochard, the secretary of the sub-prefecture is our intimate friend. M. Crochard, that dear man, must be asleep now, since it is near midnight," etc. The lady seasoned this interesting conversation with certain odd locutions, apparently familiar to her, such as, "selfish as an old hare."

The coach started, but our two neighbours still discoursed. I made many efforts not to hear their conversation and tried to listen to the bells of the horses, the noise of the wheels on the pavement, and any sound that might shut out their vulgar gossip, when suddenly a ravishing peal of bells came to my succour. Their fine, light, crystalline, fantastic, aerial music, breaking abruptly on the dark night, announced to us that we were in Belgium, that land of entrancing chimes. They were lavish of their lively and mocking badinage, as if to reproach my two heavy neighbours with their vulgar commonplace.

The peal which awoke me put them to sleep. I guessed that we were at Fumay, but the night was too dark to distinguish anything. I had, therefore, to pass the magnificent ruins of the castle of Hierches without seeing them, as well as the two fine rocks called the Ladies of the Meuse. Now and then I perceived at the bottom of a precipice full of mist, as it were through a hole in a column of smoke, something whitish; it was the Meuse.

At last, when the dawn of day appeared, a drawbridge was lowered, a gate was opened, and the diligence galloped through a defile, formed on the left by a black perpendicular rock, and on the right by a long, low, interminable, strange building, having a multitude of doors and windows, all apparently open, without shutters, blinds, sashes, or glass, letting me see through the gloomy and fantastic house the twilight gilding the horizon on the other side of the Meuse. At the extremity of this singular structure there was one window, closed and feebly lighted. The coach then passed rapidly by an imposing tower, plunged into a narrow street, and turned into a yard. Chambermaids ran out with candles and stable boys with lanterns; I was at Givet.

CHAPTER V.

GIVET.

Flemish Architects. — Little Givet. — The Inscription. — José Gutierez. — The Peasant-Girl.

THIS is an exceedingly pretty town, situated on the Meuse, which separates Great from Little Givet, and is headed by a ridge of rocks, at the summit of which is the fort of Charlemont. The *auberge*, called the Hotel of the Golden Mount, is very comfortable; and travellers may find refreshments there which, though not the most exquisite, are palatable to the hungry, and a bed, though not the softest in the world, highly acceptable to the weary.

The steeple of Little Givet is of simple construction; that of Great Givet is more complicated, — more *recherché*. The worthy architect, in planning the latter, had, without doubt, recourse to the following mode: He took a priest's square cap, on which he placed, bottom upwards, a large plate; above this plate a sugar-loaf headed with a bottle, a steel spike thrust into its neck; and on the spike he perched a cock, the purport of which was to inform its beholders the way that the wind blew. Supposing that he took a day to each idea, he therefore must have rested the seventh. This artist was certainly Flemish.

About two centuries ago, Flemish architects imagined that nothing could exceed in beauty gigantic pieces of slate resembling kitchen-ware; so, when they had a steeple to build, they profited by the occasion, and decked their towns with a host of colossal plates.

Nevertheless, a view of Givet still has charms, especially if taken towards evening from the middle of the bridge. When I viewed it, night, which helps to screen the foolish acts of man, had begun to cast its mantle over the contour of this singularly built steeple; smoke was hovering about the roofs of the houses; at my left, the elms were softly rustling; to my right, an ancient tower was reflected on the bosom of the Meuse; farther on, at the foot of the redoubtable rock of Charlemont, I descried, like a white line, a long edifice, which I found to be nothing more than an uninhabited country-house; above the town, the towers, and steeples, an immense ridge of rocks hid the horizon from my sight; and in the distance, in a clear sky, the half-moon appeared with so much purity, with so much of heaven in it, that I imagined that God had exposed to our view part of his nuptial ring to testify his wedded affection to man.

Next day I determined to visit the venerable turret which crowned, in seeming respect, Little Givet. The road is steep, and commands the services of both hands and feet. After some inconsiderable trouble, and no slight labour on all-fours, I reached the foot of the tower, which is fast falling into ruin, where I found a huge door secured by a large padlock. I knocked and shouted, but no one answered, so I was obliged to descend with-

out gratifying my curiosity. My pains, however, were not altogether lost; for on passing the old edifice I discovered among the rubbish, which is daily crumbling into dust and falling into the stream, a large stone, on which were the vestiges of an inscription. I examined them attentively, but could only make out the following letters: —

LOQVE . . . SA . L . OMBRE
PARAS . . . MODI . SL .
ACAV . P . . . SOTROS.

Above these letters, which seem to have been scratched with a nail, the signature "IOSÉ GVITEREZ, 1643," remained entire.

Inscriptions, from boyhood, always interested me; and I assure you this one opened up a vein of thought and inquiry. What did this inscription signify? In what language was it written? By making some allowance for orthography, one might imagine that it was French; but on considering that the words *para* and *otros* were Spanish, I concluded that it must have been written in Castilian. After some reflection, I imagined that these were the original words: —

LO QUE EMPESA EL HOMBRE
PARA SIMISMO DIOS LE
ACAVA PARA LOS OTROS.

("What man begins for himself, God finishes for others.")

But who was this Gutierez? The stone had evidently been taken from the interior of the tower. It was in 1643 that the battle of Rocroy was fought. Was José

Gutierez, then, one of the vanquished? Had he, to while away the long and tiresome days, written on the walls of the dungeon the melancholy *résumé* of his life, and of that of all mankind?

At five o'clock next morning, alone, and comfortably seated on the *banquette* of the diligence Van Gend, I left *la France* by the route of Namur. We proceeded by the only chain of mountains of which Belgium can boast; for the Meuse, by continuing to flow in opposition to the *abaissement* of the plateau of Ardennes, succeeded in forming a plain which is now called Flanders, — a plain to which Nature has refused mountains for its protection, but which man has studded with fortresses.

After an ascension of half an hour, the horses became fatigued, the *conducteur* thirsty, and they (I might say we), with one accord stopped before a small wine-shop, in a poor but picturesque village, built on the two sides of a ravine cut through the mountains. This ravine, which is at one time the bed of a torrent, and at another the leading street of the village, is paved with the granite of the surrounding mountains. When we were passing, six harnessed horses proceeded, or rather climbed, along that strange and frightfully steep street, drawing after them a large empty vehicle with four wheels. If it had been laden, I am persuaded that it would have required twenty horses to have drawn it. I can in no way account for the use of such carriages in this ravine, if they are not meant to serve as sketches for young Dutch painters, whom we met here and there upon the road, bags upon their backs and sticks in their hands.

What can a person do on the outside of a coach but gaze at all that comes within his view? I could not be better situated for such a purpose. Before me was the greater portion of the valley of the Meuse; to the south were the two Givets, graciously linked by their bridge; to the west was the tower of Egmont, half in ruins, which was casting behind it an immense shadow; to the north were the sombre trenches into which the Meuse was emptying itself, whence a light blue vapour arose. On turning my head, my eyes fell upon a handsome peasant-girl, who was sitting by the open window of a cottage, dressing herself; and above the hut of the *paysanne*, but almost close to view, were the formidable batteries of Charlemont, which crowned the frontiers of France.

Whilst I was contemplating this *coup d'œil*, the peasant-girl lifted her eyes, and on perceiving me, she smiled, saluted me graciously; then, without shutting the window or appearing disconcerted, she continued her toilet.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BANKS OF THE MEUSE.— DINANT.— NAMUR.

The Lesse. — A Flemish Garden. — The Manakin. — The Tombstone.— Athletic Demoiselles. — Signboards and their Utility.

I HAVE arrived at Liege. The route from Givet, following the course of the Meuse, is highly picturesque; and it strikes me as singular that so little has been said of the banks of this river, for they are truly beautiful and romantic.

After passing the cabin of the peasant-girl, the road is full of windings, and during a walk of three quarters of an hour we are in a thick forest, interspersed with ravines and torrents. Then a long plain intervenes, at the extremity of which is a frightful yawning,— a tremendous precipice, upwards of three hundred feet in depth. At the foot of the precipice, amidst the brambles which bordered it, the Meuse is seen meandering peacefully, and on its banks is a *châtelet* resembling a *patisserie maniérée*, or time-piece, of the days of Louis XV., with its decorated walls and its Lilliputian and fantastical garden. Nothing is more singularly striking and more ridiculous than this,— the petty work of man, surrounded by Nature in all her sublimity. One is apt to say that it is a shocking demonstration of the bad taste

of man, brought into contrast with the sublime poetry of God.

After the gulf, the plain begins again, for the ravine of the Meuse divides it as the rut of a wheel cuts the ground.

About a quarter of a league farther on, the road becomes very steep, and leads abruptly to the river. The declivity here is charming. Vine-branches encircle the hawthorn, which crowd both sides of the road. The Meuse at this point is straight, green in appearance, and runs to the left between two banks thickly studded with trees. A bridge is next seen, then another river, smaller yet equally beautiful, which empties itself into the Meuse. It is the Lesse ; three leagues from which, in a cavity on the right, is the famed grotto of Hansur Lesse.

On turning the road, a huge pyramidal rock, sharpened like the spire of a cathedral, suddenly appears. The *conducteur* told me that it was the Roche à Bazard, The road passes between the mountain and this colossal *borne,* then turns again, and at the foot of an enormous block of granite, crowned with a citadel, a church and a long street of old houses meet the eye. It is Dinant.

We stopped here about a quarter of an hour, and observed a little garden in the diligence-yard, which is sufficient to warn the traveller that he is in Flanders. The flowers in it are very pretty; in the midst are two painted statues, one of which represents a woman, or rather a manakin, for it is clothed in an Indian gown, with an old silk bonnet. On approaching, an indistinct noise strikes the ear and a strange spurting of water is

perceived. We then discovered that this female is a fountain.

After leaving Dinant, the valley extends, and the Meuse gradually widens. On the right hand of the river, the ruins of two ancient castles present themselves; the rocks are now only to be seen here and there under a rich covering of verdure, and a *housse* of green *velours*, bordered with flowers, covers the face of the country.

On this side are hop-fields, orchards, and trees burdened with fruit; on that, the laden vine is ever appearing, amongst whose leaves the feathery tribe are joyously revelling. Here the cackling of ducks is heard, there the clucking of hens. Young girls, their arms naked to the shoulder, are seen jocosely walking along, with laden baskets on their heads; and from time to time a village churchyard meets the eye, contrasting strangely with the neighbouring road, so full of joy, of beauty, and of life.

In one of those churchyards, whose dilapidated walls leave exposed to view tall grass, green and blooming, mocking, as it were, the once vain mortal that moulders beneath, I read on a tombstone the following inscription: —

O PIE, DEFUNCTIS MISERIS SUCCURRE, VIATOR?

No *memento* had ever such an effect upon me as this one. Ordinarily, the dead warn; there, they supplicate.

After passing a hill, where the rocks, sculptured by the rain, resembled the half-worn and blackened stones of the old fountain of Luxembourg, we begin to perceive

our approximation to Namur. Gentlemen's country-seats begin to mix with the abodes of peasants, and the villa is no sooner passed than we come to a village.

The diligence stopped at one of these places, where I had, on one side, a garden well ornamented with colonnades and Ionic temples; on the other, a *cabaret*, at the door of which a number of men and women were drinking; and to the right, upon a pedestal of white marble veined by the shadows of the branches, a Venus de Medicis, half hid among leaves, as if ashamed to be seen in her nude state by a group of peasants.

A few steps farther on were two or three good-looking, athletic wenches, perched upon a plum-tree of considerable height; one of them in a rather *delicate* attitude, but perfectly regardless of and unregarded by the peasants underneath.

About an hour afterwards we arrived at Namur, which is situated near the junction of the Sombre and the Meuse. The women are pretty, and the men are handsome, and they have something pleasing and affable in their cast of countenance. As to the town itself, there is nothing remarkable in it; nor has it anything in its general appearance which speaks of its antiquity. There are no monuments, no architecture, no edifices worthy of notice; in fact, Namur can boast of nothing but mean-looking churches and fountains, of the *mauvais goût* of Louis XV.

Namur has inspired only two poems, — the Ode of Boileau and the song of an unknown poet, which deals with an old woman and the Prince of Orange; and, in truth, Namur does not deserve any further poetry.

The citadel rises coldly over the town. Yet I may say to you that I have not viewed without a certain respect those severe fortifications that had the honour of being besieged by Vauban and defended by Cohorn. Where there are no churches I study the signs of the shops. These have a curious significance for the observer. Independent of the dominant professions and local industries which are at once revealed by them, special locutions abound, and the names of the *bourgeoisie*, almost as important to the student as the names of the nobility, appear in their most naïve form and under an aspect that enlightens you at once.

Here are three names taken at random from the shop-fronts of Namur; they all have their significance. "L'Épouse Debursy, négociante." When you read this, you feel you are in a country that was French yesterday, is foreign to-day, and may be French to-morrow; a country in which the language changes and insensibly degenerates, giving a clumsy German turn to French expressions. These three words are French; the phrase is so no longer. "Crucifix-Piret, mercier." This is very suitable for Catholic Flanders. As name or surname, *Crucifix* would be impossible in any part of Voltairian France. "Menendez-Wodon, horloger," — a Castilian name and a French name soldered by a hyphen. Is not the whole history of the domination of Spain over the Low Countries written, proved, and related in one proper name? Thus we have three names, each of which expresses and epitomizes one of the great aspects of the country; one tells the language, another the religion, another the history.

We may also observe that on the shop-signs of Dinant, Namur, and Liege the word "Demense" is very frequently repeated. In the neighbourhood of Paris and Rouen we meet, in the same way, with "Desenne" and "Deseine."

To conclude with a remark which may look rather fantastic, I noticed in a suburb of Namur a certain "Janus, boulanger," and this reminded me that I had remarked at Paris, at the entrance to the Faubourg Saint-Denis, "Néron, confiseur," and at Arles, on the entablature of a ruined Roman temple, "Marius, coiffeur."

CHAPTER VII.

THE BANKS OF THE MEUSE. — HUY. — LIÉGE.

A Chapel of the Tenth Century. — Iron-works of Mr. Cockerill; their singular Appearance. — St. Paul's at Liége. — Palace of the Ecclesiastical Princes of Liége. — Significant Decorations of a Room at Liége.

ON leaving Namur we entered a magnificent avenue of trees, whose foliage serves to hide from our view the town, with its mean and uncouth steeples, which, seen at a distance, have a grotesque and singular appearance. After passing those fine trees, the fresh breeze from the Meuse reaches us, and the road begins to wind cheerfully along the river side. The Meuse widens by the junction of the Sombre, the valley extends, and the double walls of rocks reappear, resembling now and then Cyclop fortresses, great dungeons in ruins, and vast titanic towers.

The rocks of the Meuse contain a great quantity of iron. When viewed in the landscape, they are of a beautiful colour; but broken, they change into that odious greyish-blue which pervades all Belgium. That which is magnificent in mountains loses the grandeur when broken and converted into houses.

"It is God who forms the rocks; man is the builder of habitations."

We passed hastily through a little village called Sanson, near which stand the ruins of a castle, built, it is said, in the days of Clodion. The rocks at this place represent the face of a man, to which the *conducteur* never fails to direct the attention of the traveller. We then came to the Ardennes, where I observed — what would be highly appreciated by antiquaries — a little rustic church, still entire, of the tenth century. In another village (I think it is Sclayen) is seen the following inscription, in large characters, above the principal door of the church : —

LES CHIENS HORS DE LA MAISON DE DIEU.

If I were the worthy curate I should deem it more important for men to enter than dogs to go out.

After passing the Ardennes, the mountains become scattered, and the Meuse, no longer running by the roadside, crosses among prairies. The country is still beautiful, but the *cheminée de l'usine* — that sad obelisk of our *civilisation industrielle* — too often strikes the eye. The road again joins the river. We perceive vast fortifications, like eagles' nests, perched upon rocks; a fine church of the fourteenth century; and an old bridge, with seven arches. We are at Huy.

Huy and Dinant are the prettiest towns upon the Meuse, — the former about half way between Namur and Liége, the latter half way between Namur and Givet. Huy, which is at present a redoubtable citadel, was in former times a warlike *commune*, and held out with valour a siege with Liége, as Dinant did with

Namur. In those heroic times cities, as kingdoms now, were always declaring war against each other.

After leaving Huy we from time time see on the banks of the river a zinc manufactory, which, from its blackened aspect, with smoke escaping through the creviced roofs, appears to us as if a fire were breaking out, or like a house after a fire has been nearly extinguished. By the side of a bean field, in the perfume of a little garden, a brick house, with a slate turret, the vine clinging to its walls, doves on the roof, and cages at the windows, strikes the eye; we then think of Teniers and Mieris.

The shades of evening approached. The wind ceased blowing, the trees rustling, and nothing was heard but the rippling of the water. The lights in the adjacent houses burned dimly, and all objects were becoming obscured. The passengers yawned, and said, "We shall be at Liége in an hour." At this moment a singular sight suddenly presented itself. At the foot of the hills, which were scarcely perceptible, two round balls of fire glared like the eyes of tigers. By the roadside was a frightful dark chimney stalk, surmounted by a huge flame, which cast a sombre hue upon the adjoining rocks, forests, and ravines. Nearer the entry of the valley, hidden in the shade, was a mouth of live coal, which suddenly opened and shut, and in the midst of frightful noises spouted forth a tongue of fire; it was the lighting of the furnaces.

After passing the place called Little Flemalle, the sight was inexpressible, — was truly magnificent. All the valley seemed to be in a state of conflagration, —

smoke issuing from this place, and flames arising from that; in fact, we could imagine that a hostile army had ransacked the country, and that twenty districts presented, in that night of darkness, all the aspects and phases of a conflagration, — some catching fire, some enveloped in smoke, and others surrounded with flames.

This aspect of war is caused by peace; this frightful symbol of devastation is the effect of industry. The furnaces of the iron-works of Mr. Cockerill, where cannon is cast of the largest calibre, and steam-engines of the highest power are made, alone meet the eye.

A wild and violent noise comes from this chaos of industry. I had the curiosity to approach one of these frightful places, and I could not help admiring the assiduity of the workmen. It was a prodigious spectacle, to which the solemnity of the hour lent a supernatural aspect. Wheels, saws, boilers, cylinders, scales, — all those monstrous implements that are called machines, and to which steam gives a frightful and noisy life, — rattle, grind, shriek, hiss; and at times, when the blackened workmen thrust the hot iron into the water, a moaning sound is heard like that of hydras and dragons tormented in hell by demons.

Liége is one of those old towns which are in a fair way of becoming new. Deplorable transformation! One of those towns where things of antiquity are disappearing, leaving in their places white façades, enriched with painted statues; where the good old buildings, with slated roofs, skylight windows, chiming bells, belfries,

and weathercocks, are falling into decay, while gazed at with horror by some thick-headed citizen, who is busy with a "Constitutionnel," reading what he does not understand, yet pompous with the supposed knowledge which he has attained. The Octroi, a Greek temple, represents a castle flanked with towers, and thick set with pikes; and the long stalks of the furnaces supply the place of the elegant steeples of the churches. The ancient city was, perhaps, noisy; the modern one is productive of smoke.

Liége has no longer the enormous cathedral of the *princes-éveques*, built by the illustrious Bishop Notger in the year 1000, and demolished in 1795 by — no one can tell whom; but it can boast of the iron-works of Mr. Cockerill.

Neither has it any longer the convent of Dominicans, — sombre cloister of high fame! noble edifice of fine architecture! but there is a theatre exactly on the same spot, decorated with pillars and brass capitals, where operas are performed.

Liége, in the nineteenth century, is what it was in the sixteenth. It vies with France in implements of war, with Versailles in extravagance of arms. But the old city of Saint Hubert, with its church and fortress, its ecclesiastical and military *commune*, has ceased to be a city of prayer and of war; it is one of buying and selling, — an immense hive of industry. It has been transformed into a rich commercial centre, and has put one of its arms in France, the other in Holland, and is incessantly taking from the one and receiving from the other.

Everything has been changed in this city; even its etymology has not escaped. The ancient stream Legia bears now the appellation of Ri-de-Coq Fontaine.

Notwithstanding, we must admit that Liége is advantageously situated near the green brow of the mountain of Saint Walburge; is divided by the Meuse into the lower and upper towns; is interspersed with thirteen bridges, some of which have rather an architectural appearance; and is surrounded with trees, hills, and prairies. It has turrets, clocks, and *portes-donjons*, like that of Saint Martin and Amerrcœur, to excite the poet or the antiquary, even though he be startled with the noise, the smoke, and the flames of the manufactories around.

As it rained heavily, I only visited four churches. Saint Paul's, the present cathedral, is a noble building of the fifteenth century, having a Gothic cloister, with a charming *portail* of the Renaissance, and surmounted by a belfry, which had it not been that some inapt architect of our day spoiled all the angles, would be considered elegant. Saint Jean is a grave façade of the sixteenth century, consisting of a large square steeple, with a smaller one on each side. Saint Hubert is rather a superior-looking building, whose lower galleries are of an excellent *ordre*. Saint Denis, a curious church of the tenth century, with a large steeple of the eleventh. That steeple bears traces of having been injured by fire. It was probably burned during the Norman outbreak. The Roman architecture has been ingeniously repaired, and the steeple finished in brick. This is perfectly discernible, and has a most singular effect.

As I was going from Saint Denis to Saint Hubert by a labyrinth of old narrow streets, ornamented here and there with madonnas, I suddenly came within view of a large dark stone wall, and on close observation discovered that the back façade indicated that it was a palace of the Middle Ages. An obscure door presented itself; I entered, and at the expiration of a few moments found myself in a vast yard, which turned out to be that of the palace of the Ecclesiastic Princes of Liége. The *ensemble* of the architecture is, perhaps, the most gloomy and noble-looking that I ever saw.

There are four lofty granite façades, surmounted by four prodigious slate roofs, with the same number of galleries. Two of the façades, which are perfectly entire, present the admirable adjustment of ogives and arches which characterized the end of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth. The windows of this clerical palace have *meneaux* like those of a church. Unfortunately the two other façades, which were destroyed by fire in 1734, have been rebuilt in the pitiful style of that epoch, and tend to detract from the general effect. It is now one hundred and five years since the last bishop occupied this fine structure.

The quadruple gallery that walls the yard is admirably preserved. There is nothing more pleasing to study than the pillars upon which the ogives are placed; they are of grey granite, like the rest of the palace. Whilst examining the four rows, one half of the shaft of the pillar disappears, sometimes at the top, then at the bottom, under a rich swelling of arabesques. The swelling is

doubled in the west range of the pillars, and the stalk disappears entirely. This speaks only of the Flemish caprice of the sixteenth century; but what perplexes us is, that the chapiters of these pillars, decorated with heads, foliage, apocalyptical figures, dragons, and hieroglyphics, seem to belong to the architecture of the eleventh century; and it must be remembered that the palace of Liége was commenced in 1508, by Prince Erard de la Mark, who reigned thirty-two years.

This grave edifice is at present a court of justice; booksellers, and toy merchants' shops are under all the arches, and vegetable stalls in the courtyard. The black robes of the law practitioners are seen in the midst of baskets of red and green cabbages. Groups of Flemish merchants, some merry, others morose, make fun and quarrel before each pillar; irritated pleaders appear from all the windows; and in that sombre yard, formerly solitary and tranquil as a convent, of which it has the appearance, the untired tongue of the advocate mingles with the chatter, the noise, and *bavardage* of the buyers and sellers. Above the high roofs of the palace is a lofty and massive square tower in brick. This tower, which was formerly the belfry of the prince-bishop, is now a prison for unfortunate women, — a sad and cold antithesis which the Voltairian *bourgeois* of thirty years ago might have invented as a jest, but which the positive and utilitarian *bourgeois* of to-day executes in his stupid fashion without any sense of incongruity.

On leaving the palace by the principal door, I was able to examine the present façade, — a chilling, declamatory

work of the disastrous architect of 1748, and not unlike a tragedy of Lagrange-Chancel in stone and marble. There was on the square in front of this façade an honest individual who actually insisted that I should admire it. I turned my back on him without pity, although he informed me that Liége was called "Luik" in Dutch, "Luttich" in German, and "Leodium" in Latin.

My room at Liége was ornamented with muslin curtains, upon which were embroidered — not nosegays, but melons. There were also several pictures, representing the triumph of the Allies and our disasters in 1814. Behold the *legende* printed at the bottom of one of these paintings:—

Battle of Arcis-sur-Aube, 21st March, 1814. The greater portion of the garrison of this place, composed of the *garde ancienne*, was taken prisoner, and the Allies, on the 22d of April, triumphantly entered Paris.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BANKS OF THE VESDRE.—VERVIERS.

Railways. — Miners at Work. — Louis XIV.

YESTERDAY morning, as the diligence was about to leave Liége for Aix-la-Chapelle, a *worthy* citizen annoyed the passengers by refusing to take the seat upon the *imperiale* which the conductor pointed out as his. For the sake of peace I offered him mine, which the condescending traveller, without evincing any reluctance, or even thanking me, accepted, and the heavy vehicle forthwith rolled tardily along. I was pleased with the change. The road, though no longer by the banks of the Meuse, but by those of the Vesdre, is exceedingly beautiful.

The Vesdre is rapid, and runs through Verviers and Chauffontaines, along the most charming valley in the world. In August, especially if the day be fine, with a blue sky over head, we have either a ravine or a garden, and certainly always a paradise. From the road the river is ever in sight. It at one time passes through a pleasing village, at another it skirts an old castle with square turrets; there the country suddenly changes its aspect, and on turning by a hillside, the eye discovers, through an opening in a thick tuft of trees, a low house, with a huge wheel by its side. It is a water-mill.

Between Chauffontaines and Verviers the valley is full of charms, and, the weather being propitious, added much to enliven the scene. Marmosets were playing upon the garden steps; the breeze was shaking the leaves of the tall poplars, and sounded like the music of peace, the harmony of Nature; handsome heifers, in groups of three and four, were reposing on the greensward, shaded by leafy blinds from the rays of the sun; then, far from all houses, and alone, a fine cow, worthy of the regard of Argus, was peacefully grazing. The soft notes of a flute floating on the breeze were distinctly heard.

"Mercurius septem mulcet aruudinibus."

The railway — that *colossale entreprise,* which runs from Anvers to Liége, and is being extended to Verviers — is cut through the solid rock, and runs along the valley. Here we meet a bridge, there a viaduct; and at times we see in the distance, at the foot of an immense rock, a group of dark objects, resembling a hillock of ants, busily blasting the solid granite.

These ants, small though they be, perform the work of giants.

When the fissure is wide and deep, a strange sound proceeds from the interior; in fact, one might imagine that the rock is making known its grievances by the mouth which man has made.

Verviers is an insignificant little town, divided into three *quartiers,* called Chick-Chack, Brasse-Crotte, and Dardanelle. In passing, I observed a little urchin, about six years of age, who, seated on a door-step, was smoking

his pipe, with all the magisterial air of a Grand Turk. The *marmot fumier* looked into my face, and burst into a fit of laughter, which made me conclude that my appearance was to him rather ridiculous.

After Verviers, the road skirts the Vesdre as far as Simbourg. Simbourg — that town of counts, that *paté* which Louis XIV. found had *a crust rather hard for mastication* — is at present a dismantled fortress.

CHAPTER IX.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE. — THE TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE.

Legend of the Wolf and Pineapple. — Charlemagne. — Barbarossa. — The Untombing of Charlemagne. — Exhibition of Relics. — Arm-chair of Charlemagne. — The Swiss Guide. — Hôtel-de-Ville, the Birthplace of Charlemagne.

FOR an invalid, Aix-la-Chapelle is a mineral fountain, — warm, cold, irony, and sulphurous; for the tourist, it is a place for redoubts and concerts; for the pilgrim, the place of relics, where the gown of the Virgin Mary, the blood of Jesus, the cloth which enveloped the head of John the Baptist after his decapitation, are exhibited every seven years; for the antiquarian, it is a noble abbey of *filles à abbesse*, connected with the male convent, which was built by Saint Gregory, son of Nicephorus, Emperor of the East; for the hunter, it is the ancient valley of the wild boars; for the merchant, it is a *fabrique* of cloth, needles, and pins; and for him who is no merchant, manufacturer, hunter, antiquary, pilgrim, tourist, or invalid, it is the city of Charlemagne.

Charlemagne was born at Aix-la-Chapelle, and died there. He was born in the old palace, of which there now only remains the tower, and he was buried in the church that he founded in 796, two years after the death of his wife, Fastrada. Leo III. consecrated it in 804,

and tradition says that two bishops of Tongres, who were buried at Maestricht, arose from their graves, in order to complete at that ceremony three hundred and sixty-five bishops and archbishops, — representing the days of the year.

This historical and legendary church, from which the town has taken its name, has undergone during the last thousand years many transformations.

No sooner had I entered Aix than I went to the chapel.

The *portail*, built of grey-blue granite, is of the time of Louis XV., with doors of the eighth century. To the right of the *portail*, a large bronze ball, like a pineapple, is placed upon a granite pillar; and on the opposite side, on another pillar, is a wolf, of the same metal, which is half turned towards the bystanders, its mouth half open and its teeth displayed. This is the legend of the wolf and pineapple, daily recited by the old women of the place to the inquiring traveller: —

"A long time ago, the good people of Aix-la-Chapelle wished to build a church. Money was put aside for the purpose; the foundation was laid, the walls were built, and the timber-work was commenced. For six months there was nothing heard but a deafening noise of saws, hammers, and axes; but at the expiration of that period the money ran short. A call was made upon the pilgrims for assistance, and a plate was placed at the door of the church, but scarcely a liard was collected. What was to be done? The Senate assembled, and proposed, argued, advised, and consulted. The workmen refused

to continue their labour. The grass, the brambles, the ivy, and all the other insolent weeds which surround ruins, clung to the new stones of the abandoned edifice. Was there no other alternative than that of discontinuing the church? The glorious Senate of burgomasters were in a state of consternation.

"One day, in the midst of their discussions, a strange man, of tall stature and respectable appearance, entered.

"'Good-day, gentlemen. What is the subject of discussion? You seem bewildered. Ah, I suppose your church weighs heavy at your hearts. You do not know how to finish it. People say that money is the chief requisite for its completion.'

"'Stranger,' said one of the Senate, 'you may go to the devil! It would take a million of money.'

"'There is a million,' said the unknown, opening the window, and pointing to a chariot drawn by oxen, and guarded by twenty negroes armed to the teeth.

"One of the burgomasters went with the stranger to the carriage, took the first sack that came to his hand, then both returned. It was laid before the Senate, and found to be full of gold.

"The burgomasters looked with eyes expressive both of foolishness and surprise, and demanded of the stranger who he was.

"'My dear fellows, I am the man who has money at command. What more do you require? I inhabit the Black Forest, near the lake of Wildsee, and not far from the ruins of Heidenstadt, the city of Pagans. I possess mines of gold and silver, and at night I handle millions

of precious stones. But I have strange fancies; in fact, I am an unhappy, melancholy being, passing my days in gazing into the transparent lake, watching the *tourniquet* and the water tritons, and observing the growth of the *polygonum amphibium* among the rocks. But a truce to questions and idle stories. I have opened my heart — profit by it! There is your million of money. Will you accept it?'

"'Faith! yes,' said the Senate. 'We shall finish our church.'

"'Well, it is yours,' the stranger said; 'but remember, there is a condition.'

"'What is it?'

"'Finish your church, gentlemen. Take all this precious metal; but promise me in exchange the first soul that enters into the church on the day of its consecration.'

"'You are the devil!' cried the Senate.

"'*You are imbeciles!*' replied Urian.

"The burgomasters began to cross themselves, to turn pale, and tremble; but Urian, who was a queer fellow, shook the bag containing the gold, laughed till he almost split his sides, and soon, gaining the confidence of the worthy gentlemen, a negotiation took place. The devil is a clever fellow; that is the reason that he is a devil.

"'After all,' he said, 'I am the one who will lose by the bargain. You will have your million and your church; as for me, I shall only have a soul.'

"'Whose soul, sir?' demanded the frightened Senate.

"'The first that comes, — that, perhaps, of some canting hypocrite, who to appear devout and to show his

zeal in the cause will enter first. But, my friends, your church promises well. The plan pleases me; and the edifice, in my opinion, will be superb. I see with pleasure that your architect prefers the *trompe-sous-le-coin* to that of Montpellier. I do not dislike the arched vault; but still I would have preferred a ridged one. I acknowledge that he has made the doorway very tastefully; but I am not sure if he has been careful about the thickness of the *parpain*. What is the name of your architect? Tell him, from me, that to make a door well, there must be four panels. Nevertheless, the church is of a very good style, and well adjusted. It would be a pity to leave off what has been so well begun; you must finish your church. Come, my friends, the million for you, the soul for me. Is it not so?'

"'After all,' thought the citizens, 'we ought to be satisfied that he contents himself with one soul. He might, if he observed attentively, find that there is scarcely one in the whole place that does not belong to him.'

"The bargain was concluded, the million was locked up, Urian disappeared in a blue flame, and two years afterwards the church was finished.

"You must know that all the senators took an oath to keep the transaction a profound secret; and it must also be understood that each of them on the very same evening related the affair to his wife. When the church was complete, the whole town — thanks to the wives of the senators — knew the secret of the Senate, and no one would enter the church. This was an embarrassment

greater even than the first. The church was erected, but no one would enter; it was finished, but it was empty. What good was a church of this description?

"The Senate assembled, but they could do nothing; and they called upon the Bishop of Tongres, but he was equally puzzled. The canons of the church were consulted, but to no avail. At last the monks were brought in.

"'Good heavens!' said one of them, 'you seem to stand on trifles. You owe Urian the first soul that passes the door of the church; but he did not stipulate as to the kind of soul. I assure you this Urian is at the best an ass! Gentlemen, after a severe struggle, a wolf was taken alive in the valley of Borcette. Make it enter the church. Urian must be contented; he shall have a soul, although only that of a wolf.'

"'Bravo! bravo!' shouted the Senate.

"At the dawn of the following day the bells rang.

"'What!' cried the inhabitants, 'to-day is the consecration of the church, but who will dare to enter first?'

"'I won't!' shouted one. 'Nor I! nor I!' escaped from the lips of the others.

"At last the Senate and the chapter arrived, followed by men carrying the wolf in a cage. A signal was given to open the door of the church and that of the cage simultaneously; the wolf, half mad from fright, rushed into the empty church, where Urian was waiting, his mouth open and his eyes shut. Judge of his rage when he discovered that he had swallowed a wolf. He shouted tremendously, flew for some time under the high arches,

making a noise like a tempest, and on going out gave the door a furious kick, and rent it from top to bottom."

It is upon that account, say the old dames, that a statue of the wolf has been placed on the left side of the church, and a pineapple, which represents its poor soul, on the right.

I must add, before finishing the legend, that I looked for the rent made by the heel of the devil, but could not find it.

On approaching the chapel of the great *portail* the effect is not striking. The façade displays the different styles of architecture — Roman, Gothic, and modern — without order, and consequently without grandeur; but if, on the contrary, we arrive at the chapel by Chevet, the result is otherwise. The high apsis of the fourteenth century, in all its boldness and beauty, — the rich workmanship of its balustrades, the variety of its gargoyles, the sombre hue of the stones, and the large transparent windows, — strike the beholder with admiration.

Here, nevertheless, the aspect of the church — imposing though it is — will be found far from uniform. Between the apsis and the *portail*, in a kind of cavity, the dome of Otho III., built over the tomb of Charlemagne in the tenth century, is hid from view. After a few moments' contemplation, a singular awe comes over us when gazing at this extraordinary edifice, — an edifice which, like the great work that Charlemagne began, remains unfinished; and which, like his empire that spoke all languages, is composed of architecture that represents all styles. To the reflective, there is a strange

analogy between that wonderful man and this great building.

After having passed the arched roof of the portico, and left behind me the antique bronze doors surmounted with lions' heads, a white rotundo of two stories, in which all the *fantaisies* of architecture are displayed, attracted my attention. At casting my eyes upon the ground, I perceived a large block of black marble, with the following inscription in brass letters:—

CAROLO MAGNO.

Nothing is more contemptible than to see, exposed to view, the bastard graces that surround this great Carlovingian name. Angels resembling distorted cupids, palm-branches like coloured feathers, garlands of flowers, and knots of ribbons are placed under the dome of Otho III. and upon the tomb of Charlemagne.

The only thing here that evinces respect to the shade of that great man is an immense lamp, twelve feet in diameter, with forty-eight burners, which was presented in the twelfth century by Barbarossa. It is of gilded brass, has the form of a crown, and is suspended from the ceiling above the marble block by an iron chain about seventy feet in length.

It is evident that some other monument had been erected to Charlemagne. There is nothing to convince us that this marble, bordered with brass, is of antiquity. As to the letters, CAROLO MAGNO, they are not of an earlier date than 1730.

Charlemagne is no longer under this stone. In 1166

Frederick Barbarossa — whose gift, magnificent though it was, does by no means compensate for this sacrilege — caused the remains of that great emperor to be untombed. The Church claimed the imperial skeleton, and, separating the bones, made each a holy relic. In the adjoining sacristy a vicar shows the people, for three francs seventy-five centimes (the fixed price), *the arm of Charlemagne,*— that arm which held for a time the reins of the world. Venerable relic! which has the following inscription, written by some scribe of the twelfth century:—

Brachium Sancti Caroli Magni.

After that I saw the skull of Charlemagne, that cranium which may be said to have been the mould of Europe, and which a beadle had the effrontery to strike with his finger.

All are kept in a wooden armory, with a few angels, similar to those I have just mentioned, on the top. Such is the tomb of the man whose memory has outlived ten ages, and who, by his greatness, has shed the rays of immortality around his name. *Sanctus, magnus,* belong to him,— two of the most august epithets which this earth could bestow upon a human being.

There is one thing astonishing,— that is, the largeness of the skull and arm. Charlemagne was, in fact, colossal with respect to size of body as well as extraordinary mental endowments. The son of Pepin-le-Bref was in body, as in mind, gigantic; of great corporeal strength, and of astounding intellect.

An inspection of this armory has a strange effect upon the antiquary. Besides the skull and arm, it contains the heart of Charlemagne; the cross which the emperor had round his neck in his tomb; a handsome *ostensoir*, of the Renaissance, given by Charles V., and spoiled in the last century by tasteless ornaments; fourteen richly sculptured gold plates, which once ornamented the arm-chair of the emperor; an *ostensoir*, given by Philippe II.; the cord which bound our Saviour; the sponge that was used upon the cross; the girdle of the Holy Virgin, and that of the Redeemer.

In the midst of innumerable ornaments, heaped up in the armory like mountains of gold and precious stones, are two shrines of singular beauty. One, the oldest, which is seldom opened, contains the remaining bones of Charlemagne; and the other, of the twelfth century, which Frederick Barbarossa gave to the church, holds the relics which are exhibited every seven years. A single exhibition of this shrine, in 1696, attracted forty-two thousand pilgrims, and drew in ten days eighty thousand florins.

This shrine has only one key, which is in two pieces; the one is in the possession of the chapter, the other in that of the magistrates of the town. Sometimes it is opened on extraordinary occasions, such as on the visit of a monarch.

In a small armory, adjoining the one mentioned, I saw an exact imitation of the Germanic crown of Charlemagne. That which he wore as Emperor of Germany is at Vienna; the one as King of France, at Rheims; and the other, as King of Lombardy, is at Menza, near Milan.

On going out of the sacristy, the beadle gave orders to one of the menials, a Swiss, to show me the interior of the chapel. The first object that fixed my attention was the pulpit, presented by the Emperor Henry II., which is extravagantly ornamented and gilt, in the style of the eleventh century. To the right of the altar, the heart of M. Antoine Berdolet, the first and last Bishop of Aix-la-Chapelle, is encased. That church had but one bishop, — he whom Bonaparte named "Primus Aquisgranensis Episcopus."

In a dark room in the chapel my conductor opened another armory, which contained the sarcophagus of Charlemagne. It is a magnificent coffin of white marble, upon which the carrying off of Proserpine is sculptured. The fair girl is represented as making desperate efforts to disentangle herself from the grasp of Pluto, but the god has seized her half-naked neck, and is forcing her head against Minerva. Some of the nymphs, the attendants of Proserpine, are in eager combat with Furies, while others are endeavouring to stop the car, which is drawn by two dragons. A goddess has boldly seized one of them by the wing, and the animal, to all appearance, is crying hideously. This bas-relief is a poem, powerful and startling, like the pictures of pagan Rome, and like some of those of Rubens.

The tomb, before it became the sarcophagus of Charlemagne, was, it is said, that of Augustus.

After mounting a narrow staircase, my guide conducted me to a gallery which is called the Hochmunster. In this place is the arm-chair of Charlemagne. It is low, exceedingly wide, with a round back; is formed of four

pieces of white marble, without ornaments or sculpture, and has for a seat an oak board, covered with a cushion of red velvet. There are six steps up to it, two of which are of granite, the others of marble. On this chair sat — a crown upon his head, a globe in one hand, a sceptre in the other, a sword by his side, the imperial mantle over his shoulders, the cross of Christ round his neck, and his feet in the sarcophagus of Augustus — Charlemagne in his tomb, in which attitude he remained for three hundred and fourteen years (from 852 to 1166), when Frederick Barbarossa, coveting the chair for his coronation, entered the tomb. Barbarossa was an illustrious prince and a valiant soldier; and it must, therefore, have been a moment singularly strange when this crowned man stood before the crowned corpse of Charlemagne, — the one in all the majesty of empire, the other in all the majesty of death. The soldier overcame the shades of greatness; the living became the despoliator of inanimate worth. The chapel claimed the skeleton, and Barbarossa the marble chair, which afterwards became the throne where thirty-six emperors were crowned. Ferdinand I. was the last; Charles V. preceded him. Afterwards the German emperors were crowned at Frankfort.

I remained spell-bound near this chair, so simple, yet so grand. I gazed upon the marble steps, marked by the feet of those thirty-six Cæsars who had here seen the bursting forth of their illustriousness, and who, each in his turn, had ceased to be of the living. Thoughts started in my mind, recollections flashed across my memory. When Frederick Barbarossa was old, he

determined for the second or third time to engage in the Holy War. One day he reached the banks of the beautiful river Cydnus, and, being warm, took a fancy to bathe. The man who could profane the tomb of Charlemagne might well forget Alexander. He entered the river ; the cold seized him. Alexander was young, and survived; Barbarossa was old, and lost his life.

It appears to me as probable, that, one day or another, the pious thought will strike some saint, king, or emperor to take the remains of Charlemagne from the armory where the sacristans have placed them, gather all that still exists of that great skeleton, and place them once more in the arm-chair, the Carlovingian diadem upon the skull, the globe of the empire on the arm, and the imperial mantle over the bones.

This would be a magnificent sight for him who dared to look at the apparition. What thoughts would crowd upon his mind when beholding the son of Pepin in his tomb, — he who equalled in greatness Augustus or Sesostris ; he who in fiction is a knight-errant like Roland, a magician like Merlin ; for religion, a saint, like Peter or Jerome ; for philosophy, civilization personifies him, and every thousand years assumes a giant form to traverse some profound abyss, — civil wars, barbarism, revolutions ; which calls himself at one time Cæsar, then Charlemagne, and at another time Napoleon.

In 1804, when Bonaparte became known as Napoleon, he visited Aix-la-Chapelle. Josephine, who accompanied him, had the caprice to sit down on this chair ; but

Napoleon, out of respect for Charlemagne, took off his hat, and remained for some time standing, and in silence. The following fact is somewhat remarkable, and struck me forcibly: In 814 Charlemagne died; a thousand years afterwards, most probably about the same hour, Napoleon fell.

In that fatal year, 1814, the allied sovereigns visited the tomb of the great Charles. Alexander of Russia, like Napoleon, took off his hat and uniform; Frederick William of Prussia kept on his *casquette de petite tenue;* Francis retained his surtout and round bonnet. The King of Prussia stood upon the marble steps, receiving information from the provost of the chapter respecting the coronation of the emperors of Germany; the two emperors remained silent. Napoleon, Josephine, Alexander, Frederick William, and Francis, are now no more.

My guide, who gave me these details, was an old French soldier. Formerly he shouldered his musket, and marched at the sound of the drum; now, he carries a halberd in the clerical ceremonies before the chapter. This man, who speaks to travellers of Charlemagne, has Napoleon nearest his heart. When he spoke of the battles in which he had fought, of his old comrades, and of his colonel, the tears streamed from his eyes. He knew that I was a Frenchman; and, on my leaving, said with a solemnity which I shall never forget, —

"You can say, sir, that you saw at Aix-la-Chapelle an old soldier of the 36th Swiss regiment."

Then, a moment afterwards, added, —

"You can also state that he belongs to three nations, — Prussian by birth, Swiss by profession, but his whole heart is French."

On quitting the chapel I was so much absorbed in reflection, that I all but passed a lovely façade of the fourteenth century, ornamented with the statues of seven emperors. I was awakened from my reverie by the sudden bursts of laughter which escaped from two travellers, the elder of whom, I was told in the morning by my landlord, was M. le Comte d'A., of the most noble family of Artois.

"Here are names!" they cried. "It certainly required a revolution to form such names as these. Le Capitaine Lasoupe, and Colonel Graindorge."

I could not help answering, "I am just about to tell you, gentlemen, why there are such names. Colonel Graindorge was a connection of Marshal de Lorge, father-in-law of the Duke of Saint Simon; and as to Captain Lasoupe, he was probably a relative of the Duke of Bouillon, uncle of the Elector Palatine."

Some moments after, I was on the square of the Hôtel-de-Ville, which I hastened to visit.

The Hôtel-de-Ville, like the Chapelle, is composed of five or six other buildings. From the two sides of a gloomy façade, with long narrow windows, rise two towers of the time of Charles V., — the one low and broad, the other high, slender, and quadrangular. The second tower is a fine structure of the fourteenth century. The first is the famous tower of Granus, hardly recognizable under the queer steeple by which it is crowned. This steeple,

which is smaller than that of the other tower, resembles a pyramid of gigantic turbans of all forms and all dimensions, placed one over the other, and growing smaller as they reach the top. At the bottom of the façade is an immense staircase, constructed like the staircase of the Cheval-Blanc at Fontainebleau. In the centre of the square there is a marble fountain belonging to the Renaissance, repaired and somewhat remodelled in the eighteenth century, surmounted by a bronze statue of Charlemagne, armed and crowned. At the right and left are two other smaller fountains, bearing on their summits two black and ferocious-looking eagles, half-turned towards the grave and tranquil emperor. It was on this site, perhaps in this Roman tower, that Charlemagne was born. Fountain, façade, and towers are all royal, melancholy, and severe. The whole *ensemble* brings Charlemagne vividly before the mind of the spectator. The disparities of the structure are concentrated in a potent unity. The tower of Granus recalls Rome, his precursor; the façade and fountains recall Charles V., the greatest of his successors. The Oriental form of the steeple makes you have vague thoughts of that magnificent caliph, Haroun-Al-Raschid, his friend.

The evening was approaching. I had passed the whole of the day among these grand and austere souvenirs; and therefore deemed it essential to take a walk in the open fields, to breathe the fresh air, and to watch the rays of the declining sun. I wandered along some dilapidated walls, entered a field, then some beautiful alleys, in one of which I seated myself. Aix-la-Chapelle lay extended

before me, partly hid by the shades of evening, which were falling around. By degrees the fogs gained the roofs of the houses, and shrouded the town steeples; then nothing was seen but two hugh masses, — the Hôtel-de-Ville and the chapel. All the emotions, all the thoughts and visions which flitted across my mind during the day, now crowded upon me. The first of the two dark objects was to me only the birthplace of a child; the second was the resting-place of greatness. At intervals, in the midst of my reverie, I imagined that I saw the shade of this giant, whom we call Charlemagne, developing itself between this great cradle and still greater tomb.

CHAPTER X.

COLOGNE.— THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.— ANDERNACH.

Deuz. — Cathedral of Cologne. — The Peasantry. — The Strolling Musician. — Personifiers of the gods Goulu, Gluton, Gonifre, and Gouliaf. — Dome of the Cathedral of Cologne. — Epitaph. — Tomb of the Three Wise Men of the East. — Destiny. — The Hôtel-de-Ville. — The Three Bas-reliefs. — The Epic Poet of Cologne. — Cologne at Night. — Time and its Effects.

I AM angry with myself, my dear friend, for having passed through Cologne like a barbarian. I spent scarcely forty-eight hours there, and I reckoned on spending a fortnight. But after an entire week of fog and rain, the sun shone so brilliantly on the Rhine that I determined to profit by the magnificent weather and view the river in all its glory and joy. I therefore started from Cologne this morning by the steamboat Cockerill. I left the city of Agrippa behind me and saw neither the old pictures of Saint Maria at the Capitol; nor the mosaic pavement of the crypt of Saint Gereon; nor the crucifixion of Saint Peter, painted by Rubens for the old half Roman church of Saint Peter where he was baptized; nor the bones of the eleven thousand virgins in the cloister of the Ursulines; nor the body of the martyr Albinus, which putrefaction never touches; nor the silver sarcophagus of Saint Cunibert;

nor the tomb of Duns Scotus in the church of the Minorites; nor the sepulchre of the Empress Theophania, wife of Otto, in the church of Saint Pantaleon; nor the Maternus-Gruft in the church of Saint Lisolphus; nor the two golden rooms of Saint Ursula and the Dome; nor the hall of the diets of the empire, to-day a commercial depot; nor the old arsenal, to-day a corn-warehouse. I have seen nothing of all these: absurd, if you like, but true.

What, then, did I visit at Cologne? The cathedral and the town-hall; nothing more. It is only of a wonderful city like Cologne that it can be said, "To see these was not to see a great deal;" for both are rare and marvellous edifices.

I reached Cologne after sunset. I directed my steps at once to the cathedral, after handing my valise to one of those worthy porters in a blue uniform with orange collar, who in this country are in the service of the King of Prussia, — an excellent and lucrative employment, I assure you; the traveller is roundly taxed, and porter and king share the spoil between them. Here, I mention a detail worth noting: before leaving my worthy friend, the porter, I ordered him, to his amazement, to carry my luggage, not to a hotel in Cologne, but to a hotel in Deuz, — a little town on the other side of the Rhine, connected with Cologne by a bridge of boats. This was my reason: when I have to stay several days at an inn, I select as far as possible the windows that look out on certain landscapes. Now, the windows of Cologne look towards Deuz, and the windows of Deuz look towards Cologne. And so I took

my lodging at Deuz, guided by this incontestable principle: Better live in Deuz and see Cologne than live in Cologne and see Deuz.

Once alone, I walked around in search of the Dome, expecting to see it at every corner of the street. But I did not know what an intricate city this is. Night came on, and the darkness grew palpable in the narrow streets; I am not fond of asking my way, and so I roamed about for a long time at random.

At, last after wandering through a kind of gateway, which ended in a corridor on the left, I suddenly found myself in a large open square, which was perfectly dark and solitary. A magnificent spectacle now presented itself. Before me in the fantastic light of the twilight, rose, in the midst of a group of low houses an enormous black mass, studded with pinnacles and belfries. A little farther was another, not quite so broad as the first, but higher; a kind of square fortress, flanked at its angles with four long detached towers, having on its summit something resembling a huge feather. On approaching, I discovered that it was the Cathedral of Cologne.

What appeared like a large feather was a crane, to which sheets of lead were appended, and which, from its workable appearance, indicated to passers-by that this unfinished temple may one day be completed; that the dream of Engelbert of Berg, which was realized under Conrad of Hochstetten, may, in an age or two, be the greatest cathedral in the world. This incomplete Iliad sees Homers in futurity.

The church was shut. I surveyed the steeples, and was startled at their dimensions. What I had taken for towers are the projections of the buttresses. Though only the first story is completed, the building is already nearly as high as the towers of Notre Dame at Paris. Should the spire, according to the plan, be placed upon this monstrous trunk, Strasburg would be, comparatively speaking, small by its side. It has always struck me that nothing resembles ruin more than an unfinished edifice. Briers, saxifrages, and pellitories — indeed, all weeds that root themselves in the crevices and at the base of old buildings — have besieged these venerable walls. Man only constructs what Nature in time destroys.

All was quiet; there was no one near to break the prevailing silence. I approached the façade, as near as the gate would permit me, and heard the countless shrubs gently rustling in the night breeze. A light which appeared at a neighbouring window cast its rays upon a group of exquisite statues, — angels and saints, reading or preaching, with a large open book before them. Admirable prologue for a church, which is nothing else than the Word made marble, brass, or stone! Swallows have fearlessly taken up their abode here, and their simple yet curious masonry contrasts strangely with the architecture of the building.

This was my first visit to the Cathedral of Cologne.

By-the-by, I have told nothing of the road between it and Aix-la-Chapelle. In fact, very little can be said, — a green plain, with an occasional oak and a few poplar-trees, alone meet the eye. In the villages, the old female

peasants, enveloped in long mantles walk about like spectres; while the young, clothed in short *jupons* are seen on their knees, washing the door-steps. As for the men, they are decorated with blue smock-frocks and high-crowned hats, as if they were the peasants of a constitutional country.

Scarcely a single person was seen on the road; the inclemency of the weather was, perhaps, the cause. A poor strolling musician passed, — a stick in one hand, and his *cornet-à-piston* in the other. He was clothed in a blue coat, a fancy waistcoat, and white trousers, with bottoms turned up as high as the legs of his boots. The *pauvre diable*, from the knees upwards, was fitted out for a ball; his lower extremities, however, were better suited for the road. In a little square village, in front of an *auberge*, I admired four jolly-looking travellers seated before a table loaded with flesh, fish, and wines. One was drinking, another cutting, a third eating, a fourth devouring, — like four personifications of Voraciousness and Gourmandism. It seemed to me as if I beheld the gods Goulu, Glouton, Gonifre, and Gouliaf seated round a mountain of eatables.

However, the inns are excellent in this country, the one in which I lodged at Aix-la-Chapelle (The Emperor) being an exception. It was only passable. To keep me warm, I had a magnificent carpet in my room — painted on the floor! This carpet probably served as an excuse for the exorbitant charges of the said *Gasthof*.

To finish with Aix-la-Chapelle, I must tell you that piracy is in as flourishing a condition there an in Belgium.

In a main street opening on the Town Hall I found myself exposed in a window side by side with my illustrious and dear friend Lamartine. The pirated portrait executed by the Prussian re-impression was somewhat less ugly than all these horrible caricatures which the stall-keepers and booksellers, not omitting my Paris publishers, sell to a credulous and frightened public as my exact resemblance; an abominable calumny against which I here solemnly protest. *Cœlum hoc et conscia sidera testor.*

I live like a real German. I dine with napkins as big as pocket-handkerchiefs, and sleep in sheets as big as the napkins. I eat cherries with mutton, and prunes with hare, and I drink excellent Rhine wine and Moselle, which an ingenious Frenchman, dining near me yesterday, pronounced a *vin de demoiselle* rather than a *vin de Moselle.* The same Frenchman, after drinking a glass of water, formulated this axiom: "The water of the Rhine is inferior to the wine of the Rhine."

In the inns, host and hostess, waiters and chambermaids speak nothing but German, as a rule; but there is always one waiter who speaks French, — a French indeed somewhat coloured by the Teutonic *milieu* in which it is plunged; but this variety is not without its charm. Yesterday I heard my French traveller ask the waiter, pointing to the dish that was being served, "Qu'est-ce que cela?" The waiter replied with dignity, "C'est des bichons." And it was *pigeons.*

Moreover, a Frenchman like myself, who does not know German, loses his time in addressing the "head-waiter" as he is styled, on any subjects except those about which

there are questions in the Traveller's Guide. He is only varnished with French. Dig a little and you will find the German, the pure German, the deaf German, beneath the surface.

I now come to my second visit to the Dome of Cologne.

I returned to it in the morning. This masterpiece of churches is approached by a walled court. There, you are besieged by beggar-women. While relieving them, I recalled the fact that before the French occupation there were twelve thousands mendicants at Cologne, who had the privilege of transmitting to their children the fixed and special positions each of them held. This institution has disappeared. Aristocracies are disappearing. Our age has as little respect for hereditary paupers as for hereditary peers. Beggars have no longer anything to bequeath to their families.

Having got rid of the beggars, I entered the church. A forest of pillars and columns, protected at their base by wooden palisades appeared before me, losing themselves at the top in a scaffolding of surbased vaultings, constructed of planks, and of diverse curving and elevation; there was little light in the building, for all these low arches do not permit the eye to rise more than forty feet. On the left there are four or five brilliantly lighted windows, descending from the wooden roof to the stone pavement, like broad sheets of topazes, emeralds, and rubies. On the right are ladders, pulleys, ropes, windlasses, trowels, and squares. At the farther extremity, the plain chanting, the grave voices of the chanters and prebendaries, the beautiful Latin of the psalms floating through

the vault mingled with clouds of incense, the organ wailing with ineffable sweetness; and, with all this, the grinding of saws, the groaning of cranks, the stunning noise of hammers on boards, made up the entire picture of my impressions of the Dome of Cologne.

This Gothic cathedral married to a carpenter's shop, this noble canoness brutally espoused by a stone-mason, this great lady compelled to associate patiently her august and dignified life, her chants and prayers and meditations, with this din, with the gross and foul language of these workmen, — such a *mésalliance* produces at first sight a queer impression; but this is because we no longer see Gothic cathedrals a-building. It vanishes as soon as we begin to consider that after all nothing is more simple. The crane of the steeple has a meaning. It shows that the work interrupted in 1499 has been resumed. All this tumult of carpenters and stone-cutters is necessary. The Cathedral of Cologne is being continued, and, please God! will be finished. Nothing can be better than this completion, if they only know how to accomplish it.

These columns supporting wooden arches mark out the plan of the nave which is to connect, some day or other, the apsis with the tower.

I examined the windows of this magnificent edifice, which are of the time of Maximilian, painted with all the extravagance of the German Renaissance. On one of them is a representation of the genealogy of the Holy Virgin. At the bottom of the picture, Adam, in the costume of an emperor, is lying upon his back. A large tree, which fills the whole pane, is growing out of his stomach, and

on the branches appear all the crowned ancestors of Mary,—David playing the harp, Solomon in deep thought; and at the top of the tree a flower opens, and discloses the Virgin carrying the infant Jesus.

A few steps farther on I read this epitaph, which breathes sorrow and resignation: —

Inclitvs ante fvi comes emvndvs,
Vocitatvs, hic dece prostratvs, sub
Tegor vt volvi. Frishem, sancte,
Mevm fero, petre, tibi comitatvm
Et mihi redde statvm, te precor,
Etherevm Hæc. Lapidvm massa
Comitis complectitvr ossa.

I take down this epitaph exactly as it is; it is inscribed on a vertical slab of stone as prose, without any indication of the somewhat barbarous hexameters and pentameters that form each distich. The closing rhyming verse has a false quantity, *massa*, which surprised me, for men could write Latin verses in the Middle Ages.

The left aisle of the transept is only outlined so far, and terminates in a vast oratory, cold, ugly, and badly furnished, in which there are a few confessionals. I hastened to return to the church, and, on leaving the oratory, three things struck my attention almost at the same time: on my left, a charming little pulpit of the sixteenth century, cleverly designed and very delicately carved in black oak; at some distance, the iron railing of the choir, a rare and perfect example of the exquisite iron-work of the fifteenth century; and before me, a very beautiful gallery with thick pilasters and low arches, in the style of our own præ-Renaissance. I imagine it

was built for our unhappy fugitive queen, Marie de Medicis.

At the entrance of the choir, in an elegant rococo shrine, the eye is dazzled by a genuine Italian Madonna, loaded with spangles and tinsel as well as the Bambino. Beneath this opulent madonna with bracelets and necklaces of pearls, there has been placed, apparently as an antithesis, a massive box for the poor, fashioned after the twelfth century, festooned with chains and padlocks and half sunk in a coarsely sculptured block of granite. It looked like a block of wood inserted in a pavement.

As I raised my eyes, I saw hanging from the ogive above my head some gilded sticks tied to a transversal rod of iron. Beside the sticks was this inscription: "Quot pendere vides baculos, tot episcopus annos huic Agrippinæ præfuit ecclesiæ." I like this austere method of reckoning the years, and rendering perpetually visible to the archbishop the time he has already used or wasted. At the present moment three sticks are hanging from the vault.

The choir is in the interior of this celebrated apsis, which at present, so to say, constitutes the whole of the Cathedral of Cologne, for the spire is wanting to the tower, and the church has not yet either nave or transept.

This choir is really magnificent. There are sacristies full of delicate woodwork, chapels full of severe sculpture; pictures of all ages, tombs of all forms; bishops of granite reposing in a fortress, bishops of touchstone resting on beds upborne by a procession of weeping angels, bishops

of marble sleeping under a lattice-work of iron, bishops of bronze lying on the ground, bishops of wood kneeling before altars; lieutenant-generals of the time of Louis XVI. with elbows leaning on their sepulchres, crusading knights with their dogs leaning lovingly against their mailed heels; statues of the Apostles clad in golden robes; oaken confessionals with twisted columns, noble canonical stalls, baptismal fonts that have the form of sarcophagi; altar stones laden with little statues; fragments of stained glass; annunciations of the fifteenth century on a gold ground with rich multi-coloured wings above and white ones below, belonging to angels that seem to look at the Virgin with a somewhat daring expression; tapestries wrought after designs by Rubens; iron-work that looks as if it came from Quentin Matsays, and cabinets with painted and gilt shutters that might have been made by Franc-Floris.

All this, I am sorry to say, is in a shamefully shattered condition. If some one or other is engaged in the completion of the cathedral exteriorly, some one else is doing all he can to ruin it interiorly. There is not a tomb on which the figures have not been destroyed or maimed; not an iron railing which does not show rusting in place of gilding. Dust and filth are everywhere. Flies dishonour the venerable face of Archbishop Philip of Heinsberg, and the man of bronze resting on the flagstone — Conrad of Hochstetten who was to have built the cathedral — cannot break the cobwebs which hold him bound today, like another Gulliver, under their numberless threads. Alas! arms of bronze are not as strong as arms of flesh.

I am inclined to believe that a statue of a bearded old man, which I saw lying in some obscure corner, broken and mutilated, is that of Michael Angelo. This reminds me that, at Aix-la-Chapelle, I had a view of those famous colums of antique marble taken by Napoleon and retaken by Blücher. They lay in a corner of the old cloister burying-ground, like trunks of trees awaiting the saw-pit. Napoleon had taken them to place them in the Louvre; Blucher retook them to place them in a charnel-house.

One of the questions I put to myself oftenest is, "Cui bono?"

Amid all this degradation I have only seen two tombs that were somewhat respected and sometimes dusted, — the cenotaphs of the Counts of Schauenburg. The Counts of Schauenburg would seem to form one of those couples anticipated by Virgil. Both were brothers, both were Archbishops of Cologne, both were entered in the same choir, both have fine tombs of the seventeenth century erected opposite each other. Adolphus can gaze on his brother Antony.

I will now mention the most venerable structure which this church contains, — that of the famed tomb of the Three Wise Men of the East.

The room is of marble, is rather large, and represents the styles of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. On raising our eyes, we perceive a bas-relief representing the adoration of the three kings, and, underneath, the inscription, —

> Corpora sanctorum recubant hic terna magorum,
> Ex his sublatum nihil est alibive locatum.

This, then, is the resting-place of the three poetic kings of the East. Indeed, there is no legend that pleases me so much as this of the "Thousand and One Nights." I approached the tomb, and perceived in the shade a massive reliquary, sparkling with pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones, which seemed to relate the history of these three kings, *ab oriente venerunt.* In front of the tomb are three lamps, the one bearing the name of Gasper, the other Melchior, and the third Balthazar. It is an ingenious idea to have — somehow illuminated — the names of the three wise men in front of the sepulchre.

On leaving, something pierced the sole of my boot. I looked downwards, and found that it was a large nail projecting from a square of black marble, upon which I was walking. After examining the stone, I remembered that Marie de Medicis had desired that her heart should be placed under the pavement of the Cathedral of Cologne, and before the tomb of the three kings. Formerly a bronze or brass plate, with an inscription, covered it; but when the French took Cologne, some revolutionist, or perhaps a rapacious brazier, seized it, as had been done by many others, — for a host of brass nails, projecting from the marble, bespeak depredations of a similar nature. Alas! poor queen. She first saw herself effaced from the heart of Louis XIII., her son; then from the remembrance of Richelieu, her creature; and now she is effaced from the earth.

How strange are the freaks of destiny! Marie de Medicis, widow of Henry IV., exiled and abandoned, had a

daughter Henrietta, widow of Charles I., who died at Cologne in 1642, in the house where, sixty-five years before, Rubens, her painter, was born.

The Dome of Cologne, when seen by day, appeared to me to have lost a little of its sublimity; it no longer had what I call *la grandeur crépusculaire* that the evening lends to huge objects. The line is always beautiful, but there is a certain dryness in the profile. This perhaps arises from the sort of fury with which the present architect sets about retouching and restoring this venerable apsis. When ancient churches are being repaired it would be as well not to try to make everything new. After such an operation the very attempt to bring out the lines tends to diminish their force, and the mysterious vagueness of the contours vanishes entirely. As matters now stand, I prefer the half-finished tower to the completed apsis. In any case, with all due respect for the opinions of the ultra-refined who would have us believe that the Dome of Cologne is the Parthenon of Christian architecture, I do not see any reason for preferring this outline of a cathedral to our finished old cathedrals of Amiens, Rheims, Chartres, and Paris; and I must say that the cathedral of Beauvais, which is scarcely known, is not inferior, either in size or in detail, to the Cathedral of Cologne.

The Hôtel-de-Ville, situated near the cathedral, is one of those singular edifices which have been built at different times, and which consist of all the styles of architecture seen in ancient buildings. The mode in which these edifices have been built forms rather an

interesting study. Nothing is regular; no fixed plan has been drawn out; all has been built as necessity required.

Thus the Hôtel-de-Ville, which has, probably, some Roman cave near its foundation, was, in 1250, only a structure similar to those of our edifices built with pillars. For the convenience of the night-watchman, and in order to sound the alarum, a steeple was required, and in the fourteenth century a tower was built. Under Maximilian a taste for elegant structures was everywhere spread, and the Bishops of Cologne, deeming it essential to dress their city-house in new raiments, engaged an Italian architect, a pupil probably of old Michael Angelo, and a French sculptor, who adjusted on the blackened façade of the thirteenth century a triumphant and magnificent porch. A few years expired, and they stood sadly in want of a *promenoir* by the side of the Registry. A back court was built, and galleries erected, which were sumptuously enlivened by heraldry and bas-reliefs. These I had the pleasure of seeing; but in a few years no person will have the same gratification, for without anything being done to prevent it, they are fast falling into ruins. At last, under Charles V., a large room for sales and for the assemblies of the citizens was required, and a tasteful building of stone and brick was added. Thus a *corps* of the thirteenth century, a belfry of the fourteenth, a porch and back court of the time of Maximilian, and a hall of that of Charles V., linked together in an original and pleasing manner, form the Hôtel-de-Ville of Cologne.

I went up to the belfry; and under a gloomy sky,

which harmonized with the edifice and with my thoughts, I saw at my feet the whole of this admirable town.

Cologne on the Rhine, like Rouen on the Seine, like Antwerp on the Scheld, and like all cities situated on waterways too broad to be easily crossed, has the figure of a bent bow, of which the river forms the chord.

The roofs are slated and crowded together, and pointed like cards folded in two; the streets are narrow, the gables carved. A reddish boundary of walls, rising on all sides above the roofs, hems in the city, like a girdle buckled to the river, from the turret of Thurmchen to that glorious tower of Bayenthurm, from whose battlements rises a marble bishop in the act of blessing the Rhine. Between these two points the town exhibits, along the bank of the stream, a full league of windows and façades. At the middle point of this long league there is a bridge of boats, which curves gracefully to meet the current, crosses the river — here at its widest — and goes to connect the vast pile of buildings that make up Cologne with the small cluster of white houses that constitute Deuz.

In the very centre of Cologne, amid roofs and turrets and attics full of flowers, rise the varied pinnacles of twenty-seven churches, among which are four majestic Roman churches (not reckoning the cathedral), all of a different design, worthy by their size and beauty to be cathedrals themselves, — Saint Martin on the north, Saint Gereon on the west, the Holy Apostles on the south, Saint Mary of the Capitol on the east. They form a forest of domes, towers, and steeples.

If we examine the town *en détail*, all is stir, all is life. The bridge is crowded with passengers and carriages; the river is covered with sails. Here and there clumps of trees caress, as it were, the houses blackened by time; and the old stone hotels of the fifteenth century, with their long frieze of sculptured flowers, fruit, and leaves, upon which the dove, when tired, rests itself, relieve the monotony of the slate roofs and brick fronts which surround them.

Round this great town — mercantile from its industry, military from its position, marine from its river — is a vast plain that borders Germany, which the Rhine crosses at different places, and is crowned on the northeast by historic *croupes*, that wonderful nest of legends and traditions called the "Seven Mountains." Thus Holland and its commerce, Germany and its poetry, — like the two great aspects of the human mind, the positive and the ideal, — shed their light upon the horizon of Cologne; a city of business and of meditation.

After descending from the belfry, I stopped in the yard before a handsome porch of the Renaissance, the second story of which is formed of a series of small triumphal arches, with inscriptions. The first is dedicated to Cæsar; the second to Augustus; the third to Agrippa, the founder of Cologne; the fourth to Constantine, the Christian emperor; the fifth to Justine, the great legislator; and the sixth to Maximilian. Upon the façade the poetic sculptor has chased three bas-reliefs, representing the three lion combatants, — Milo of Crotona, Pepin-le-Bref, and Daniel. At the two extremities he has placed

Milo of Crotona attacking the lions by strength of body, and Daniel subduing the lions by the power of mind. Between these is Pepin-le-Bref, conquering his ferocious antagonist with that mixture of moral and physical strength which distinguishes the soldier. Between pure strength and pure thought is courage; between the athlete and the prophet, the hero.

Pepin, sword in hand, has plunged his left arm, which is enveloped in his mantle, into the mouth of the lion; the animal stands, with extended claws, in that attitude which in heraldry represents the lion rampant. Pepin attacks it bravely and vanquishes. Daniel is standing motionless, his arms by his side, and his eyes lifted up to heaven, the lions lovingly rolling at his feet. As for Milo of Crotona, he defends himself against the lion, which is in the act of devouring him. His blind presumption has put too much faith in muscle, in corporeal strength. These three bas-reliefs contain a world of meaning; the last produces a powerful effect. It is Nature avenging herself on the man whose only faith is in brute force.

As I was about to leave the town-house, — this spacious building, this dwelling, rich in legendary lore as well as in historical facts, — a man, in appearance older than he actually was, crooked from disposition more than from the influence of age, crossed the yard. The person who conducted me to the belfry, in pointing him out, said:

"That man is a poet; he has composed several epics against Napoleon, against the revolution of 1830, and against the French. The last, his *chef-d'œuvre,* beseeches

an architect to finish the church of Cologne in the same style as the Pantheon in Paris."

Epics! granted! Nevertheless, this man, or poet, is the most unwashed-looking animal that ever I put eyes upon. I do not think we have anything in France that will bear a comparison with the epic poet of Cologne.

To make up for the opinion which this strange-looking animal had formed of Frenchmen, a little old man, with a quick eye, came out of a barber's shop, in one — I do not know which—of the dark and obscure streets, and guessing my country, from my appearance, came to me, shouting out, —

"Monsieur, monsieur, fous, Français! oh, les Français! ran! plan! plan! plan! ran, tan, plan! la querre à toute le monde! Prafes! Prafes! Napoleon, n'est-ce pas? La querre à toute l'Europe! Oh, les Français, pien Prafes, monsieur. La paionette au qui à tous ces Priciens, eine ponnea quilpite gomme à Iéna. Prafo les Français! ran! plan! plan!"

I must admit that this harangue pleased me. France is great in the recollection and in the hopes of these people. All on the banks of the Rhine love us, — I had almost said, wait for us.

In the evening, as the stars were shining, I took a walk upon the side of the river opposite to Cologne. Before me was the whole town, with its innumerable steeples figuring in detail upon the pale western sky. To my left rose, like the giant of Cologne, the high spire of Saint Martin's, with its two towers; and, almost in front, the sombre apsis cathedral, with its many sharp-pointed

spires, resembling a monstrous hedgehog, the crane forming the tail, and near the base two lights, which appeared like two eyes sparkling with fire. Nothing disturbed the stillness of the night but the rustling of the waters at my feet, the heavy tramp of a horse's hoofs upon the bridge, and the sound of a blacksmith's hammer. A long stream of fire that issued from the forge caused the adjoining windows to sparkle; then, as if hastening to its opposite element, disappeared in the water.

From this grand and sombre *ensemble* my thoughts took a melancholy turn, and in a kind of reverie I said to myself, "The *germaine* city has disappeared; the city of Agrippa is no longer, but the town of Saint Engelbert still stands." How long will it be so? Decay, more than a thousand years since, seized upon the temple built by Saint Helena; the church constructed by the Archbishop Anno is fast decaying. Cologne is demolished by its river. Scarcely a day passes but some old stone, some ancient relic, is detached by the commotion of the steamboats. A town is not situated with impunity upon the great artery of Europe. Cologne, though not so old as Treves or Soleure, has already been thrice deformed and transformed by the rapid and violent change of ideas to which it has been subjected. All is changing. The spirit of positivism and ultilitarianism — for which the grovellers of the present day are such strong advocates — penetrates and destroys. Architecture, old and reverential, gives way to modern *good taste*. Alas! old cities are fast disappearing.

CHAPTER XI.

APROPOS OF THE HOUSE IBACH.

Man's Insignificancy. — The House Ibach. — Marie de Medicis, Richelieu, and Louis XIII.

WHAT Nature does, perhaps Nature knows; but one thing is certain, — and I am not the only one who says so, — that men know not what they do. Often, in confronting history with the material world, in the midst of those comparisons which my mind draws between the events hidden by God and which time and creation partly disclose, I have secretly shuddered when thinking that the forests, the lakes, the mountains, the sky, the stars, and the ocean, are things clear and terrible, abounding in light and full of science, and look, as it were, in disdain upon man, — that haughty, presumptuous thing, whose arm is linked to impotence; that piece of vanity, blind in its own ignorance. The tree may be conscious of its fruit; but, to me, man knows nothing of his destiny.

The life of man and his understanding are at the mercy of a divine power, — called by some, Providence, by others, Chance, — which blends, combines, and decomposes all; which conceals its workings in the clouds, and discloses the results in open day. We think we do one thing whilst we do another, — *urceus exit.* History affords copious proofs of this. When the husband of

Catherine de Medicis and the lover of Diane de Poitiers allowed himself to be allured by Philippe Due, the handsome *Piémontaise*, it was not only Diane d'Angoulême that he engendered, but he brought about the reconciliation of his son Henry III. with his cousin Henry IV. When Charles II. of England hid himself, after the battle of Worcester, in the trunk of an oak, he only thought of concealment, — something more was the result; he named a constellation "The Royal Oak," and gave Halley the opportunity of detracting from the fame of Tycho. Strange, that the second husband of Madame de Maintenon, in revoking the Edict of Nantes, and the Parliament of 1688, in expelling James II., should bring about the singular battle of Almanza, where face to face were the French army, commanded by an Englishman, Marshal Berwick, and the English army, commanded by a Frenchman, Ruvigny (Lord Galloway). If Louis XIII. had not died on the 14th of May, 1643, it would never have struck the old Count de Fontana to attack Rocroy, which gave a heroic prince of twenty-two the glorious opportunity of making the Duke d'Enghien the great Condé.

In the midst of all these strange and striking facts which load our chronologies, what singular and unforeseen occurrences! what formidable counter-blows! In 1664, Louis XIV., after the offence done to his ambassador, Créqui, caused the Corsicans to be banished from Rome; a hundred and forty years afterwards Bonaparte exiled the Bourbons from France!

What shadows! but still, what light appears in the midst of the darkness! About 1612, when Henri de

Montmorency, then about seventeen years of age, saw among the servants of his father a pale and mean-looking menial, Laubespine de Châteauneuf, bowing and scraping before him, who could have whispered in his ear that this page would become under-deacon; that this under-deacon would become the lord-keeper of the great seal; that this keeper of the great seal would preside at the parliament of Toulouse; and that, at the expiration of twenty years, this "deacon-president" would surlily demand from the Pope permission to have his master, Henry II., Duke of Montmorency, Marshal of France, and peer of the kingdom, decapitated? When the president of Thou so carefully added his clauses to the ninth edict of Louis XI., who could have told the monarch that this very edict, with Laubardemont for a handle, would be the hatchet with which Richelieu would strike off the head of his son?

In the midst of all this chaos there are laws; confusion is only on the surface, order is at the bottom. After long intervals, frightful facts similar to those which astounded our fathers, come like comets, in all their terror, upon ourselves; always the same ambushes, the same misfortunes; always foundering upon the same coasts. The name alone changes; the acts are still committed. A few days before the fatal treaty of 1814, the emperor might have said to his thirteen marshals:

Amen dico vobis quia unus vestrum me traditurus est.

A Cæsar cherishes a Brutus; a Charles I. prevents a Cromwell from going to Jamaica; a Louis XVI. throws

obstacles in the way of a Mirabeau, who is desirous of setting out for the Indies; queens whose deeds are characterized by cruelty are punished by ungrateful sons; Agrippas beget Neros, who destroy those who gave them birth; a Marie de Medicis engenders a Louis XIII., who banishes her.

You, without doubt, remark the strange turn my thoughts have taken from one idea to another, — to these two Italians; to these two women, Agrippina and Marie de Medicis, the spectres of Cologne. About sixteen hundred years ago, the daughter of Germanicus, mother of Nero, connected her name and memory with Cologne, as did, at a later date, the wife of Henry IV. and mother of Louis XIII. The first, who was born there, died by the poniard; the second expired at Cologne from the effects of poison.

I visited, at Cologne, the house in which Mary of France breathed her last, — the house Ibach according to some, and Jabach according to others; but, instead of relating what I saw, I will tell the thoughts that flashed across my mind when there. Excuse me for not giving all the local details, of which I am so fond; in fact, I am afraid that I have, ere this, fatigued my reader with my *festons* and my *astragales*. The unhappy queen died here, at the age of sixty-eight, on the 3d of July, 1642. She was exiled for eight years from France, had wandered everywhere, and was very expensive to the countries in which she stopped. When at London, Charles I. treated her with munificence, allowing her, the three years she resided there, a hundred pounds sterling per day. After-

wards — I must say it with regret — Paris *returned* that hospitality to Henrietta, daughter of Henry IV. and widow of Charles I., by giving her a garret in the Louvre, where she often remained in bed for want of the comforts of a fire, anxiously expecting a few louis that the *coadjuteur* had promised to lend her. Her mother, the widow of Henry IV., experienced the same misery at Cologne.

How strange and striking are these details! Marie de Medicis was not long dead when Richelieu ceased to live, and Louis XIII. expired the following year. For what good was the inveterate hatred that existed between these three mortal beings? For what end so much intrigue, quarrelling, and persecution? — God alone knows. All three died almost at the same hour.

There is something remaining of a mysterious nature about Marie de Medicis. I have always been horrified at the terrible sentence that the President Henault, probably without intention, wrote upon this queen, "Elle ne fut pas assez surprise de la morte de Henri IV."

I must admit that all this tends to shed a lustre upon that admirable epoch, the glorious reign of Louis XIV. The darkness that obscured the beginning of that century contrasted admirably with the brilliancy of its close. Louis XIV. was not only, as Richelieu, powerful, but he was majestic; not only, as Cromwell, great, but in him was serenity. Louis XIV. was not, perhaps, the genius in the master, but genius surrounded him. This may lessen a king in the eyes of some, but it adds to the glory of his reign. As for me, as you already know, I love that which is absolute, which is perfect; and therefore

have always had a profound respect for this grave and worthy prince, so well born, so much loved, and so well surrounded; a king in his cradle, a king in the tomb; true sovereign in every acceptation of the word; central monarch of civilization; pivot of Europe; seeing, so to speak, from tour to tour, eight popes, five sultans, three emperors, two kings of Spain, three kings of Portugal, four kings and one queen of England, three kings of Denmark, one queen and two kings of Sweden, four kings of Poland, and four czars of Muscovy, appear, shine forth, and disappear around his throne; polar star of an entire age, who, during seventy-two years, saw all the constellations majestically perform their evolutions round him.

CHAPTER XII.

A FEW WORDS RESPECTING THE WALDRAF MUSEUM.

Schleis Kotten. — "Stretching-out-of-the-hand System," or, Travelling Contingencies. — Recapitulation.

BESIDES the cathedral, the Hôtel-de-Ville, and the Ibach House, I visited Schleis Kotten, the vestiges of the subterranean aqueduct which, at the time of the Romans, led from Cologne to Travers. Traces of it are at the present day to be seen in thirty-two villages. In Cologne I inspected the Waldraf Museum, and am almost tempted to give you an inventory of all I saw; but I will spare you. Suffice it to know, that if I did not find the war-chariot of the ancient Germans, the famed Egyptian mummy, or the grand culverin founded at Cologne in 1400, I saw a very fine sarcophagus, and the armory of Bernard, Bishop of Galen. I was also shown an enormous cuirass, which was said to have been the property of Jean de Wert, a general of the empire; but I sought in vain for his sword, which measured eight feet and a half in length; his immense pike, likened to the pine of Polyphemus; and his large helmet, that, as it is said, took two men to raise it.

The pleasure of seeing all these curiosities — museums, churches, town-houses, etc.— is alloyed by the everlasting extended hand: Pay, pay! Upon the borders of the

Rhine, as at other places much frequented, the stranger is obliged to have his hand in constant communion with his pocket. The purse of the traveller — that precious article — is to him everything, since hospitality is no longer seen receiving the weary traveller with soft words and cordial looks. I will give you an idea of the extent to which the stretching-out-of-the-hand is carried on among the *intelligents naturels* of this country. Remember, there is no exaggeration,— only the truth.

On entering a town, an understrapper ascertains the hotel that you intend putting up at, asks for your passport, takes it, and puts it into his pocket. The horses stop; you look round, and find that you are in a courtyard,— that your present journey is terminated. The driver, who has not exchanged a word with any one during the journey, alights, opens the door, and extends his hand with an air of modesty,—"Remember the driver." A minute elapses; the postilion presents himself, and makes an harangue which signifies, "Don't forget me." The luggage is uncorded; a tall, fleshless animal sets your portmanteau gently on the ground, with your nightcap on the top of it,— so much trouble "must be rewarded." Another creature, more curious perhaps than the latter, puts your chattels upon a wheelbarrow, asks the name of the hotel you have fixed upon, then runs before you, pushing his shapeless machine. No sooner arrived at the hotel than the host approaches, and begins a dialogue which ought to be written in all languages upon the doors of the respective *auberges.*

"Good-day, sir."

"If you have a spare room, I should like to engage it."

"Very well, sir. Thomas, conduct the gentleman to No. 4."

"I should like something to eat."

"Immediately, sir, immediately."

You go to No. 4, where you find your luggage has arrived. A man appears; it is the person who conveyed the luggage to the hotel. "The porter, sir." A second makes his appearance; what the devil does he want? It is the person who carried your luggage into the room. You say to him,—

"Very well; I shall pay you, on leaving, with the other servants."

"Monsieur," the man replies, with a supplicating air, "I don't belong to the hotel."

There is no alternative,—"disburse." You take a walk; a handsome church presents itself. You cannot think of passing it; no, no, you must go in, for it is not every day you meet such a structure. You walk round, gazing at everything; at last a door meets your view. Jesus says, "Compelle intrare;" the priests ought to keep the doors open, but the beadles shut them, in order to gain a few sous. An old woman, who has perceived your embarrassment, comes and shows you a bell by the side of a small wicket; you ring, the wicket is opened, and the beadle stands before you.

"May I see the interior of the church?"

"Certainly," the old man replies, a sort of grim smile lighting up his grave countenance.

He draws out a bunch of keys, and directs his steps

towards the principal entrance. Just as you are about to go in, something seizes you by the skirts of your coat. You turn round; it is the obliging old woman, whom you have forgotten — ungrateful wretch! — to reward: "Pay!" You at last find yourself in the interior of the church; you contemplate, admire, and are struck with wonder.

"Why is that picture covered with a green cloth?"

"Because," the beadle replies, "it is the most beautiful picture in the church."

"What!" you say, in astonishment, "the best picture hidden? Elsewhere it is exposed to view. Who is it by?"

"Rubens."

"I should like to see it."

The beadle leaves you, and in a few minutes returns with an old, pensive-looking individual by his side; it is the churchwarden. This worthy personage presses a spring, the curtain draws, and you behold the picture. The painting seen, the curtain closes, and the churchwarden bows significantly, — "Pay, pay!" On continuing your walk in the church, preceded by the beadle, you arrive at the door of the choir, before which a man has taken up his stand in "patient expectation." It is a Swiss who has the charge of the choir. You walk round it; and on leaving, your attentive cicerone graciously salutes you, — "Only a trifle." You find yourself again with the beadle, and soon after pass before the sacristy. Oh, wonder of wonders! the door is open. You enter, and find a sexton. The beadle retires, for the other must be left

alone with his prey. The sexton smiles, shows you the urns, the ecclesiastical ornaments and decorated windows, bishops' mitres, and in a box a skeleton of some saint dressed as a troubadour. You have seen the sacristy, therefore "must pay." The beadle again appears, and leads you to the ladder that conducts to the tower. A view from the steeple must be truly delightful. You decide on going up. The beadle pushes a door open; you climb up about thirty steps, then you find that a door which is locked prevents you proceeding farther. You look back, and are surprised that the beadle is no longer with you, — that you are alone. What 's to be done? You knock; a face appears, — it is that of the bellman. He opens the door, — for which kind action, "Pay!" You proceed on your way; are delighted to find yourself alone, — that the bellman has not followed. You then begin to enjoy the pleasure of solitude, and arrive with a light heart at the high platform of the tower.

You look about, come and go, admire the blue sky, the smiling country, and the immense horizon. Suddenly you perceive an unknown animal walking by your side; then your ears are dinned with things you know, and perhaps care little about. It turns out to be the *explicateur*, who fills the high office of explaining to the stranger the magnificence of the steeple, the church, and the surrounding country. This man is ordinarily a stutterer, — sometimes deaf. You do not listen to him; you forget him in contemplating the churches, the streets, the trees, the rivers, and the hills. When you have seen all,

you think of descending, and direct your steps to the top of the ladder. The bellman is there before you, — "Pay!"

"Very well," you say, fingering your purse, which is momentarily dissolving, "how much must I give you?"

"I am charged two francs for each person, which sum goes to the church revenue; but, sir, you must give me something for my trouble."

You descend; the beadle makes his appearance, and conducts you with respect to the door of the church. So much trouble cannot fail to be well rewarded.

You return to your hotel, and have scarcely entered, when you see a person approaching you with a familiar air, and who is totally a stranger to you. It is the understrapper who took your passport, and who now returns with it — to be paid. You dine; the hour of your departures comes, and a servant brings you in the bill, — "Pay!" also a consideration for the trouble of taking the money. An ostler carries your portmanteau to the diligence; you must remember him. You get into the vehicle; you set off. Night falls; you begin the same course to-morrow.

Let us recapitulate. Something to the driver, a trifle to the postilion, the porter, the man who does not belong to the hotel, to the old woman, to Rubens, to the Swiss, to the sexton, to the bellman, to the church revenue, to the beadle, to the passport-keeper, to the servants, and to the ostler. How many *pays* do you call that in a day? Remember, every one must be silver; copper is looked upon here with the greatest contempt, even by a bricklayer's labourer.

To this ingenious people the traveller is a sack of crowns, which the good inhabitants, in order to reduce the bulk as soon as possible, are ever sweating. The government itself occasionally claims a share of the spoil; it takes your trunk and portmanteau, places them upon its shoulders, and offers you its hand. In large towns the porters pay to the royal treasury twelve sous two liards for each traveller. I was not a quarter of an hour at Aix-la-Chapelle before I had given my mite to the King of Prussia.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANDERNACH.

A View from Andernach. — Village of Leutersdorf. — Cathedral. — Its Relics. — Andernach Castle. — Inscription. — The Tomb of Hoche. — Gothic Church and Inscription.

ANDERNACH, where I have been stopping for the last three days, is an ancient municipal town, situated upon the banks of the Rhine. The *coup d'œil* from my window is truly charming. Before me, at the foot of a high hill, which obscures from my view part of the blue sky, is a handsome tower of the thirteenth century; to my right the Rhine, and the charming little white village of Leutersdorf, half hidden among the trees; and to my left the four steeples of a magnificent church of the eleventh century, two at the portal and two at the apsis.

The two big towers of the portal have a singular and irregular but grand outline. They are square, surmounted by four pointed triangular gables, bearing in their interstices four slated lozenges, connected at their summits and forming the point of the pinnacle. Under my window cackle in perfect harmony, hens, children, and ducks; and yonder, at the back, peasants are working among the vines. However, it appears that this picture

did not satisfy the man of taste who decorated the room in which I live. Beside my window he has nailed another, without doubt as a pendant; it is a picture representing two large candlesticks placed on the ground, with this inscription: "Vue de Paris." By dint of cudgelling my brains I have managed to make out that this is a representation of the Barrière du Trône. The thing is wonderfully like.

I visited the church on the day of my arrival, the interior of which is, notwithstanding the hideous manner that some one has plastered it, rather handsome. The Emperor Valentinian and a child of Frederick Barbarossa were interred in this church, but neither inscriptions nor tombstones indicated the place where they were buried. Our Saviour at the tomb; a few statues, life size, of the fifteenth century, and a chevalier of the sixteenth, leaning against a wall; several figures; the fragments of a mausoleum of the Renaissance, were all that the smiling hump-backed bell-ringer could show me for a little piece of silvered copper which passes here for thirty sous.

I must tell a little adventure which I had, — an incident that has left on my mind the impression of a sombre dream.

On leaving the church I walked round the city. The sun was setting behind the high hills that, in seeming pride and pristine glory, look down upon the Rhine, on the imperial tomb of Valentinian, on the abbey of Saint Thomas, and on the old walls of the feudal town of the electors of Treves.

I pursued my way by the side of the moat that skirts the dilapidated walls, the fallen stones of which serve as seats and tables for half-naked urchins to play upon, and in the evening for young men to tell their fair *bergères* the achings of their wounded hearts. The formidable castle, that was once the defence of Andernach, is now an immense ruin ; and the court, once the seat of war, is now covered with grass, upon which women bleach in summer the cloth that they have woven in winter.

After leaving the outer gate of Andernach, I found myself on the banks of the Rhine. The night was calm and serene, and Nature had lulled herself to sleep. Shepherdesses came to drink from the clear stream, then in mirth ran away to hide themselves among the osieries. Before me a white village was all but lost in the distance; and towards the east, at the extreme border of the horizon, the full moon, red and round like the eye of a Cyclop, appeared between two clouds.

How often have I walked thus, unconscious of all save the beauties which Nature presented, alive only to that dame who has so great a sway over the sensitive mind! I knew not where I was, nor where I was straying; and when I awoke from my reverie I found myself at the foot of a rising ground, crowned at the summit by some stonework. I approached, and was somewhat startled on finding a tomb. Whose was it? I walked round, trying to discover the name of the person whom it memorialized, and at last perceived the following inscription in brass letters: —

L'armée de Sambre et Meuse à son Général en Chef.

Above these two lines I saw, by the light of the moon, which was shining brightly, the name — HOCHE. The letters had been taken away, but had left their imprint on the granite.

That name, in this place, at such an hour, and seen by such a light, had a strange, an inexpressible effect upon me. Hoche was always a favourite of mine: he, like Marceau, was one of those young men who preluded Bonaparte in an attempt which was all but successful. This, then, I thought, is the resting-place of Hoche, and the well-remembered date of the 18th of April, 1797, flashed across my memory.

I looked around me, endeavouring, but in vain, to identify the spot. To the north was a vast plain; to the south, about the distance of a gunshot, the Rhine; and at my feet, at the base of this tomb, was a small village.

At that moment a man passed a few steps from the monument. I asked him the name of the village, and he answered, while disappearing behind a hedge, "Weiss Thurm."

These two words signify White Tower. I then remembered *Turris Alba* of the Romans, and was proud to find that Hoche had died in an illustrious place. It was here that Cæsar, two thousand years ago, first crossed the Rhine.

What was the meaning of this scaffolding? Are they restoring or are they degrading it? I do not know.

I scaled the surbasement, and, clinging to the carpentry by means of one of the four openings made in the framework, looked into the tomb. It was a little quadrangular

chamber, naked, gloomy, and cold. A moonbeam, entering by one of the crevices, outlined a white form in the darkness, upright and standing against the wall.

I entered this chamber by a narrow aperture, lowering my head and dragging myself on my knees. There, I saw in the centre of the floor a round hole, yawning and entirely dark. It was through this hole doubtless that the coffin had formerly been lowered into the vault below. A rope was hanging and was lost in the obscurity. I approached. I ventured to look into this hole, into the darkness of this vault; I was trying to find the coffin; I saw nothing.

With some difficulty I was able to distinguish the vague outline of a kind of funereal recess, cut into the vault, and dimly marked in the shadow.

I remained there a long time, eye and mind vainly absorbed in this double mystery of death and night. An icy breath issued from the hole as from an open mouth.

I cannot say what was passing in my mind. This tomb so suddenly encountered, this great name coming upon me unawares, the lugubrious chamber, the vault inhabited or untenanted, the scaffolding of which I had a glimpse, the solitude and the moon enveloping the sepulchre, — all came suddenly on my mind at once and filled it with gloomy thoughts. A profound feeling of pity thrilled my heart. This then, is what becomes of the illustrious dead when exiled or forgotten in the land of the stranger! This funeral trophy raised by a whole army is at the mercy of the passer-by. The great French general sleeps far from his native land in a bean-field, and Prussian masons do with his tomb what seems good to them.

I thought I heard a voice issuing from that mass of stones, and saying, "France must recover the Rhine!"

Half an hour afterwards, I was on the road to Andernach, from which I was only distant a league and a quarter.

Andernach is a lovely place, with which I was truly delighted. From the top of the hills the eye embraces an immense circle, extending from Sibengeburge to the crests of Ehrenbreitstein. Here there is not a stone of an edifice that has not its souvenir, not a single view in the country that has not its beauties and its graces; and, what is more, the countenances of the inhabitants have that frank and open expression which fails not to create delight in the heart of the traveller. Andernach is a charming town, notwithstanding Andernach is a deserted place. Nobody goes where History, Nature, and Poetry abound; Coblentz, Baden, and Mannheim are now the exclusive resort of *sophisticated* tourists.

I went a second time to the church. The Byzantine decoration of the steeples is rich, and of a taste at once rude and exquisite. The chapitres of the southern portal are very curious; there is a representation of the crucifixion still perfectly visible upon the pediment and on the façade a bas-relief, representing Jesus on his knees, with his arms widely extended. On all sides of him lie scattered about, as if in a frightful dream, the mantle of derison, the sceptre of reeds, the crown of thorns, the rod, the pincers, the hammer, the nails, the ladder, the spear, the sponge filled with gall, the sinister profile of the hardened

thief, the livid countenance of Judas ; and before the eyes of the Divine Master is the cross, and at a little distance the cock crowing, reminding him of the ingratitude and abandonment of his friend. This last idea is sublime ; there is depicted that moral sufferance which is more acute than the physical.

The gigantic shadows of the two steeples darken this sad elegy. Round the bas-relief the sculptor has engraved the following expressive words : —

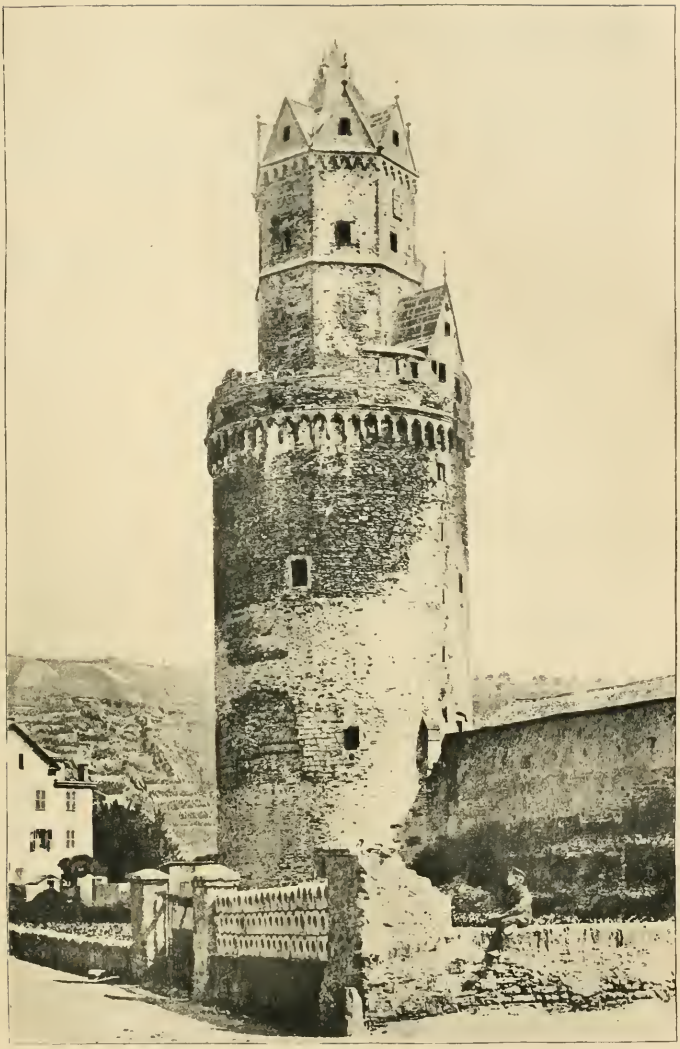
" O vos omnesqui transitis per viam, attendite et videte si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus. 1538."

There is another handsome church at Andernach, of Gothic structure, which is now transformed into an immense stable for Prussian cavalry. By the half-open door we perceive a long row of horses, which are lost in the shadows of the chapel. Above the door are the words, " Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis," which is not exactly an *apropos* inscription for the abode of horses.

I should have liked to ascend the curious tower I saw from my window ; it is, according to all appearance, the ancient watch-tower of the town. But the staircase is broken and the roof is falling in. I had to renounce the idea. The ancient ruin, however, has so many flowers, — flowers so charming and so admirably arranged and cultivated with such care at all the windows, that the place looked as if it was inhabited. It is in truth inhabited, — inhabited by the shyest and most coquettish of tenants ; by that gentle and invisible fairy that has her abode in all ruins, who takes them for her own, rips up

Watch Tower, Andernach.

Photo-etching by John Andrew and Son Company, from Photograph.



all the stories and ceilings and staircases, so that the footsteps of man may not disturb the nests of the birds. She places at all the windows and before all the doors lovely flowers in pots formed of venerable stone which the rain has hollowed out or time has cracked. She knows how to do this because she is a fairy.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RHINE.

The Rhine at Evening. — Contrast of the Rhine with other Rivers. — The First People who took Possession of the Banks of the Rhine. — Titus and the Twenty-second Legion. — Mysterious Populations of the Rhine. — Civilization. — Pepin-le-Bref, Charlemagne, and Napoleon.

I LOVE rivers. They do more than bear merchandise: ideas float along their surface. Rivers, like clarions, sing to the ocean of the beauty of the earth, the fertility of plains, and the splendour of cities.

Of all rivers, I prefer the Rhine. It is now a year, when passing the bridge of boats at Kehl, since I first saw it. I remember that I felt a certain respect, a sort of adoration, for this old, this classic stream. I never think of rivers — those great works of Nature, which are also great in history — without emotion.

I remember the Rhone at Valserine; I saw it in 1825, in a pleasant excursion to Switzerland, which is one of the sweet, happy recollections of my early life. I remember with what noise, with what ferocious bellowing, the Rhone precipitated itself into the gulf whilst the frail bridge upon which I was standing was shaking beneath my feet. Ah, well! since that time, the Rhone brings to my mind the idea of a tiger; the Rhine, that of a lion.

The evening on which I saw the Rhine for the first time I was impressed with the same idea. For several minutes I stood contemplating this proud and noble river, — violent, but not furious; wild, but still majestic. It was swollen, and was magnificent in appearance, and was washing with its yellow mane — or, as Boileau says, its "slimy beard" — the bridge of boats. Its two banks were lost in the twilight, and though its roaring was loud, still there was tranquillity.

Yes, the Rhine is a noble river, — feudal, republican, imperial; worthy at the same time of France and of Germany. The whole history of Europe is combined within its two great aspects, — in this flood of the warrior and of the philosopher; in this proud stream, which causes France to bound with joy, and by whose profound murmurings Germany is bewildered in dreams.

The Rhine is unique; it combines the qualities of every river. Like the Rhone, it is rapid; broad, like the Loire; encased, like the Meuse; serpentine, like the Seine; limpid and green, like the Somme; historical, like the Tiber; royal, like the Danube; mysterious, like the Nile; spangled with gold, like an American river; and like a river of Asia, abounding with phantoms and fables.

Before the commencement of history, perhaps before the existence of man, where the Rhine now is there was a double chain of volcanoes, which on their extinction left heaps of lava and basalt lying parallel, like two long walls. At the same epoch the gigantic crystallizations formed the primitive mountains; the enormous alluvions,

of which the secondary mountains consist, were dried up; the frightful heap, which is now called the Alps, grew gradually cold, and snow accumulated on them, from which two great streams issued. The one flowing towards the north, crossed the plains, encountered the sides of the extinguished volcanoes, and emptied itself into the ocean; the other, taking its course westward, fell from mountain to mountain, flowed along the side of the block of extinguished volcanoes, which is now called Ardeche, and was finally lost in the Mediterranean. The first of those inundations is the Rhine, and the second the Rhone.

From historical records we find that the first people who took possession of the banks of the Rhine were the half-savage Celts, who were afterwards named Gauls by the Romans, — "qui ipsorum lingua Celtæ, nostra vero Galli vocantur," says Cæsar. The Rauraci established themselves near the source, the Argentoraci and the Moguntii nearer to the mouth. Then, when the hour came, Cæsar appeared; Drusus built his fifty citadels; the consul Munatius Plancus began to build a city at the northern extremity of the Jura; Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa founded a fortress at the disemboguing of the Mein, and afterwards a colony opposite Tuitium; the senator Antonius founded under Vero a municipality near the Batavian Sea; and all the Rhine was under the sway of Rome. When Rome was in its glory, Cæsar crossed the Rhine, and shortly afterwards the whole of the river was under the jurisdiction of his empire. When the Twenty-second Legion returned from the siege of

Jerusalem, Titus sent it to the banks of the Rhine, where it continued the work of Martius Agrippa. The conquerors required a town to join Melibocus to Taunus; and Moguntiacum, begun by Marcus, was founded by the Legion, built by Trajan, and embellished by Adrian. Singular coincidence! and which we must note in passing: this Twenty-second Legion brought with it Crescentius, who was the first who carried the Word of God into the Rhingau, and founded the new religion. God ordained that these ignorant men, who had pulled down the last stone of his temple upon the Jordan, should lay the first of another upon the banks of the Rhine. After Trajan and Adrian came Julian, who erected a fortress upon the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle; then Valentinian, who built a number of castles on the two extinct volcanoes, which we name the Lowemberg and the Stromberg. And so we find in a few centuries that vigorous line of Roman colonies consolidated and united on the river, which are known by the following titles: Vinicella, Altavilla, Lorca, Trajani castrum, Versalia, Mola Romanorum, Turris Alba, Victoria, Rodobriga, Antoniacum, Sentiacum, Rigodunum, Rigomagum, and Tulpetum Broilum, which extends from the Cornu Romanorum to Lake Constance, descends the Rhine, resting on Augusta, the modern Basle; on Argentina, the modern Strasburg; on Moguntiacum, now Mayence; on Confluentia, now Coblentz; and on Colonia Agrippina, now Cologne, and unites itself near the ocean to Trajectum ad Mosam, now Maestricht, and to Trajectum ad Rhenum, now Utrecht.

From that time the Rhine was Roman. It was no longer anything but a stream, watering the farther Helvetic province, the first and second Germany, the first Belgian, and the Batavian provinces. The long-haired Gaul of the North was tamed, — that Gaul whom the togaed Gaul of Milan and the trousered Gaul of Lyons used to go to see from curiosity in the third century. The Roman castles on the left bank kept the right bank in awe, and the legionary, clad in the cloth of Treves and armed with a halberd of Tongres, had nothing to do but watch from the top of the rocks the old war-chariot of the Germans, — a rolling tower, with scythe-armed wheels, and a pole bristling with pikes, drawn by oxen, having a castle in which ten archers found room, — which dared to come sometimes from the other side of the Rhine, even under the balista of the fortresses of Drusus.

This frightful passage of the men of the North to the regions of the South, which is renewed with fatal consequence at certain climacteric epochs in the life of nations, and which is styled the invasion of the barbarians, came to overwhelm Rome when the moment had arrived for Rome's transformation.

The granite and military barrier of the citadels was crushed by this inundation, and towards the sixth century the heights of the Rhine were crowned by Roman ruins, as they are to-day by feudal ruins. Charlemagne restored the ruins, rebuilt the fortresses, and opposed the old Germanic hordes now appearing under other names, — the Bremans, Abodrites, Welebates, and Sarabes. He

built at Mayence, where his wife Fastrada was buried, a bridge on stone piles, the ruins of which, it is said, can still be seen under water; repaired the Roman roads of Victoria, now Neuwied; of Bacchiara, now Bacharach; of Vinicella, now Winkel; and of Thronus Bacchi, now Trarbach; restored the aqueduct of Bonn; and constructed from the remains of a bath of Julian a palace, — the Saal at Nieder-Ingelheim.

Already, as I before mentioned, an unperceived germ was sprouting in the Rhingau. Religion, that divine eagle, began to spread its wings, and deposited among the rocks an egg that contained the germ of a world. Saint Apollinaire, following the example of Crescentius, who in the year 70 preached the Word of God at Taunus, visited Rigomagum; Saint Martin, Bishop of Tours, catechised Confluentia; Saint Materne, before visiting Tongres, resided at Cologne. At Treves, Christians began to suffer the death of martyrdom, and their ashes were swept away by the wind; but these were not lost, for they became seeds which were germinating in the fields during the passage of the barbarians, although nothing at that time was seen of them.

After an historical period the Rhine became linked with the marvellous. Where the noise of man is hushed, Nature lends a tongue to the nests of birds, causes the caves to whisper, and the thousand voices of solitude to murmur; where historical facts cease, imagination gives life to shadows and realities to dreams. Fables took root, grew, and blossomed in the voids of history, like weeds and brambles in the crevices of a ruined palace.

Civilization, like the sun, has its nights and its days, its plentitudes and its eclipses; now it disappears, but soon returns.

As soon as civilization again dawned upon Taunus, there were upon the borders of the Rhine a whole host of legends and fabulous stories. In every part lit up by this distant radiance, a thousand supernatural and charming figures suddenly sprang into splendour, whilst in all the gloomy parts hideous forms and grisly phantoms came to life also.

Then, while the beautiful Saxon and Gothic castles, to-day dismantled, were being built out of fine new basalt, close to the Roman ruins, to-day vanished entirely, a whole population of imaginary beings, in direct communication with handsome ladies and fair knights, spread themselves over the Rhingau; Oreads took possession of the woods, Undines of the waters. Gnomes of the bowels of the earth; and there were, too, the Spirit of the Rocks, the Smiter, the Black Huntsman riding through the thickets on an immense sixteen-antlered stag, the Maid of the Black Swamp, the Six Maidens of the Red Swamp, Wodan the six-handed god, the Twelve Black Men, the starling who propounded riddles, the raven who croaked her song, the magpie who recounted the history of her grandmother, the marmosets of the Zeitelmoos, Everard of the beard who gave advice to princes led astray while hunting, and Sigfried the Horned who attacked dragons in their caves. The devil placed his stone at Teufelstein and his ladder at Teufelsleiter; he had the audacity even to preach publicly at

Gernsbach, near the Black Forest; but happily God raised on the other side of the river, opposite the Devil's Pulpit, the Angel's Pulpit. While the Seven Mountains, that vast extinct volcano, was becoming the abode of monsters, hydras, and gigantic spectres, at the other extremity of the chain, the keen breath of the Wisper brought to Bingen clouds of old fairies as small as grasshoppers. Mythology grafted itself in these valleys on the legends of the saints, producing singular results, — queer flowers of the human imagination. The Drachenfels had, under other names, its Tarascus and its Saint Martha; the double fable of Echo and Hylas found a home in the formidable rock of Lurley; the Maiden-Serpent crept through the undergrounds of Augst; Hatto, the wicked bishop, was eaten in his tower by his subjects, changed into rats; the Seven Scornful Sisters of Schoenberg were metamorphosed into rocks, and the Rhine had its *Damsels*, just as the Meuse had its *Dames*. The demon Urian passed the Rhine with the hill he took from the sea-shore at Leyden on his back, doubled in two like a miller's sack, in order to crush Aix-la-Chapelle. Exhausted by fatigue and deceived by an old woman, he stupidly dropped it at the gates of the imperial city, where to-day it is called Looseberg. At this epoch, plunged in a darkness through which a few magic sparks flit here and there, we find in these hills and valleys and rocks nothing but apparitions, visions, tremendous encounters, diabolical hunts, infernal castles, sounds of harps in copses, melodious songs sung by invisible singers, frightful bursts of laughter from mysterious wayfarers.

Human heroes, almost as fantastic as supernatural personages, — Cuno of Sayn, Sibo of Lorch, he of the Strong Sword, Griso the pagan, Thassilo Duke of Bavaria, Anthysus Duke of the Franks, Samo King of the Wends, — wander in these bewildering woods, all out of their senses, searching and weeping for their lost loves, long and slender white princesses with such charming names as Gela, Garlinda, Liba, Williswinda, and Schonetta. All these adventurers, half-lost in the impossible and scarcely holding by the heel to reality, come and go in the legends, in the evening hopelessly astray in forests that have no outlet, trampling briers and branches under the hoofs of their heavy steeds, like the Knight of Death of Albert Dürer, followed by giant greyhounds, stared at by the insects between two branches, and accosting in the dark some black charcoal-burner seated by his fire, who turns out to be Satan heaping his caldron with the souls of sinners. Again, nymphs entirely naked, who offer these travellers caskets full of precious stones, or little old men who restore to them their sister or daughter or betrothed, whom they have found on a mountain sleeping on a bed of moss, or in a pavilion tapestried with corals, shells, and crystals; or they meet with some potent dwarf who, say the old poems, speaks with the voice of a giant.

Among these chimerical heroes, rise from time to time figures of flesh and blood; above all Charlemagne and Roland, — Charlemagne at all ages, child, youth, greybeard; Charlemagne whom some legends would have born at a miller's in the Black Forest; and Roland whom

other legends would have die, not at Roncesvalles, under the blows of an entire army, but of love on the Rhine, at the convent of Nonnenswerth; and later on, Otho, Frederick Barbarossa, and Adolphus of Nassau. These historical characters, mixed up in the tales with fabulous personages, show forth the tradition of real facts that still lie under the rubbish of dreams and fancies, — history dimly seen through fable, an old ruin appearing here and there under the flowers that cover it.

At length the darkness disperses, the tales fade away, day dawns, civilization recovers, and with it history resumes its true form.

Four men, come together from four different quarters, assemble now and then near a stone on the left bank of the Rhine a few paces from an avenue of trees, between Rhens and Kapellen. These four men sit upon the stone, and there make and unmake the emperors of Germany. These men are the four electors of the Rhine; this stone is the royal seat, Königstühl.

The place they have selected is nearly in the middle of the Rhine. It is equally distant from Rhens, which belongs to the elector of Cologne, and at the same time looks towards the west, on the left bank; from Kapellen, which belongs to the elector of Treves; and towards the north, on the right bank, from Oberlahnstein, which belongs to the elector of Mayence; also from Braubach, belonging to the Elector Palatine. In a single hour, each of these electors can reach Königstühl from his own territory.

On the other hand, the chief burghers of Coblentz and

Rhens can assemble every year, on the second day of Pentecost, at the same place, under pretext of a festival, and confer together on certain dark questions, — a beginning, this, of civic life secretly making its hole in the formidable Germanic edifice already entirely constructed; the ever living and eternal conspiracy of the little against the great, sprouting audaciously near Königstühl, in the shadow of the stone throne of feudality itself.

Almost at the same point, in the electoral castle of Stolfzenfels, which towers over the little town of Kapellen, to-day a magnificent ruin, Werner, Archbishop of Cologne, lodged and boarded, from 1380 to 1418, certain alchemists who did not make gold, but who discovered, on their road to the philosopher's stone, several great laws of chemisty. And so, in a comparatively short space of time, the same point on the Rhine — a place opposite the mouth of the Lahn scarcely noticed to-day — was the birthplace of democracy and science for the German empire.

From this time forward, the Rhine assumed a two-fold aspect, — the one military, the other religious. Abbeys and convents multiplied; and the churches on the declivities connected the strongholds on the mountains with the villages on the river banks, — a striking image, renewed at every turn of the stream, of the fashion in which the priest ought to be situated in human society. The ecclesiastical princes multiplied the buildings in Rhingau, as the priests of Rome had done a thousand years before. Archbishop Baldwin of Treves built the church of Oberwesel; Archbishop Henry of Wittingen

constructed the bridge of Coblentz over the Moselle; Archbishop Walram of Guliers sanctified by a stone cross magnificently sculptured the Roman ruins and volcanic formation of Godersberg, — ruins and hills with no small suspicion of magic about them. The temporal and spiritual power is blended in these princes as in the Pope; hence, a twofold jurisdiction which seizes soul and body, and does not stop, as in purely secular states in presence of the benefit of clergy. John of Barnich, chaplain of Saint Goar, poisons with communion wine a Countess of Katzenellenbogen; and then the Elector of Cologne excommunicates him, as his bishop, and has him burned alive, as his prince.

The Elector Palatine, on his side, is under the necessity of constantly protesting against the possible encroachments of the three Archbishops of Cologne, Treves, and Mayence; and the Countesses Palatine, as a sign of their sovereignty, are delivered of their offspring in the Pfalz, — a tower built before Caub, in the very middle of the Rhine.

The orders of chivalry, established themselves at the same time on the Rhine, amid these simultaneous or successive developments of the Prince Electors. The Teutonic order is installed at Mayence, in sight of Taunus, whilst near Treves, in view of the Seven Mountains, the Knights of Rhodes take up a position at Martinshof. From Mayence the Tentonic order branched to Coblentz, where one of its commanderies was formed. The Templars, already masters of Courgenay and Porentruy in the Bishopric of Basle, had Boppart and Saint Goar

on the border of the Rhine and Trarbach between the Rhine and the Moselle. This was the same Trarbach, a land of exquisite wines, indeed the Thronus Bacchi of the Romans, which belonged to Peter Flotte, whom Pope Boniface called "one-eyed in body and totally blind in mind."

While princes and bishops and knights were laying their foundations, commerce was planting its colonies. A crowd of little trading cities arose in imitation of Coblentz on the Moselle and Mayence before the Mein, at the meeting points of all the rivers and torrents which are poured into the Rhine from the innumerable valleys of the Hündsruck and Hohenruck, from the crests of Hammerstein and the Seven Mountains. Bingen was established on the Nahe, Niederlahnstein on the Lahn, Engers opposite the Sayn, Gorlich on the Wied, Linz, in face of the Aar, Rheindorf on the Mahrbachs, and Berghein on the Sieg. However, notwithstanding the intervals that separated the ecclesiastical princes and the feudal princes, the commanderies of the knightly monks and the bailiwicks of the communes, the spirit of the time and the nature of the country gave birth to a singular race of lords. From Lake Constance to the Seven Mountains every crest on the Rhine had its burg and its burgrave. These formidable barons of the Rhine, the robust products of a harsh and savage nature, nestling among briers and basaltic rocks, secure in their battlemented dens and served by their kneeling officers just like the emperor himself, men of prey with the qualities of the eagle and the owl, powerful in their neighbourhood,

but powerful only there, lorded it over valley and ravine, levied soldiers, beat up the highway to enforce tolls, plundered traders on their way to Dusseldorf or Saint Gall, barred the Rhine with their chain, and proudly sent their cartels to the neighbouring cities when the latter presumed to interfere with them. In this fashion did the burgrave of Ockenfels challenge the big commune of Linz, and the knight, Hausner of the Hegan, the imperial city of Kaufbeuern. Sometimes, in these strange duels, the cities, not feeling themselves strong enough, grew frightened and sought the aid of the emperor; then the burgrave burst out laughing, and on the next festival of the city's patron saint, he would show himself insolently at the tournament held therein, mounted on his miller's ass. During the frightful wars of Adolphus of Nassau and Didier of Isemberg, several of these knights, who had their fortresses in the Taunus, had the boldness to pillage one of the suburbs of Mayence under the very eyes of the two pretenders for the sovereignty of the city. It was their policy to be neutral. The burgrave was for neither Isemberg nor Nassau; he was for the burgrave. It was not until under Maximilian, when the great captain of the Holy Empire, George of Frundsburg, had destroyed the last of the burgs that this terrible species of nobility died away. It began in the tenth century with the hero-burgraves, and ended in the sixteenth with the robber-burgraves.

But the invisible things whose results do not take form until after many years were being accomplished on the Rhine also, as well as commercial progress; and on

the ships of the latter, the spirit of heresy and of freedom of inquiry floated up and down the great river, upon which it seems every great idea of humanity was to find a passage. It might be said that the soul of Tanquelin, who preached in the twelfth century against the Pope in front of the cathedral of Antwerp, sailed up the Rhine after his death, and inspired John Huss at his lodgings in Constance, then descended the Rhone from the Alps and aroused Doucet in the Comtat of Avignon. John Huss was burned and Doucet was quartered. The hour of Luther had not yet struck. In the ways of Providence there are some men for the green fruit, and other for the ripe fruit.

The sixteenth century approached: in the fourteenth the Rhine witnessed the invention of artillery; and on its bank, at Strasburg, a printing-office was first established. In 1400 the famous cannon, fourteen feet in length, was cast at Cologne; and in 1472 Vindelin de Spire printed his Bible. A new world was making its appearance; and, strange to say, it was upon the banks of the Rhine that those two mysterious tools with which God unceasingly works out the civilization of man — the catapult and the book, war and thought — took a new form.

The Rhine, in the destinies of Europe, has a sort of providential signification. It is the great moat which divides the north from the south. The Rhine for thirty ages has seen the forms and reflected the shadows of almost all the warriors who tilled the old continent with that share which they call sword. Cæsar crossed the Rhine in going to the south; Attila crossed it when

descending to the north. It was here that Clovis gained the battle of Tolbiac, and that Charlemagne and Napoleon figured. Frederick Barbarossa, Rodolph of Hapsburg, and Frederick I. were great, victorious, and formidable when here. For the thinker, who is conversant with history, two great eagles are perpetually hovering over the Rhine, — that of the Roman legions, and the eagle of the French regiments.

The Rhine — that noble flood, which the Romans named *Rhenus superbus* — bore at one time upon its surface bridges of boats, over which the armies of Italy, Spain, and France poured into Germany, and which, at a later date, were made use of by the hordes of barbarians when rushing into the ancient Roman world; at another, on its surface it floated peaceably the fir-trees of Murg and of Saint Gall, the prophyry and the marble of Bale, the salt of Karlshall, the leather of Stromberg, the quicksilver of Lansberg, the wine of Johannisberg, the slates of Coab, the cloth and earthenware of Wallendar, the silks and linens of Cologne. It majestically performs its double function of flood of war and flood of peace, having, without interruption, upon the ranges of hills which embank the most notable portion of its course, oak-trees on one side and vine-trees on the other, — signifying strength and joy.

For Homer the Rhine existed not; for Virgil it was only a frozen stream, — *Frigora Rheni;* for Shakspeare it was the "beautiful Rhine;" for us it is, and will be to the day when it shall become the grand question of Europe, a picturesque river, the resort of the unemployed of Ems, of Baden, and of Spa.

Petrarch visited Aix-la-Chapelle, but I do not thin he has spoken of the Rhine.

The left bank belongs naturally to France: Providence, at three different periods, gave it its two banks, — under Pepin-le-Bref, Charlemagne, and Napoleon. The empire of Pepin-le-Bref comprised, properly speaking, France, with the exception of Aquitaine and Gascony, and Germany as far as Bavaria. The empire of Charlemagne was twice as large as that of Napoleon.

It is true that Napoleon had three empires, or, more plainly speaking, was emperor in three ways,— immediately and directly of France, and, by his brothers, of Italy, Westphalia, and Holland. Taken in this sense, the empire of Napoleon was at least equal to that of Charlemagne.

Charlemagne, whose empire had the same centre and the same mode of generation as that of Napoleon, took and concentrated around the heritage of Pepin-le-Bref, Saxony as far as the Elb, Germany up to the Saal, Esclavonia as far as the Danube, Dalmatia as far as the mouth of the Cattaro, Italy as far as Gaeta, and Spain up to the Ebro.

He stopped in Italy only at the boundaries of the Beneventines and the Greeks, and in Spain at the frontiers of the Saracens.

When this immense concentration was disorganized in 843, Louis le Debonnaire having died, after allowing the Saracens to retake their portion,— that is to say, all that slice of Spain between the Ebro and the Llobregat,— there was still enough left of the three portions into which the

empire was broken to require the government of an emperor. Lothaire had Italy and a great triangular fragment of Gaul, Louis had Germany, and Charles France. Then, in 855, when the first of these three fragments was divided in its turn, it was possible to make out of these morsels of a morsel of the Carlovingian empire, an emperor,— Louis, with Italy; a king,— Charles, with Provence and Burgundy; and another king, — Lothaire, with Austrasia, called for this reason Lotharingia, now Lorraine. When the time came for the second portion to break up, the largest part formed the empire of Germany; and in the smaller remnants a numberless swarm of counties, duchies, principalities, and free cities, protected by margraves, the guardians of the frontiers, were installed. At last, when the third morsel, the State of Charles the Bald, bent and broke under the weight of years and of princes, this last ruin sufficed for the creation of a king (the king of France), five sovereign dukes (the dukes of Burgundy, Normandy, Brittany, Aquitaine, and Gascony), and of three count-princes (the counts of Champagne, Toulouse, and Flanders).

These emperors are Titans: for a moment they hold the universe in their hands; then death wrenches it from their grasp, and everything falls to pieces.

It may be said that the right bank of the Rhine belonged to Napoleon as it did to Charlemagne.

Bonaparte did not dream of a duchy of the Rhine, as some mediocre statesmen did in the long struggle between the House of France and the House of Austria. He knew that a longitudinal realm which is not insular

is impossible; it is bent and cut in two at the first violent shock. A principality must not affect simple order merely; if States are to maintain their independence, profound order is necessary. With the exception of certain mutilations and agglomerations, the emperor took the confederation of the Rhine, such as geography and history had made it, and was satisfied to systematize it. The confederation of the Rhine must be an obstacle in the way of the north or of the south. It was in the way of France; the emperor reversed its position. His policy was a hand which placed and displaced empires with the force of a giant and the sagacity of a chess-player. By rendering the princes of the Rhine more powerful, he saw that he was giving more power to the crown of France, and lessening that of the crown of Germany. And in truth, when the electors became kings, when the margraves and landgraves became grand dukes, they gained in relation to Austria and Russia what they lost in relation to France. Great in front, little in the rear, they were kings for the emperors of the north, prefects for Napoleon.

The Rhine has had four distinct phases,— first, the antedeluvian epoch, volcanoes; second, the ancient historical epoch, in which Cæsar shone; third, the marvellous epoch, in which Charlemagne triumphed; fourth, the modern historical epoch, when Germany wrestled with France, when Napoleon for a time held his sway.

The Rhine — providential flood — seems to be a symbolical stream. In its windings, in its course, in the midst of all that it traverses, it is, so speaking, the image

of civilization to which it has been so useful, and which it will still serve. It flows from Constance to Rotterdam; from the country of eagles to the village of herrings; from the city of popes, of councils, and of emperors, to the counter of the merchant and of the citizen; from the great Alps themselves to that immense body of water which we term *ocean*.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MOUSE.

Velmich. — Legend of the Priest and the Silver Bell. — Giant's Tomb. — Explanation of the Mouse. — The Solitary Inhabitants of the Ruin.

ON my leaving Cologne it rained the whole of the morning. I had taken my passage to Andernach by the "Stadt Manheim," but had not proceeded far up the Rhine, when suddenly — I do not know by what caprice, for ordinarily upon the lake of Constance the south-west winds, the Favonius of Virgil and of Horace, bring storms — the immense opaque cloud which pended over our heads, burst, and began to disperse itself in all directions. Shortly after, a blue vault appeared; and bright warm rays caused the travellers to leave the cabin and hurry to the deck.

At that moment we passed — with vines on the one side and oaks on the other — an old and picturesque village on the right bank of the river. It was that of Velmich, above which rose, almost vertically, one of those enormous banks of lava that resemble the cupola in its immeasurable proportions. Upon this volcanic mound stands the ruin of a superb feudal fortress. On the borders of the river a group of young women, busily chatting, were bleaching their linen in the rays of the sun.

This sight was too tempting. I could not pass without paying the ruin a visit; for I knew that it was that of Velmich, — the least esteemed and least frequented upon the Rhine.

For the traveller, it is difficult to approach, and, some say, dangerous; for the peasant, it abounds with spectres, and is the subject of frightful tales. It is infested with living flames, which hide themselves by day in subterraneous vaults, and at night become visible on the summit of the round tower. This enormous turret is an immense pit, which descends far beneath the level of the Rhine. A seigneur of Velmich, called Falkenstein, — a name fatal in the legends, — threw into this aperture, unshriven, whomsoever he pleased: it is the troubled souls of those that were thus murdered who inhabit the castle. There was at that epoch, in the steeple of Velmich, a silver bell which was given by Winifred, Bishop of Mayenne, in the year 740, memorable time, when Constantine VI. was emperor of Rome. This bell was once rung for the prayers of forty hours, when a lord of Velmich was seriously ill. Falkenstein, who did not believe in God, and who even doubted the existence of the devil, being in want of money, cast an envious look upon the handsome bell. He caused it to be taken from the church and brought to him. The prior of Velmich was much affected at the sacrilege, and went, in sacerdotal habiliments, preceded by two children of the choir bearing the cross, to demand the bell. Falkenstein burst into a fit of laughter, crying, —

"Ah, ah! you wish to have your bell, do you? Well, you shall have it; and I warrant it never will leave you more!"

Thereupon, the bell was tied round the priest's neck, and both were thrown into the pit of the tower. Then, upon the order of Falkenstein, large stones were thrown into the pit, filling up about six feet. A few days afterwards, Falkenstein fell ill; and when night came, the doctor and the astrologer, who were watching, heard with terror the knell of the silver bell coming from the depths of the earth. Next morning Falkenstein died. Since that time, as regularly as the years roll over, the silver bell is heard ringing under the mountains, reminding the inhabitants of the anniversary of the death of Falkenstein. So runs the legend.

On the neighbouring mountain, that on the other side of the torrent of Velmich, is the tomb of an ancient giant; for the imagination of man (he who has seen volcanoes, the great forges of Nature) has put Cyclops wherever the mountains smoked, giving to every Ætna its Polyphemus.

I began to ascend the ruins between the souvenir of Falkenstein and that of the giant. I must tell you that the best way was pointed out to me by the children of the village, for which service I allowed them to take some of the silver and copper coins of those people from my purse, — things the most fantastic, yet still the most intelligible in the world.

The road is steep, but not at all dangerous, except to

persons subject to giddiness; or, perhaps, after excessive rains, when the ground and rocks are slippery. One thing sure is, that this ruin has one advantage over others upon the Rhine, — that of being less frequented.

No officious person follows you in your ascent; no exhibitor of spectres asks you to "remember him;" no rusty door stops you on your way: you climb, stride over the old ladder, hold on by tufts of grass; no one helps nor no one annoys you. At the expiration of twenty minutes I reached the summit of the hill, and stopped at the threshold of the ruin. Behind me was a steep ladder formed of green turf; before me, a lovely landscape; at my feet, the village; beyond the village, the Rhine, crowned by sombre mountains and old castles; and round and above the mountains, a bright blue sky.

Having taken breath, I began to ascend the steep staircase. At that instant the dismantled fortress appeared to me with such a tattered aspect, an aspect so wild and formidable, that I should not have been the least surprised to have seen some supernatural form carrying flowers, — for instance, Gela, the betrothed of Barbarossa; or Hildegarde, the wife of Charlemagne, that amiable empress, who was well acquainted with the occult virtues of herbs and minerals, and whose foot often trod the mountains when she was in search of medicinal plants. I looked for a moment towards the north wall, with a sort of vague desire to see start from the stones a host of hobgoblins, — which are "all over the north," as the gnome said to the Canon of Sayn, — or the three little old women, singing the legendary song, —

"Sur la tombe du géant
J'ai cueilli trois bris d'orties :
En fil les ai converties ;
Prenez, ma sœur, ce présent."

But I was forced to content myself without seeing or even hearing anything except the notes of a blackbird, perched upon some adjoining rock.

I entered the ruins. The round tower, although the summit is partly dismantled, is of a prodigious elevation. On all sides are immense walls with shattered windows, rooms without doors or roofs, floors without stairs, and stairs without chambers. I have often admired the carefulness with which Solitude keeps, encloses, and defends that which man has once abandoned. She barricades and thicksets the threshold with the strongest briers, the most stinging plants, nettles, brambles, thorns, thus showing more nails and talons than are in a menagerie of tigers.

But Nature is beautiful even in her strangest freaks; and the wild flowers — some in bud, others in blossom, and some garbed in autumnal foliage — present an entanglement at once startling and beautiful. On this side are bluebells and scarlet berries; on that are the hawthorn, gentian, strawberry, thyme, and sloe-tree. To my right is a subterraneous passage, the roof falling in; and to my left is a tower without any visible aperture. It is now changed into a gulf. There are superb blasts of wind, and a glorious sky is discerned through the fissures of the immense wall. I climb by a grass-covered staircase into a kind of lofty hall. From it I see nothing but two magnificent landscapes, some hills and villages. I

lean over the compartment at the bottom of which is the subterranean gulf. Above my head are two remains of chimneys in blue granite of the fifteenth century. There are vestiges of soot and smoke on the hearth and traces of paintings upon the windows. Above me is a pretty turret without roof or staircase full of flowering plants that bend forward to look at me. I hear the laughter of the washerwomen of the Rhine. Then I descend into a low hall, — nothing, only traces of excavation in the pavement, the result of the searches of the peasants for treasures supposed to have been hidden by the gnomes. There is another low hall, with a square hole in the centre looking into a vault. Two names are on the wall, — Phaedovius, Kugorga. I write mine beside them with a pointed piece of basalt. There is another vault, but I see nothing in it. Then I look again at the gulf. It is inaccessible. A sunbeam penetrates it. This subterranean place is at the bottom of the great square donjon which occupied the angle opposite the round tower. It must have been the prison of the burg. A vast compartment faces the Rhine. I perceive three chimneys, one of which has broken little columns at different heights. Three stories have fallen just below me, and at the bottom are two arched vaults. There are some dead branches on top of one, and on the other, two twigs of ivy wave gracefully. I descend, and discover vaults built upon the basaltic rock of the mountain itself. There are traces of smoke. In the other great compartment into which I entered at first, and which must have been the court, there is, near the round tower, white plaster on the wall with the

remains of a painting, and these two ciphers traced in red: 23—18—(*sic*) . I went round the exterior of the castle, following the fosse. I attempted to climb, and found it no easy task. It is necessary to clamber from bush to bush above a rather deep precipice. There is no vestige of a door or aperture at the bottom of the great tower. There are some remains of paintings on the machicolations. The wind turns the leaves of my note-book and hinders me from writing. I will enter the ruin again. I do so. I write on a little green projection which the old wall lends me.

I forgot to tell you that this huge ruin is called the Mouse. I will inform you how it received that appellation: —

In the twelfth century there was nothing here but a small borough, which was watched, and often molested, by a strong castle called the Cat. Kuno de Falkenstein, who inherited this paltry borough, razed it to the ground, and built a castle much larger than the neighbouring one, declaring that, "henceforth, it should be the Mouse that would devour the Cat."

He was right. The Mouse, in fact, although now in ruins, is a redoutable godmother, with its haunches of lava and basalt, and entrails of extinguished volcano, which with seeming haughtiness support it. I do not think that any person has had occasion to laugh at that mountain which brought forth the Mouse.

I wandered about the ruins, first in one room, then in another, — admiring at one time a beautiful turret; now

descending into a cave, groping my way through some subterraneous passage; then finding myself looking through an aperture that commanded a view of the Rhine.

The sun at last began to disappear, which is the time for spectres and phantoms. I was still in the ruins. Indeed, it seemed to me as if I had become a wild schoolboy. I wandered everywhere; I climbed up every acclivity; I turned over the large stones; I ate wild mulberries; I tried by my noise to bring the supernatural inhabitants from their hiding-places; and, as I trod among the thick grass and herbs, I inhaled that acerb odour of the plants of old ruins which I so much loved in my boyhood.

As the sun descended behind the mountains, I thought of leaving, when I was startled by something strange moving by my side. I leaned forward. It was a lizard of an extraordinary size, — about nine inches long, with an immense belly, a short tail, a head like that of a viper, and black as jet, which was gliding slowly towards an opening in an old wall. That was the mysterious and solitary inhabitant of the ruin, an animal at the same time real and fabulous, — a salamander, which looked at me with mildness as it entered its hole.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MOUSE.

Colossal Profile. — The Duchy of M. de Nassau. — Country Sports: their Punishment. — The Boatman.

I COULD not leave this ruin; several times I began to descend, then reascended. Nature, like a smiling mother, indulges us in our dreams and in our caprices.

At length, when leaving the Mouse, the idea struck me to apply my ear to the basement of the large tower. I did so, trusting to hear some noise, yet scarcely flattering myself that Winifred's bell would deign to awake itself for me. At that moment — oh, wonder of wonders! — I heard — yes, heard with mine own ears — a vague, metallic sound, an indistinct humming of a bell, gliding through the crepuscule, and seemingly coming from beneath the tower. I confess that this strange noise brought vividly to my memory the speech of Hamlet to Horatio; but suddenly I was called from the world of chimeras to that of reality. I soon discovered that it was the Ave Maria of some village floating with the evening breeze. It mattered not. All that I had to do was to believe and say that I heard the mysterious bell of Velmich tinkling under the mountain.

As I left the north moat, which is now a thorny ravine, the Giant's Tomb suddenly presented itself. From the point where I stood, the rock figures, at the base of the mountain, close to the Rhine, the colossal profile of a head, hanging backwards, with open mouth. One is ready to believe that the giant, who, according to the legend, lies there, crushed under the weight of the mountain, was about to raise the enormous mass, and that, on his head appearing between the rocks, an Apollo or a Saint Michael put his foot upon the mountain and crushed the monster, who expired in that posture, uttering a fearful shriek, which is lost in the darkness of forty ages; but the mouth still remains open.

I must declare that neither the giant, the silver bell, nor the spectre of Falkenstein prevents the vine and weeds mounting from terrace to terrace near the Mouse. So much the worse for the phantoms of this country of the grape, for the people do not hesitate to take the vine that clusters round their dismantled dwelling to procure themselves the wherewithal to make wine.

But the stranger, even the most thirsty, must be cautious how he plucks the fruit, to him forbidden. At Velmich we are in the duchy of M. de Nassau, and the laws of Nassau are rigorous respecting such country sports. The delinquent, if caught, is forced to pay a sum equivalent to the depredations or "delights" of all those who are lucky enough to escape. A short time ago an English tourist plucked and ate a plum, for which he had to pay fifty florins.

I wished to reach Saint Goar, which is on the left bank,

half a league higher up than Velmich. A village boatman rowed me across the Rhine, and deposited me politely on the hearth of the King of Prussia, — for the left bank is the King of Prussia's. When the good man left me, he gave me directions in a composite language, half German, half Gaulish, as to the road I was to follow. I must have misunderstood him, for instead of taking the path along the river, I cut across the mountain, and so went a little astray.

While I was crossing the lofty reddish plains, over which the boisterous evening wind was blowing, a ravine suddenly presented itself on my left. I entered it, and after a very steep descent along a path like a staircase, formed of wide slates, I had a view of the Rhine again. Then I sat down. I was tired.

Daylight had not yet entirely disappeared; but it was darkness in the ravine and in the valleys of the left bank, backed against the black hills. But an exquisite rosy light, reflected by the purple sunset, floated over the mountains on the other side of the Rhine, and over the vague outlines of the ruins which appeared everywhere. Beneath me, in an abyss, the Rhine, whose murmurs reached me, was hidden under a sheet of white mist, through which the spire of some Gothic tower pierced, half submerged in the fog. A town was doubtless there, concealed by the vapour. On my right I perceived, a few furlongs lower down, the grass-covered roof of a big grey tower, standing proudly on the side of the mountain, without embattlements or staircase, evidently dismantled. I heard above my head the voices

and steps of wayfarers, whose shadows I saw stirring in the darkness. The roseate light had disappeared.

I remained long there, resting and musing, and watched silently the sombre hour efface slowly the mists and fogs, and the fantastic, lugubrious forms taken by the outlines of the different objects. Some stars seemed to be nailing the black shroud of night to the zenith over one half the heavens, and the white winding-sheet of twilight over the other.

Gradually the sound of steps and voices in the ravine ceased ; the wind fell, and with it the gentle rustling of the grass, which takes part in the conversation of the wayfarer and keeps him company. No noise came from the invisible town. The Rhine itself seemed reposing. A livid and ominous cloud invaded the immense space between east and west ; the stars veiled their faces, one after another ; and I had over me one of those leaden skies, through which soars, visible only to the poet, that bat which bears on his body the word *melancholia.*

Suddenly there was a breeze, the fog was torn asunder, the church came out clearly. A dark mass of houses, pierced by a thousand lighted windows, appeared at the bottom of the precipice, through the chasm made in the fog. It was Saint Goar.

CHAPTER XVII.

SAINT GOAR.

The Cat. — Its Interior. — Fabulous Rock of Lurley. — The Swiss Valley. — The Fruit Girl. — The Reichenberg. — The Barbers' Village. — Legend. — The Rheinfels. — Oberwesel. — French Hussar. — A German Supper.

A WEEK might be very agreeably spent at Saint Goar, which is a neat little town lying between the Cat and the Mouse. To the left is the Mouse, half enveloped in the fog of the Rhine; and to the right is the Cat, a huge dungeon, with the picturesque village of Saint Goarshausen lying at its base. The two formidable castles seem to be casting angry looks across the country, their dilapidated windows presenting a most hideous aspect. In front, upon the right bank of the river, and apparently ready to incite the two adversaries, is the old colossal spectre palace of the Landgraves of Hesse.

The Rhine at Saint Goar, with its sombre embankments, its shadows, its rippling waters, resembles a lake of Jura more than it does a river.

If we remain in the house, we have all day before us a view of the Rhine, with rafts floating on its surface. Here sailing-vessels, there steamboats, which, when passing, make a noise resembling that of a huge dog when swimming. In the distance, on the opposite bank,

St. Goar, Lurley Rock.

Photo-etching by John Andrew and Son Company, from Photograph.

under the shade of some beautiful walnut-trees, we see the soldiers of M. de Nassau, dressed in red coats and white trousers, performing their exercise, while the rolling of the drum of a petty duke strikes our ear. Under our windows the women of Saint Goar, with their sky-blue bonnets, pass to and fro; and we hear the prattling and laughing of children, who are diverting themselves on the river's brink.

If we go out we can get across the Rhine for six sous, — the price of a Parisian omnibus; then we may amuse ourselves by paying a visit to the Cat, which is an interesting ruin. The interior is completely dismantled. The lower room of the tower is at present used as a storehouse. Several vine-trees twine themselves round it, and even grow upon the floor of the portrait-gallery. In a small room, the only one that has a window and door, a picture representing Bohdan Chmielnicki is nailed to the wall, with two or three portraits of reigning princes hung round about it.

From the height of the Cat the eye encounters the famed gulf of the Rhine, called the Bank. Between the Bank and the square tower of Saint Goarshausen there is only a narrow passage, the gulf being on one side, and the rock on the other. A little beyond the Bank, in a wild and savage turning, the fabulous rock of Lurley, with its thousand granite seats, which give it the appearance of a falling ladder, descends into the Rhine. There is a celebrated echo here, that responds seven times to all that is said and all that is sung. If it were not to appear that I wished to detract from the celebrity of the echo,

I would say that to me the repetition was never above five times. It is probable that the Oreade of Lurley, formerly courted by so many princes and mythological counts, begins to get hoarse and fatigued. The poor nymph has at present no more than one admirer, who has made himself on the opposite side of the Rhine two chambers in the rocks, where he passes his days in playing the horn and in discharging his gun. The man who gives the echo so much employment, is an old brave French hussar.

The effect of the echo of Lurley is truly extraordinary. A small boat, crossing the Rhine at this place, makes a tremendous noise; and, should we shut our eyes, we might believe that it was a galley from Malta, with its fifty large oars, each moved by four galley-slaves.

Before leaving Saint Goarshausen, we must go and see, in an old street which runs parallel with the Rhine, a charming little house of the German Renaissance. Afterwards we turn to the right, cross a bridge, and enter, amidst the noise of a water-mill, the Swiss Valley, — a superb ravine, almost Alpine, formed by the high hill of Petersberg, and by the brow of the Lurley.

The Swiss Valley is certainly a delightful promenade. We ascend acclivities, descend; we meet high villages, plunge into dark and narrow passages, in one of which I saw the ground that had lately been torn up by the tusks of a wild boar; or we proceed along the bottom of the ravine, with rocks resembling the walls of Cyclops on each side. Then, if we draw towards the other road, which abounds with farms and mills, all that meets the

eye seems arranged and grouped for Poussin to insert into a corner of his landscape, — a shepherd, half naked, in a field with his flock, contentedly whistling some air; a cart drawn by oxen; and pretty girls with bare feet. I saw one who was indeed charming; she was seated near a fire, drying her fruit; she lifted up her large blue eyes towards heaven, — eyes like diamonds, and countenance darkened by the heat of the sun. Her neck, which was partly covered by a collar, was marked with small-pox, and under her chin was a swelling. With that detraction, joined to such beauty, one might have taken her for an Indian idol, squatted near its altar.

We cross a meadow; the hares of the ravine run here and there, and we suddenly behold, at the top of a hill, an admirable ruin. It is the Reichenberg, in which, during the wars of "manual rights," in the Middle Ages, one of the most redoutable of those gentlemen bandits who bore the epithet of "the scourge of the country" lived. The neighbouring village had cause for lamentation, the emperor had reason for summoning the brigand to his presence; but the man of iron, secure in his granite house, heeded him not, but continued his depredations, his orgies of rapine and plunder, and lived excommunicated by the church, condemned by the Deity, tracked by the emperor, until his white beard descended to his stomach. I entered the Reichenberg. There is nothing in that cave of Homeric thieves but wild herbs; the windows are all dismantled, and cows are seen grazing round the ruins.

Behind the hill of the Reichenberg are the ruins of a

town, which has all but disappeared, and which bore the name of the "BARBERS' VILLAGE." The following is the account given of it: —

The devil, wishing to avenge himself on Frederick Barbarossa for his numerous crusades, took it into his head to have the beard of the crusader shaved. He made arrangements that the Emperor Barbarossa, when passing through Bacharach, should fall asleep, and when in that state, be shaved by one of the numerous barbers of the village. A tricky fairy, as small as a grasshopper, went to a giant, and prayed him to lend her a sack. The giant consented, and even graciously offered to accompany her, at which she expressed her extreme delight. The fairy, after walking by the side of such a hugh creature, had, no doubt, swelled herself into a tolerable bulk, for on arriving at Bacharach she took the sleeping barbers, one by one, and placed them in the sack; after which, she told the giant to put it upon his back, and to take it away — that it did not matter where it was placed. It being night, the giant did not preceive what the old woman had done; he obeyed her, and strode off with his accustomed strides. The barbers of Bacharach, heaped one over another, awoke, and began to move in the sack. The giant, through fright, increased his pace. As he traversed the Reichenberg, one of the barbers, who had his razor in his pocket, drew it out, and made so large a hole in the sack that all the barbers fell out, screaming frightfully. The giant, thunderstruck, imagining that he had a nest of devils on his back, saved himself by means of his enormous legs. When the emperor arrived at

Bacharach there was not a barber in the place; and on Beelzebub coming to see the deed performed, a raven, perched upon the gate of the town, said to his Grace the devil, —

"My friend, in the middle of your face you have something so large that you could not see it even in a looking-glass, — that is, *un pied de nez*."

Since that time there has been no barber at Bacharach; and even to this day, it is impossible to find a shop belonging to one of the fraternity. As for those stolen by the fairies, they established themselves where they fell, and built a town upon the spot, which they called the "Barbers' Village." Thus it is that the Emperor Frederick I. preserved his beard and his surname.

Besides the Mouse, the Cat, the Lurley, the Swiss Valley, and the Reichenberg, there is also near Saint Goar the once formidable castle that shook before Louis XIV., and crumbled under Napoleon, — the Rheinfels.

It is a mountain excavated in all directions, and crested with ruins overhead. There are two or three stories of subterranean apartments and corridors which look as if they were hollowed out by colossal moles; immense halls with arched openings fifty feet wide; seven dungeons with their *oubliettes* full of stagnant water which gives forth a flat, dead sound if a stone is thrown into it; the rattle of the water-mills in the little valley behind the castle, and through the chinks in the front wall the Rhine appears, with some steamboat which seen from that height seems a big green fish with yellow eyes, trained to carry men and carriages on its back; then the

feudal palace of the landgraves of Hesse changed into an enormous pile of ruins with embrasures for catapults and cannon, resembling the dens for wild beasts in the old Roman circuses. In every crevice grass is growing; the roughhewn basalts and slates give to the groinings the appearance of scythes and open jaws. Such is Rheinfels; it can be seen for two sous.

It looks as if the earth trembled under this ruin. But it was not an earthquake; it was Napoleon who happened to pass that way. In 1807 he blew up the Rheinfels. Strange to say, the whole structure tumbled down except the four walls of the chapel. The traveller cannot visit without a certain melancholy emotion this abode of peace alone preserved in the middle of the frightful devastation of this citadel. In the embrasures of the windows are these grave inscriptions, two for each window: "Sanctus Franciscus de Paula vixit 1500." "Sanctus Franciscus vixit 1526." "Sanctus Dominicus vixit [effaced]." "Sanctus Albertus vixit 1292." "Sanctus Norbertus, 1150." "Sanctus Bernardus, 1139." "Sanctus Bruno, 1115." "Sanctus Benedictus, 1140." There is a name effaced; and then, after thus ascending the Christian ages from aureole to aureole, we reach these majestic lines, — "Sanctus Basilius magnus, episc. Cæsareæ Cappadoci, magister monachorum orientalium, vixit anno 372." Beside Basil the Great, under the door of the chapel, are inscribed these two names: "Sanctus Antonius magnus. Sanctus Paulus eremita." These are all the bomb and mine respected.

The ancient "Gazette de France," printed at the

Louvre, announces on the 23d of January, 1693, that "the landgrave of Hesse-Cassel takes possession of the town of Saint Goar and of the Rheinfels ceded to him by the landgrave Frederick of Hesse, who has decided to end his days at Colgone." In the following number, dated the 5th of February, it makes known the fact that "five hundred peasants are working with the soldiers at the fortifications of the Rheinfels." A fortnight after, it proclaims that "the Count of Thingen is constructing redoubts and suspending chains on the Rhine." Why did this landgrave fly? Why are these peasants working along with the soldiers? Why the haste for these redoubts and chains? The answer is that Louis the Great has frowned. War with Germany is going to begin. The Rheinfels of to-day, over the door of which the ducal crown of the landgraves is still seen, emblazoned in red, is simply the outhouse of a farm. A few vines grow here and there, a few goats are browsing. In the evening, this ruin defined with its open windows against the sky, presents a magnificent spectacle.

Reascending the Rhine, about a mile from Saint Goar (the Prussian mile, like the Spanish *legua* and the hour's march of the Turks, is equal to two French leagues) we suddenly approach, at the opening of two mountains, a fine feudal town on the middle of a hill and sloping down to the river, with old streets such as we only see at Paris in the decorations of the Opera, fourteen battlemented towers, and two large churches of the purest Gothic period. It is Oberwesel, one of the most

warlike cities of the Rhine. The old walls of Oberwesel are riddled with canon and musket balls. There we can decipher as on a palimpsest the big iron bullets of the Archbishops of Treves, the Biscayans of Louis XIV., and our own revolutionary grapeshot. To-day Oberwesel is nothing more than a veteran turned into a vintager. By the way, its red wine is excellent.

Like almost all the cities on the Rhine, Oberwesel has its ruined castle on its mountain, the Schoenberg, one of the most admirable ruins in Europe. It was in Schoenberg castle that those seven merry and cruel damsels lived, whom you may see to-day, through the breaches of their castle, changed into seven rocks in the middle of the river.

The excursion from Saint Goar to Oberwesel is most attractive. The path skirts the Rhine, which here suddenly narrows and seems strangled between high hills. The spot is deserted, silent, and wild. Great piles of slate, half-eaten away, issue from the stream and cover the bank with heaps of gigantic scales. Now and then you catch a glimpse of a sort of immense spider formed of two transversal rods, crossed, and again united at their centre and held at their culminating point by a big knot attached to a lever, and plunging their four points into the water. It is a spider really. At certain times the mysterious lever moves amid the solitude and the silence, and the hideous insect is seen to rise slowly, holding between its claws its web, in which jumps and writhes a fine silvery salmon.

In the evening, after we have taken one of those delightful walks which tend to open the deep caverns of the stomach, we return to Saint Goar, and find, at the top of a long table, surrounded by smokers, an excellent German supper, with partridges larger than chickens. We recruit our strength marvellously, — that is, if our appetite be so good as to permit us to overlook a few of the strange *rencontres* which often take place on the same plate; for instance, a roast duck with an apple pie, or the head of a wild boar with preserves. Just before the supper draws to a close, a flourish of a trumpet, mingling with the report of a gun, is suddenly heard. We hurry to the window. It is the French hussar, who is rousing from dormancy the echo of Saint Goar, which is not less marvellous than that of Lurley. Each gunshot is equal to the report of a cannon; each blast of a trumpet is echoed with singular distinctness in the profound darkness of the valley. It is an exquisite symphony, which seems to be mocking while it pleases us. As it is impossible to believe that this huge mountain can produce such an effect, at the expiration of a few minutes we become dupes of illusion, and the most grave thinker is ready to swear that in those shades, under some fantastic thicket, dwells a solitary, a supernatural being, a sort of fairy, a Titania, who amuses herself by delicately parodying the music of mortals, and throwing down the half of a mountain every time she hears the report of a gun. The effect would be still greater if we could for a short time forget that we are at the window of an inn, and that that extraordinary sensation has

served as an extra plate to dessert. But all passes away very naturally ; the performance over, a waiter belonging to the *auberge* enters with a tin plate in his hand, which he presents to the inmates. Then all is finished, and each retires after having paid for his *echo*.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BACHARACH.

Furstenberg, Sonnech, and Heimberg. — Europe. — A Happy Little World. — The Cemetery.

THIS is one of the oldest, the prettiest, and the most unknown towns in the world. At my window are cages full of birds; from the roof of my room hangs an old-fashioned lantern; and in the corner is a ray of the sun imperceptibly, but gradually, advancing towards an old oak table.

I remained three days at Bacharach, which is without exception the most antique group of human habitations that I have ever seen. One might imagine that some giant, a vender of *bric-à-brac*, purposing to open a shop upon the Rhine, had taken a mountain for his counter, and placed from the bottom to the top, with a giant taste, heaps of enormous curiosities.

This begins under the Rhine itself. There appears just above the water a volcanic rock, which, according to some, is a Keltic peulven; according to others, a Roman altar. Those who hold the latter view call it the *Ara Bacchi*. Then, two or three old worm-eaten hulls of ships on the bank, cut in two and placed on their ends, which serve as hovels for fishermen; then, behind these

hovels, an embattled enclosure, flanked by four of the most rent, riddled, and crumbling towers that man has ever seen; then, opposite this walled enclosure, through which the modern houses have pierced for themselves windows and balconies; and farther on, at the foot of the mountain, is an indescribable confusion of droll edifices, fantastic turrets, humped façades, impossible gables, whose staircases have knobbed staffs springing up on the several steps like asparagus; massive beams carved into delicate arabesques, voluted lofts, open balconies, chimneys shaped like tiaras and crowns, philosophically full of smoke; fantastic iron weathercocks, which are not weathercocks at all, but capital letters cut out of old manuscripts, which shriek to the wind. I had above my head an R, among others, which was constantly repeating its own name, — *r-r-r-r-r !*

In this wonderful medley is a square — a *twisted* square — made by blocks of houses dropped at haphazard from the heavens, and having more bays and reefs and islets and promontories than a gulf of Norway. On one side of this square are two polyhedrons, composed of Gothic structures, bulging out, sloping, grimacing, and shamelessly holding their perpendicular contrary to all the laws of geometry and equilibrium. On the other side is a fine and rare Roman church, with a lozenged portal, surmounted by a high military belfry, and having at the apsis a gallery of little arches, with small marble columns, which was incrusted on all sides with tombs of the Renaissance, as a chalice is with precious stones. Above the Byzantine church, the ruin of an-

other church of the fifteenth century, without doors or roof or glass, is seen, — a magnificent skeleton outlined proudly on the sky. In fine, to crown the whole, on the summit of the mountain, the ivy-covered ruins of a *Schloss*, the castle of Stahlech, the residence of the Counts Palatine in the twelfth century. Such is Bacharach.

This old, fairy town, in which romance and legend abound, is peopled by inhabitants who — old and young, from the urchin to the grandfather, from the young girl to the old dame — have in their cast of features, and in their walk, something of the thirteenth century. From the summit of the *Schloss* we have an immense view, and discover in the embrasures of the mountain five other castles in ruins, — upon the left bank of the river, Furstenberg, Sonnech, and Heimberg; to the west, on the other side of the Rhine, Gutenfels, full of recollections of Gustavus Adolphus; and towards the east, above the fabulous valley of Wisperthall, the manor, where the inhospitable Sibo de Lorch refused to open the door to the gnomes on stormy nights.

The landscape around Bacharach is of a savage character. Cloud-capped ruins, abrupt rocks, fierce-rushing streams, are harmonious accessories to this austere old city, which has been Roman and Gothic, and refuses to become modern. Strange to say, a girdle of rocks surrounding it on every side prevents steamboats from approaching, and thus keeps civilization at bay. No discordant touch of white fronts with green shutters unsettles the severe harmony of the whole. Everything

is in unison. The very name, Bacharach, would seem to be an ancient bacchanalian cry, modified to suit a witches' sabbath.

As a faithful historian I must, however, say that I have seen a fashionable milliner installed with her roseate ribbons and her white bonnets under an awful black ogive tower of the twelfth century.

The Rhine roars proudly around Bacharach. It seems that he loves and guards haughtily his ancient city. One is tempted to shout to him, "Well roared, lion!" At a gun-shot from the city he becomes a whirlpool, and turns on himself in a circle of rocks, imitating the foam and fury of the ocean. This wicked spot is called the "Wildes Gefaehrt." It is more frightful, and at the same time far less dangerous, than the Bank of Saint Goar. We must not always judge by appearances.

When the sun gently draws the clouds apart, and shines through a gap in the sky, nothing can be more entrancing than Bacharach. All these decrepit and wrinkled façades unknit their brows and expand. The shadows of the turrets and vanes form a thousand odd angles. The flowers (there are flowers everywhere) come to the windows at the same time as the women, and on every threshold appear in groups, merry or tranquil, children and old men, basking indiscriminately in the sun, — the old men with that pale smile which says, "Another day, then!" the children with that sweet look which says, "Not yet!"

A Prussian sergeant roams about among these good people, in uniform, with an expression between a dog

and a wolf. However, whether it be from the spirit of the country or jealousy of Prussia, I have not seen in the frames hanging on the walls of the inns a picture of any great man, except the somewhat rococo profile of that conqueror who was half Napoleon and half Louis XIV., who was a true hero, a true thinker, and a true prince also, — Frederick II.

At Bacharach a stranger is looked upon as a phenomenon. The traveller is followed with eyes expressive of bewilderment. In fact, no one, except it be a poor painter, plodding his way on foot, with a wallet upon his back, ever visits this antique capital, — this town of melancholy.

I must not, however, forget to mention that in the room adjoining mine hangs a picture purporting to represent Europe. Two lovely girls, their shoulders bare, and a handsome young fellow, are singing. The following stanza is underneath : —

> Enchanting Europe ! where all-smiling France
> Gives laws to fashion, graces to the dance ;
> Pleasure, fine arts, each sweet and lovely face,
> Form the chief worship of thy happy race.

Under my window was an entire little world, happy and charming, — a kind of court, adjoining a Roman church, which we could approach by a dilapidated stair. Three little boys and two little girls were playing in the grass, which reached their chins, — the girls every now and then fighting voluntarily with the boys. The ages of all five could not amount to more than fifty years.

Beyond the tall grass were trees loaded with fruit. In the midst of the leaves were two scarecrows dressed like Lubins of the Comic Opera; and although, perhaps, they had the effect of frightening the birds, they failed to do that to the *bergeronettes*. In all corners of the garden were flowers glittering in the rays of the sun, and round these flowers were swarms of bees and butterflies. The bees hummed, the children chattered, the birds sang, and at a little distance were two doves billing.

After having admired till night-fall this charming little garden, I took a fancy to visit the ruin of the old church, which is dedicated to Saint Werner, who suffered martyrdom at Oberwesel. I reached the first flight of steps, which were covered with grass, looked round, admired the heavens, from which sufficient light came to enable me to see the old palatine castle in ruins; then my eyes fell upon my charming garden of children, birds, doves, bees, butterflies, and music, — my garden of life, of love, and of joy, — and I discovered that it was a cemetery.

CHAPTER XIX.

"FIRE! FIRE!"

Lorch. — An Incident. — Combat of the Hydra and Dragon. — The Hotel P—— at Lorch.

WHEN twelve strikes at Bacharach we go to bed, we shut our eyes, we try to dispel the thoughts of day; we come to that state when we have, at the same time, something awake, and something asleep, — when the fatigued body reposes, and when the wayward mind is still at labour. When thus, between the mind and body we are neither asleep nor awake, a noise suddenly disturbs the shades of night, — an inexpressible, a singular noise; a kind of faint murmuring, at once menacing and plaintive, which mingles with the night wind, and seems to come from the high cemetery situated above the village. You awake, jump up, and listen. What is that? It is the watchman blowing his trumpet to assure the inhabitants that all is well, and that they may sleep without fear. Be it so; still, I think it impossible to adopt a more frightful method.

At Lorch a person might be awakened out of his sleep in a manner still more dramatical; but, my friend, let me first tell you what sort of a place Lorch is.

Lorch, a large borough, containing about eighteen hundred inhabitants, is situated upon the right bank of the Rhine, and extends as far as the mouth of the Wisper. It is the valley of legends; it is the country of fairies. Lorch is situated at the foot of the Devil's Ladder, — a high rock, almost perpendicular, which the valiant Gilgen clambered when in search of his betrothed, who was hidden by the gnomes on the summit of a mountain. It was at Lorch that the fairy Ave invented — so say the legends — the art of weaving, in order to clothe her lover Heppius. The first red wine of the Rhine was made here. Lorch existed before Charlemagne, and it has left a date in its charter as far back as 732. Henry III., Archbishop of Mayence, resided here in 1348. At present there are neither Roman cavaliers nor fairies nor archbishops; yet the little town is happy, the scenery is delightful, and the inhabitants are hospitable. The lovely house of the Renaissance, on the border of the Rhine, has a façade as original and as rich in its kind as that of the French manor of Meillan. The fortress, teeming with legends of old Sibo, protects, as it were, the borough from the historical castle of Furstenberg, which menaces it with its huge tower. There is nothing more charming than to see this smiling little colony of peasants prospering beneath those two frightful skeletons which were once citadels.

A week ago, perhaps it was about one in the morning, I was writing in my room, when suddenly I perceived the paper under my pen become red, and on lifting my eyes I discovered that the light did not proceed from my

lamp, but from my window, while a strange humming noise rose around me. I hastened to ascertain the cause. An immense volume of flame and smoke was issuing from the roof above my head, making a frightful noise. It was the hotel P——, the house adjoining mine, which had taken fire.

In an instant the inmates of the *auberge* were awake, all the village was astir, and the cry of "Fire! fire!" was heard in every street. I shut my window, and opened the door. The large wooden staircase of my hotel, which had two windows, almost touched the burning house, and seemed also to be in flames. From the top to the bottom of the stairs, a crowd of shadows, loaded with divers things, was seen pressing, jostling, and making way, with all possible speed, either to the top or to the bottom. It was the inmates of the *auberge* removing their effects, — one nearly naked, this one in drawers, that one in his shirt; they seemed scarcely awake. No one cried out; no one spoke. It was like the humming of an ant-hillock.

As for me, — for each thinks of himself at such a time, — I had little luggage. I lodged on the first floor, therefore ran no other risk than that of being forced to make my escape by the window.

In the mean while, a storm arose, and the rain came down in torrents. As always happens, the more haste the less speed. A moment of frightful confusion ensued; some wished to enter, others to go out; drawers and tables attached to ropes were lowered from the windows; and mattresses, nightcaps, and bundles of linen were

thrown from the top of the house to the pavement. Women were wringing their hands in despair, and children crying. Just as the fire gained the granary, the fire-engines arrived. It is almost impossible to give an idea of the rage with which the water attacked its enemy. No sooner had the pipes passed over the wall than a hissing sound was heard; and the flames, on which a stream of molten steel seemed pouring, roared, became erect, leaped frightfully, opened horrible mouths, and with its innumerable tongues licked at once all the doors and windows of the burning edifice. The vapour mingled with the smoke, volumes of which were dispersed with every breath of wind, and lost themselves, twisting and wreathing in the darkness of the night, whilst the hissing of the water responded to the roaring of the fire. There is nothing more terrible and more grand than the awful combat of the hydra and dragon.

The strength of the water forced up in columns by the engines was extraordinary; the slates and bricks on which it alighted, broke, and were scattered by its force. When the timber-works gave way the sight was grand. Amidst noise and smoke, myriads of sparks issued from the flames. For a few minutes a chimney-stack stood alone upon the house, like a kind of stone tower; but no sooner was the pipe pointed towards it than it fell heavily into the gulf. The Rhine, the villages, the mountains, the ruins — all the spectres of the country — were observable amidst the smoke and flames and storm. It was truly a frightful sight, yet it had something of sublimity in it.

If looked at in detail, nothing was more singular than to

see at intervals, amongst smoke and flame, heads of men appearing everywhere. These men were directing the water-pipes on the flames, which jumped, advanced, and receded. Large blocks of woodwork were detached from the roof, and hung dangling by a nail, while others fell amidst noise and sparks. In the interior of the apartments the decorated paper of the walls appeared and disappeared with every blast of the wind. There was upon the wall of the third floor a picture of Louis XV., surrounded by shepherds and shepherdesses. I watched this landscape with particular interest. For some time it withstood the fire; but at last one body of flame entered the room, stretched forth one of its tongues, and seized the *landscape;* — the females embraced the males, Tircis cajoled Glycère, then all disappeared in smoke.

A short distance from the *auberge* was a group of half-naked English, with pale countenances, and looks expressive of bewilderment. They were standing by the goods which had been providentially saved. On their left was an assemblage of all the children of the place, who laughed on seeing a block of wood precipitated into the burning element, and clapped their hands every time the water-works happened to play amongst them. Such was the fire of the Hotel P——, at Lorch.

A house on fire is at best a house burning; but, what is still more melancholy, a man lost his life at it, while in the act of doing good to others.

About four o'clock in the morning the people became what is generally termed masters of the fire, and succeeded in confining the flames to the Hotel P——, thus saving

ours. A host of servants, brushing, scraping, rubbing, and sponging, attacked the rooms, and in less than an hour our inn was washed from top to bottom. One thing is remarkable, — nothing was stolen! All the goods, removed in haste amidst the rain, in the dead of the night, were scrupulously carried back by the poor peasants of Lorch.

Next morning I was surprised to see, on the ground-floor of the inn that was burned, two or three rooms perfectly entire, which did not seem to be the least disordered by the fire that had raged above them. *Apropos* of this fact, the following story passes current in this country.

A few years ago an Englishman arrived somewhat late at an inn at Braubach, supped, and went to bed. In the middle of the night the *auberge* took fire. The servants entered the apartment of the Englishman, and finding him asleep, awoke him, told him what had happened, and that he must make all speed out of the house.

"To the devil with you!" said the Englishman, not at all pleased with his noctural visitants. "You awake me for that! Leave me alone; I am fatigued, and will not get up! You seem to be a parcel of fools, to imagine that I am going to run through the fields in my shirt at such an hour as this! Nine hours is the amount of time that I allow for rest. Put out the fire the best way you can! As for me, I am very well in bed, where I intend to remain. Good-night! I will see you to-morrow."

No sooner had he said so than he turned his back upon the servants, and fell fast asleep. What was to be done? The fire gained ground; and the inmates, to save themselves, fled, after shutting the door upon the Englishman,

who was soundly sleeping, and snoring tremendously. The fire was terrible, but at last was, with great difficulty, extinguished. Next morning, the men who were clearing the rubbish came to the chamber of the Englishman, opened the door, and found him in bed. On perceiving them he said, yawning, —

" Can you tell me if there is such a thing as a boot-hook in this house ? "

He rose, breakfasted heartily, and appeared quite refreshed, — a circumstance greatly to the displeasure of the lads of the place, who had made up their minds to make what is called in the valley of the Rhine a *bourgmestre sec* with the Englishman ; that is, a smoked corpse, which they show to strangers for a few liards.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM LORCH TO BINGEN.

Travelling on Foot; its Advantages and Pleasures. — The Strange *Rencontre*. — A Dangerous Spectator. — The Explication. — Actors on a Holiday. — Marvellous Facts, and their Connection with the "Holiday of a Menagerie." — A Reminiscence. — Furstenberg Castle. — The Three Brothers, Cadenet, Luynes, and Brandes. — The Three Students. — Sublimity of Nature. — Ruin. — The Enigma. — Falkenburg Castle. — The Blooming Group. — Stella. — Guntram and Liba. — Mausethurm. — Hatto and the Legend of the Rats.

LORCH is about four French leagues from Bingen. You are well aware of my taste. Whenever an opportunity is offered, I never neglect converting my excursion into a promenade.

Nothing to me is more pleasing than travelling on foot. We are free and joyous. No breaking down of wheels, no contingencies attendant on carriages. We set out, stop when it suits us; breakfast at a farm or under a tree; walk on, and dream while walking, — for travelling cradles reverie, reverie veils fatigue, and the beauty of the country hides the length of the road. We are not travelling, — we wander. Then we stop under the shade of a tree, by the side of a little rivulet, whose rippling waters harmonize with the songs of the birds that load the branches over our heads. I saw with compassion a

diligence pass before me, enveloped in dust, and containing tired, screwed-up, and fatigued passengers. Strange that those poor creatures, who are often persons of mind, should willingly consent to be shut up in a place where the harmony of the country sounds only in noise, the sun appears to them in clouds, and the roads in whirlwinds of dust. They are not aware of the flowers that are found in thickets, of the pearls that are picked up amongst pebbles, of the houris that the fertile imagination discovers in landscapes! — *musa pedestris.* Everything comes to the foot-passenger. Adventures are ever passing before his eyes.

I remember being, some seven or eight years ago, at Claye, which is a few leagues from Paris. I will transcribe the lines which I found in my note-book, for they are connected with the story that I am going to relate.

"A canal for a ground-floor, a cemetery for a first, and a few houses for a second, — such is Claye. The cemetery forms a terrace over the canal; thus affording the manes of the peasants of Claye a probable chance of being serenaded by the mail-packet which runs from Paris to Meaux."

I was returning to Paris on foot, and had set out early. The trees of the forest of Bondy tempted me to go by a road which had a sharp turning, where I seated myself, — my back against an oak, my feet hanging over a ditch, — and began to write in my note-book the note which you have just read. As I was finishing the fourth line I lifted my eyes, and perceived not many yards from where I was a bear, with its eye fixed upon me. In

broad daylight we have no nightmares, nor can we be dupes enough to take the stump of a tree for something supernatural. At night, things may change in appearance; but at noon, with a May sun over our heads, we have no such hallucinations. It was actually a bear — a living bear, a hideous-looking animal — which was seated on its hind legs, with its fore paws crossed over its belly. One of its ears was torn, as also was its under-lip; it had only one eye, with which it looked at me attentively. There was no woodman at hand, — all around me was silent and deserted. I must say that I felt a strange sensation. Sometimes, when chance brings us into contact with a strange dog, we manage to get over the difficulty by shouting out "Fox," "Solomon," or "Asor;" but what could we say to a bear? Where did it come from? Why such a creature in the forest of Bondy, upon the highway from Paris to Claye? It was strange, unreasonable, and anything but pleasing. I moved not; I must also say that the bear did not move, — a circumstance which appeared to me somewhat lucky. It looked at me as tenderly as a bear could well do with one eye; it opened its mouth, not in ferocity, but yawningly. This bear had something of peace, of resignation, and of drowsiness; and I found a likeness in its physiognomy to those old stagers that listen to tragedies. In fact, its countenance pleased me so much that I resolved to put as good a face upon the matter as I could. I therefore accepted it for a spectator, and continued what I had begun. I then wrote the fifth line in my book, — which line is at a considerable distance from the fourth, for on

beginning it I had my eyes fixed upon the eye of the bear.

Whilst I was writing a large fly lighted on the bleeding ear of my spectator. It slowly lifted its right paw, and passed it leisurely over its ear, as a cat might do. The fly took to its wings; the bear looked after it, then he seized his hind legs with his fore paws, and, as if satisfied with that classic attitude, began again to watch me. I admit that I observed his movements with no slight degree of interest.

Just as I was about to begin the sixth line, I heard a sound of feet on the high road; and suddenly I perceived another bear, — a huge, black animal, — which had no sooner fixed its eyes upon the former than it ran up to it and rolled graciously at its feet. The first was a she-bear, and did not deign to look upon the black one; and fortunately the latter paid no attention to me.

I confess that at this new apparition, which was somewhat perplexing, my hand trembled. I was then writing, "Claye a probable chance of being serenaded." In my manuscript I see there is a great space between the words "probable chance" and "of being serenaded." That space signifies, "a second bear!"

Two bears! What did all this mean? Judging from the direction the black one came, it was natural to imagine that it was from Paris, — a city little abounding with *bêtes*, at least of such savage natures.

I remained petrified, bewildered, with my eyes fixed upon the hideous animals, which began to roll lovingly in the dust. I rose, and was making up my

mind whether I should pick up my cane, which had fallen into the ditch, when another appeared, less in size, more deformed, and bleeding like the first; then came a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth. The last four walked along the road like soldiers on the march. This was truly inexplicable. A moment afterwards I heard the shouting of men, mingling with the barking of dogs; then I beheld ten or twelve bull-dogs and seven or eight men, the latter armed with large sticks tipped with iron, and carrying muzzles in their hands. One of them stopped, and whilst the others collected and muzzled the animals, he explained to me this strange enigma. The master of the Circus of the Barrière du Combat, profiting by the Easter devotions, was sending his bears and dogs to Meaux, where he intended giving a few exhibitions. All these animals travelled on foot, and had been unmuzzled at the last stage, to afford them an opportunity of eating by the roadside. Whilst the keepers were comfortably seated in a neighbouring *cabaret*, the bears, finding themselves alone, joyous of liberty, stole a march upon their masters.

Such was one of the adventures, of my pedestrian excursions, — the *rencontre* of "actors" on a half-holiday.

Dante, in the beginning of his poem, states that he met one day a panther in a wood; after which, a lion; then a bear. If we give credit to tradition, the Seven Wise Men of Greece had similiar adventures. Thales of Milet was for a long time followed by a *griffon;* Bias de Priene walked side by side with a lynx; Solon of Athens bravely confronted a mad bull; Cleobulus

of Rhodes met a lion and Chilo of Macedonia a lioness. All these marvellous facts, if properly examined, might be found to have some connection with the "holiday" of a menagerie. If I had related my story of the bears in a manner more redounding to my valour, perhaps in a few hundred years I should have passed for a second Orpheus. "Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres." You perceive, my friend, that poor "acting" bears give rise to many prodigies. Without offence to the ancient poets or Greek philosophers, I must confess that to me a strophe would be but a feeble weapon against a leopard, or the power of a syllogism against a hyena. Man has found the secret of degrading the lion and the tiger, — of adding stupidity to ferocity. Perhaps it is well; for had it not been so I should have been devoured, and the Seven Wise Men of Greece would have shared the same fate.

Since I am in the way of reminiscences, you will not object to another little story.

You know G——, the old poet-savant, who is a proof that a poet can be patient, a savant charming, and a greybeard young. He walks as if he were only twenty. In 183– we were having some excursion together into the Gatinais. We were plodding along side by side on a cool morning with an unclouded sun above us. As truth charms and paradox amuses me, I know no more delightful companion than G——. He is acquainted with all truths that can be verified and invents all paradoxes that are possible.

I remember that his fancy of the moment was to argue that the basilisk exists. "Pliny mentions and describes

it," he said to me. "The birthplace of the basilisk is the country around Cyrene in Africa. It is twelve fingers in length. It has on its head a white spot which serves it as a diadem; and when it hisses, serpents fly away from it. The Bible tells us it has wings. A fact that has been proved is that in the time of Saint Leo there was at Rome, in the church of Saint Luke, a basilisk whose breath poisoned the entire city. The holy pontiff ventured to approach the damp and gloomy vault under which the monster lived, and, says Scaliger in his lofty style, 'he extinguished him by his prayers.'"

G—— added, when he saw that I was incredulous about the basilisk, that certain places have a peculiar effect on certain animals. At Seriphos in the Archipelago, frogs do not croak; at Reggio in Calabria, the *cigale* does not sing; boars are dumb in Macedonia; the serpents of the Euphrates do not bite the natives, even when the latter are asleep, but only foreigners; whilst the scorpions of Mount Latmos are innocuous in the case of foreigners, but are fatal to the people of the country. He put a crowd of questions to me, or rather to himself, and I let him. Why is there such a multitude of rabbits in Majorca and not a single one in Iviça? Why do hares die on touching Ithaca? Why is it that you cannot find a wolf on Mount Olympus, nor a screech-owl in the Isle of Crete, nor an eagle in the Isle of Rhodes?

Seeing me smile, he interrupted, "Softly, my good fellow; these are the opinions of Aristotle." To which I contented myself with replying, "My friend, this sort of thing is dead science; and dead science is not

science, it is erudition." And G—— answered with his grave and enthusiastic look, "You are right. Art alone is immortal. One great scholar consigns another great scholar to oblivion; but the great poets of the present and the future can only equal the great poets of the past. Aristotle is outstripped. Homer never." And when he finished, he became thoughtful, picking up a flower from the grass or a rhyme from the clouds.

In this way we arrived near Milly, at the remains of a ruin in a plain that was famous for a witch trial in the seventeenth century. The occasion of it was this. A horned wolf was ravaging the country. Certain gentlemen of the royal hunt tracked it with the help of a great reinforcement of varlets and peasants. The wolf reached this ruin and was lost in it. The hunters surrounded the spot, and then entered. They found a hideous old woman, and at her feet a wolf's skin which Satan had not had time to carry off. It goes without saying that the ancient lady was burned on a pile of green fagots; the execution took place in front of the fine portal of the cathedral of Sens.

I wonder how it is that men should always commit their grossest follies before these calm and serene marvels of the human intellect.

This occurred in 1636, the year when Corneille produced his "Cid."

While I was recounting this incident to G——, "Listen," he said. We listened, and heard from a little group of houses hidden among trees on our left the trumpet of some mountebank or other.

G—— has always taken delight in this grotesque and triumphal music. "The world," he said to me one day, "is full of imposing sounds of which this is the parody. While legists declaim on the political stage and rhetoricians perorate on the scholastic stage, I go into the meadows and catalogue insects and classify blades of grass and adore the greatness of God, and I am always delighted to suddenly come across this noisy emblem of the littleness of men, this charlatan puffing over his big drum, this Bobino, this Bobèche, this irony. The mountebank mingles in all my studies and completes them; and I fix that human insect on a card with a pin, just as I would a scarabæus or a butterfly and classify it among the others."

G—— drew me towards the group of houses where the noise came from, — a mean hamlet, called, I think, Petit-Sou, and reminding me of that town of Asculum, on the road from Trvicum to Brindisium, which presented a difficulty to Horace.

> "Quod versu dicere non est,
> Signis perfacile est."

Asculum, indeed, cannot enter into an Alexandrine[1] verse.

It was the feast of the patron saint of the village. Square and church and mayoralty were in their holiday clothes. The sky itself, coquettishly decorated with a number of pretty white and roseate clouds, had about it

[1] So says Victor Hugo; it proves, like his remarks on *massă* in the so-called hexameters and pentameters of the epitaph, that he knew absolutely nothing about the construction of Latin verse. — Tr.

something rustic, joyous, and Sunday-like. Groups of young girls and children occupied one corner of the square, which was carpeted with turf; at the end of the square, paved with sharp pebbles, the crowd surrounded a kind of stage composed of two planks and a ladder and having a tent behind it. This tent was covered with the blue and white check awning that reminds you of the quilt of some trundle-bed, and becomes at need, under the name of *paillasses*, the classical costume of the clown's assistant. The door, — a simple slit in the canvas, — opened on one side of the tent, and above this door, on a white sheet adorned with this word in capitals, —

MICROSCOPE, —

more frightful animals, more monstrous chimeras, more impossible beings than Saint Antony ever saw or Callot dreamed of were roughly outlined in a thousand fantastic attitudes.

Two men were on the stage; one, as filthy as Job, as bronzed as Ptha, with a headdress like Osiris, groaning like Memnon, had about him something Oriental, fabulous, stupid, and Egyptian, and beat a big drum, now and then blowing a flute. The other looked on while he did so. He was a kind of Sbrigani, shaggy, hairy, and fierce-looking, and clad like a Hungarian of the melodrama.

Around tent and stage were several bewildered peasants, male and female, evidently frightened to death; their foolish mouths and stupid eyes were wide open. Behind the platform some children were slyly making

holes in the white and blue canvas, which made a feeble resistance and let them see the interior.

Just as we arrived, the Egyptian finished his flourish and Sbrigani began to speak. G—— listened attentively.

Except the customary invitation, "Walk in, walk in, and you shall see," etc. I declare that what the rascal said was perfectly unintelligible to me, to the peasants, and even to the Egyptian, who had assumed the posture of a bas-relief and paid the same dignified attention as he might have done if present at the dedication of the great columns of the hall of Karnac by Menephta I., father of Rameses II.

However, at the first words of the charlatan, G—— started. At the end of some minutes he leaned towards me and said in a whisper, "You who are young and have good eyes and a pencil, do me the favour of writing what this man says." I was about to ask him the meaning of his strange request, but he was too deeply absorbed in the business on the stage to hear me. I decided then to satisfy G——; and as the mountebank spoke with solemn slowness, I was able to write every word of the discourse.

"The family of the *scyres* is divided into two species; the first has no eyes, the second has six, being therein distinguished from the *cunaxa*, which has two, and the *bdella*, which has four."

Here G——, who was listening with an interest more and more intense, took off his hat, and addressing the mountebank in his most gracious and gentlest tones,

said, "Pardon me, sir; but you say nothing of the group of the *gamases*."

"Who is speaking there?" said the man, casting a glance round the audience, but without surprise or hesitation. "Oh, that old man? Well, my venerable friend, in the group of the *gamases* I have found only one species, — a *dermanyssus*, the parasite of the whistling bat."

"I was under the impression," returned G——, timidly, "that that was a *glyciphagus cursor*."

"A mistake, my worthy friend," replied the Sbrigani. "There is an abyss between the *glyciphagus* and the *dermanyssus*. Since you busy yourself with these great questions, study Nature, consult Degeer, Hering, and Hermann. Observe the *sarcoptes ovis*, which has at least two pair of posterior feet complete and caruncu-lated; the *sarcoptes rupicaprae*, whose posterior feet are rudimentary and segiterous and devoid of vesicles; the *sarcoptes hippopodos*, which is *perhaps* a *glyciphagus* —"

"Are you not sure?" interrupted G——, reverently.

"I am not sure," replied the mountebank, majestically. "Yes, I owe it to sacred Truth to confess that I am not sure. But what I am sure of is that I have picked a *glyciphagus* out of the plume of a grand duke. And what I am sure of is that I have discovered, while visiting various colleges of comparative anatomy, *glyciphagi* in the cavities between the cartilages and under the epiphises of the skeletons."

"That is prodigious, indeed!" murmured G——.

"But," he continued, "this would carry me too far. I

shall speak to you some other time, gentlemen, of the *glyciphagus* and the *psoroptes*. The extraordinary and formidable animal I will show you to-day is the *sarcoptes*. A frightful and marvellous fact, gentlemen. The *acariate* of the camel, which resembles not that of the horse, resembles that of man! Hence a possible confusion, the consequences of which might be appalling. Let us study them, gentlemen; let us study these monsters. The form of both is very nearly the same; but the *sarcoptes* of the dromedary is more elongated than the *sarcoptes* of man; the intermediary part of the posterior bristles, instead of being smaller, is larger! The ventral facies has also its peculiarities. The ring is more distinctly separated in the *sarcoptes hominis*, and it sends an aciculiform point from the lower part, which does not exist in the *sarcoptes dromedarii*. The latter is bigger than the former; there is also an enormous difference in the spines of the posterior feet; in the former they are simple, unequally bifid in the latter —"

Here I grew tired taking down all these abstruse and imposing subjects; I could not help jerking the elbow of G——, and whispering to him, "What the deuce is the fellow talking about?"

G—— turned round slowly and said reproachfully, "About the itch."

I burst into a fit of such violent laughter that the notebook fell from my hands. G—— picked up my pencil, and without deigning to respond to my mirth even by a gesture of scorn, continued writing in my place, more seriously attentive than ever to the words of the charla-

tan, and with the absorbed and Raphaelesque attitude of a disciple of the School of Athens.

I must say that the peasants, growing more and more dazzled, shared in the highest degree the beatific admiration of G——. The extremes of science and ignorance meet in the extremes of artless simplicity. The dialogue of the awful mountebank had completely mystified the rustics of the honest little hamlet. The peasant is a child; he is amazed at what he does not comprehend. He loves the unintelligible, the mysterious, and the pompously worded. The more ignorant man is, the more he is charmed by the obscure; the more barbarous he is, the more he is delighted by the complex. Nothing is less simple than the savage. The idioms of the Hurons, the Botocudos, and the Chesapeaks are forests of consonants, through which, half ingulfed in the mud of barely rendered ideas, creep immense and hideous words, just as the antedeluvian monsters crawled under the inextricable vegetation of the primitive world. The Algonquins translate a word so simple and short as France by "Mittigouchiouekendalakiank." And so, when the tent was opened, the crowd, impatient to contemplate the promised marvels, rushed into it. The Mittigouchiouekendalakianks of charlatans always end in a shower of pence or pounds according to the nature of their audience.

An hour after, we resumed our journey, and followed the outskirt of a little wood. G—— so far had not condescended to address a single word to me. I made a thousand useless efforts to regain his favour. Suddenly,

apparently awaking from a profound reverie, and as if answering himself, he said, —

"And he spoke so admirably about it!"

"About the itch, was it?" I asked timidly.

"Yes, about the itch!" he returned firmly.

After a silence, he added, —

"The man has made some magnificent microscopic observations. Real discoveries they are!"

I hazarded a word.

"He must have experimented on the body of the Egyptian whom he has made his lacky and musician."

But G—— was not listening.

"What a wonderful thing," he exclaimed, "and what a subject for melancholy meditation! A disease that pursues man when he is dead! Even skeletons have the itch!"

He was again silent, then he continued, —

"Such a man should belong to the third class of the Institute. Many academicians are charlatans, and here is a charlatan who ought to be an academician."

Now, my friend, I see you laugh in your turn, and cry, — "Is this all? Nice adventures, pleasant stories, these are! You are a pedestrian indeed! A meeting with bears, an encounter with a sword-swallower, a lecture in the open air on the difference between the *acarus* of man and the *acarus* of the camel, a course of philosophy on comparative itch given to bumpkins! It was worth while to get out of your travelling carriage for this! Good luck to you!"

As you please. For myself, I know not whether it be

the springtime or the joys of youth that render these memories, (old enough now, alas !) delightful; they have still an exquisite charm for me. Laugh, then, as long as you like at the *pedestrian*. I am always ready to begin them again, and if some such adventure happened to me this very day my delight would be extreme.

But such good fortune is rare, and when I undertake an excursion on foot, provided there is a cloudless sky, provided the villagers look happy, and the dew trembles on the grass, provided man toils and the sun shines and the birds sing, I thank God and ask for no further adventures.

The other day, about half-past five in the morning, after having given orders for my luggage to be transported to Bingen, I left Lorch, and took a boat to convey me to the other side of the river. If you should ever be here, do the same. The Roman and Gothic ruins of the right bank are much more interesting to the traveller than the slate-roofed houses of the left. At six I was seated, after a somewhat difficult ascent, upon the summit of a heap of extinguished lava, which overlooks Furstenberg Castle and the valley of Diebach. After viewing the old castle, which in 1321, 1632, and 1689 was the seat of European struggles, I descended. I left the village, and was walking joyously along, when I met three painters, with whom I exchanged a friendly "good-day." Every time that I see three young men travelling on foot, whose shining eye-balls reflect the fairy-land of the future, I cannot prevent myself from wishing that their chimeras may be realized, and from thinking of the

three brothers, Cadenet, Luynes, and Brandes, who, two hundred years ago, set out one beautiful morning for the court of Henry IV., having amongst them only one mantle, which each wore in turn. Fifteen years afterwards, under Louis XIII., one of them became Duke of Chaulnes; the second, Constable of France; and the third, Duke of Luxembourg! Dream on, then, young men; persevere!

Travelling by threes seems to be the fashion upon the borders of the Rhine, for I had scarcely reached Neiderheimbach when I met three more walking together.

They were evidently students of some of those noble universities which tend so much to civilize Germany. They wore classic caps, had long hair, tight frock-coats sticks in their hands, pipes in their mouths, and, like painters, wallets on their backs. They appeared to be conversing with warmth, and were apparently going to Bacharach. In passing, one of them cried out, on saluting me, —

"Dic nobis domine, in qua parte corporis animam veteres locant philosophi?"

I returned the salutation, and replied, "In corde Plato, in sanguine Empedocles, inter duo supercilia Lucretius."

The three young men smiled, and the eldest shouted, "Vivat Gallia regina!" I replied, "Vivat Germania mater!" We then saluted each other, and passed on.

Above Neiderheimbach is the sombre forest of Sann, where, hid among trees, are two fortresses in ruins; the one, that of Heimberg, a Roman castle; the other, Sonnech, once the abode of brigands. The emperor demolished

Sonnech in 1212; time has since crumbled Heimberg. A ruin still more awe-striking is hid among the mountains; it is called Falkenburg.

I had, as I have already stated, left the village behind me. An ardent sun was above, but the fresh breeze from the river cooled the air around. To my right, between two rocks, was the narrow entry of a charming ravine, abounding with shadows. Swarms of little birds were chirping joyously, and in love chasing each other amongst the leaves; a streamlet, swollen by the rains, dashed, torrent-like, over the herbage, frightened the insects, and when falling from stone to stone formed little cascades among the pebbles. I discovered along this stream, in the darkness which the trees shed around, a road, that a thousand wild flowers — the water-lily, the amaranth, the everlasting, the iris — hide from the profane and deck for the poet. There are moments when I almost believe in the intelligence of inanimate things. It appeared to me as if I heard a thousand voices exclaim, —

"Where goest thou? Seekest thou places untrod by human foot, but where Divinity has left its trace? Thou wishest thy soul to commune with solitude; thou wishest light and shadow, murmurings and peace, changes and serenity; thou wishest the place where the Word is heard in silence, where thou seest life on the surface and eternity at the bottom; thou lovest the desert; thou hatest not man; thou seekest the greensward, the moss, the humid leaves, tall branches, birds which warble, running waters, perfume mingling with the air. Well, enter: this is thy way." It required no consideration. I entered the ravine.

To tell you all that I did there, or rather what solitude did for me, — how the wasps buzzed round the violets, how the wings of birds rustled among the leaves; that which startled in the moss, that which chirped in the nest; the soft and indistinct sound of vegetation, the beauty of the bull-fly, the activity of the bee, the patience of the spider, the opening of flowers, the lamentations, the distant cries, the struggling of insect with insect; the exhalations of the rocks, which, sighingly, reached the ear; the rays of heaven which pierced through the trees; the drops of water that fell, like tears, from flowers; the half revelations which came from the calm, harmonious, slow, and continued labour of all those creatures and of all those things which are more in connection with God than with man, — to tell you all that, my friend, would be to express the ineffable, to show the invisible, to paint infinity! What did I do there? I no longer know. As in the ravine of Saint Goarshausen, I wandered, ruminated, and, in adoring, prayed! What was I thinking of? Do not ask me. There are moments when our thoughts float as drowned in a thousand confused ideas.

Everything in these mountains mingled in my reveries and combined with my fancies, — the verdure, the ruins, the phantoms, the landscape, the memories of the men who have passed away in these solitudes, the history which has illuminated them, the sun which still shines over them. "Cæsar," I said to myself, "a wayfarer like myself, has perhaps crossed this stream, followed by the soldier who bore his sword. Almost all the great voices which have shaken the human intellect have troubled the

Rhingau and the Taunus also. Here are the same mountains that heard the voice of Prince Thomas Aquinas — till then known as the *bos mutus* — uttering that bellowing cry which startled the world: "Dedit in doctrina mugitum quod[1] in toto mundo sonavit." It was on these mountains that John Huss, anticipating Luther, as if the curtain was rent at his last hour and let him have a distinct vision of the future, gave forth from his stake this prophetic warning: "To-day, you burn the goose,[2] but the swan shall arise from the funeral pile in a hundred years." And indeed, it was through these rocks that Luther, a hundred years after, rising at the appointed hour, opened his wings and sent forth this formidable shout: "Let princes, bishops, monasteries, churches, and palaces die rather than one human soul!" And from branches and briers and ruins I seemed to hear this answer: "O Luther! princes, bishops, monasteries, churches, and palaces are dead!"

Is history great or insignificant when thus immersed in those inexhaustible and vital things which are, persist, bud and flower, and cover her with their eternal vegetation? Decide this question if you can. As for myself, it seems to me that the contact of Nature, which is in such intimate communion with God, sometimes enlarges and sometimes contracts man. It is much for man that he possesses, that he has an intelligence special to himself, and that he does his work and plays his part in the middle of the immense facts of creation. In presence of

[1] *Sic*, in text; it should be *qui*. — Tr.

[2] *Hus* in Bohemian means *goose*. — Tr.

a great oak full of antiquity and life, swollen with sap, laden with foliage, and the home of myriad birds, it is much to be able to recall to mind the shade that was Luther, the spectre that was John Huss, the phantom that was Cæsar.

I must confess, however, that at a certain point in my walk, all these memories disappeared, man faded out of sight and God alone possessed my soul.

I at last reached — I do not know how — the summit of a very high hill, covered with short broom. In all my excursions upon the banks of the Rhine, I saw nothing so beautiful. As far as the eye could reach were prairies, waters, and magic forests resembling bunches of green feathers. It was one of those places where we imagine we see the tail of that magnificent peacock which we call Nature.

Behind the hill on which I was seated, on the summit of a mount covered with fir and chestnut trees, I perceived a sombre ruin, a colossal heap of brown basalt, in the form of a citadel. What castle was it? I could not tell, for I did not know where I was. To examine a ruin at hand is my mania; therefore, at the expiration of a quarter of an hour, I was wandering through it, searching, foraging, and turning over huge stones, with the hope of finding an inscription which would throw some light upon this venerable ruin.

An antiquary who draws the portrait of a ruin, like a lover who draws the portrait of his mistress, runs the risk of boring others while pleasing himself. To the indifferent listener all beauties are the same and all ruins also. I do

not say, my friend, that I intend from henceforth to spare you all descriptions of old edifices, however. I know that history and art alike inthrall you; I know you belong to the class for whom everything that affects the intellect has charms, and not to the vulgar rabble. But now I will only refer you to the minute portrait which I have given you of the Mouse. You can imagine for yourself brambles and sunken roofs and broken windows, and above all this four or five hags of towers,—huge, black, dismantled, and formidable. I roamed about these ruins, rummaging and questioning; I was turning over the broken slabs in the hope of finding some inscription that would indicate to me a fact, or some sculpture that would reveal an epoch, when an opening that had once been a door showed me a passage under a vault into which a sunbeam penetrated through a chink. I entered, and found myself in a low chamber lit by loopholes whose form and embrasures proved that they had served for the discharge of falconets and scorpions. I looked through one of these loopholes, gently drawing aside the flowers that stop it up to-day. It was not a smiling landscape that met my view. All I saw was a narrow and dark valley, or rather a rent in the mountain once crossed by a bridge, an arch of which only remains. On one side are detached stones, and earth; on the other, a stream blackened by its basaltic bed rushes along the ravine. Sickly trees cast a shade over some meadows carpeted with a turf rank as that of a graveyard. I know not if it was an illusion or the play of shade and wind, but I fancied I saw in spots immense circles faintly outlined on the tall grass, as if they were the traces of some

mysterious nocturnal rounds once danced there. The ravine is not merely lonely; it is lugubrious. It looks as if it might have been the scene of hideous spectacles, as if it were the witness once of evil or supernatural things, and as if it still preserved, even in the noonday sun, the memory of some sadness or horror. In this valley, more than in any spot on earth, you feel distinctly that there the nights must be cold and gloomy indeed, and that they have left on the colour of the grass and on the form of the rocks a dreary and sinister influence.

On leaving the lower chamber, the corner of a stone, one end buried in the rubbish, struck my view. I immediately stooped, and with my hands and feet cleared everything away, under the impression of finding upon it the name of this mysterious ruin. On this large block of stone, the figure of a man, clothed in armour, but without a head, was sculptured, and under his feet were the following lines:—

VoX Tacvit periit lvX. NoX rvit et rvit vmbra
vir caret in tvmba qvo caret effigies.

I was still in ignorance. This castle was an enigma. I had sought for words. I had found them, — that is, an inscription without a date, an epitaph without a name, a statue without a head. A gloomy answer and an obscure explanation, you must admit.

Who is the person referred to in this distich, which is so dismal in the matter and so barbarous in the form.[1]

[1] It is very hard to see where the barbarism is in the form of this elegiac verse. — Tr.

If we are to believe the second verse engraved on this sepulchral stone, the skeleton beneath was as headless as the effigy above. What is the significance of these three X's detached, so to say, from the rest of the inscription by the largeness of the capitals? After looking with more attention, and wiping the statue with a tuft of grass, I found some singular characters on it. Three ciphers were traced in three different places; this one on the right hand, —

and this on the left hand, —

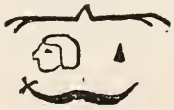
and this other in the place of the head, —

Now, these three ciphers are only different combinations of the same monogram. Each of the three is composed of the three X's which the engraver of the epitaph has made prominent in the inscription. If this tomb had been in Brittany, the three X's might have been connected with the Combat of the Thirty; if it had been dated in the

seventeenth century, these three X's might have referred to the Thirty Years' War. But what meaning could they have in Germany in the fourteenth century? And, then, was it chance which, in order to thicken the obscurity, had employed in the formation of this grisly cipher no other element than this letter X, which bars approach to all problems, and which designates the *unknown?* I acknowledge that I could not make it out. Still, I recalled the fact that this mode of alluding mysteriously to the decapitated is peculiar to all epochs and to all peoples. At Venice, in the ducal gallery of the Grand Council, a black frame fills the place of the portrait of the fifty-seventh doge, and beneath it the gloomy republic has written this sinister memento, —

Locvs Marini Falieri Decapitati.

In Egypt, when the weary traveller arrives at Biban-el-Molouk, he finds in the sands, amid ruined palaces and temples, a mysterious sepulchre, which is the sepulchre of Rameses V.; and on this sepulchre he sees the legend, —



And this hieroglyph, which is relating history to the desert, signifies, "Who is without a head." But in Egypt as in Venice, in the ducal palace as at Biban-el-Molouk, we know where we are; we know the legend relates to Marino Faliero or to Rameses V. Here I was ignorant

of everything, — both of the name of the place and of the man. My curiosity was awakened in the highest degree. I declare to you the very silence of this ruin annoyed me, and almost made me lose my temper. I do not recognize any right either in a ruin or in a tomb to puzzle people so.

Just as I was issuing from this low chamber, delighted to have discovered this curious monument, but disappointed at not learning more, while buried in reflection, a distinct sound of voices reached me. I listened. It was a quick dialogue in English, a few words only of which I could distinguish amid the shouts of laughter and of joy. These were, "Fall of the mountain — Subterranean passage — Very bad footpath." On rising from the tombstone I beheld three young girls, clothed in white, with fair faces, smiling cheeks, and bright blue eyes. Nothing could be more magical, more charming, for a *reveur* so situated than this apparition. It would have been pardonable for a poet to have taken them for angels or saints of heaven. I must affirm that to me they were three English girls.

It suddenly crossed my mind that by profiting by these angels I might find, without further trouble, the name of the castle. They spoke English, therefore I concluded that they belonged to that country. To give me countenance, I opened my portfolio, called to my aid the little English of which I was master, then began to look into the ravine, murmuring to myself, "Beautiful view! Very fine! Very pretty waterfall!" etc.

The young girls, surprised at my sudden appearance,

began, while stifling their laughs, to whisper to each other. They looked charming, but were evidently laughing at me. I summoned up courage, advanced a few steps towards the blooming group, which remained stationary, and saluting with my most gracious air the eldest of the three, uttered, —

"What, if you please, is the name of this castle?"

The sweet girl smiled, looked at her two companions, and, slightly blushing, replied in French, —

"I believe, sir, it is called Falkenburg, — at least, a French gentleman, who is now speaking with my father in the Grand Tower, said so. If you will take the trouble to go round that way, sir, you will meet them." These words, so much to the point, and spoken with a pure French accent, sufficed to convince me of my mistake; but the charming creature took the trouble of adding:

"We are not English, sir, — we are French; and you are from France."

"How do you know, Miss," I replied, "that I am a Frenchman?"

"By your English," the youngest replied.

The eldest sister looked at her with an air of severity, — that is, if beauty, grace, youth, innocence, and joy can have a severe air. For my part, I burst into a fit of laughter.

"But, young ladies," I said, "you, yourselves, were speaking English a few minutes ago."

"It was only for amusement," the youngest replied.

"For exercise," said the other, chidingly.

This flat and motherly rectification was lost upon the

young girl, who ran gaily to the tombstone, raising slightly her gown, on account of the stones, and displaying the prettiest foot imaginable. "Oh," she cried, "come and see this! It is a statue; it has no head; it is a man!"

The other two joined their sister; and a minute afterwards all three were upon the tomb, the sun reflecting their handsome profiles upon the granite spectre. A few minutes ago I was asking myself the names of these young girls; and I cannot tell you what I felt when seeing thus together these two mysteries, the one full of horror, the other full of charms.

By listening to their soft whisperings, I discovered the name of the second. She was the prettiest, — a true princess for fairy tales. Her long eyelashes half hid the bright apple of her eye, that the pure light penetrated. She was between her younger and her elder sister, as *pudeur* between *naiveté* and grace, bearing a faint resemblance to both. She looked at me twice, but spoke not; she was the only one of the three whose voice I had not heard, and the only one whose name I knew. At one time her younger sister said to her, "Look, Stella!" I at no former period so well understood all that is limpid, luminous, and charming in that name.

The youngest made these reflections in an audible voice: "Poor man! they have cut his head off. It was then the time when they took off the heads of men!" Then she exclaimed, "Oh, here's the epitaph. It is Latin: 'Vox tacuit periit Lux.' It is difficult to read. I should like to know what it says."

"Let us go for father," said the eldest; "he will ex-

plain it to us." Thereupon all three bounded away like fawns. They did not even deign to ask me; and I was somewhat humbled on thinking that my English had given them a bad opinion of my Latin. I took a pencil and wrote beneath the inscription the following translation of the distich: —

Dans la nuit la voix se tue,
L'ombre éteignit le flambleau.
Ce qui manque à la statue
Manque à l'homme en son tombeau.

Just as I was finishing the last line I heard the young girls shouting, "This way, father, this way!" I made my escape, however, before they appeared. Did they see the explanation that I left them? I do not know. I hastened to a different part of the ruin, and saw them no more. Neither did I hear anything further of the mysterious decapitated chevalier. Sad destiny! What crimes had that miserable man committed? Man had bereft him of life; Providence had added to that forgetfulness. His statue was deprived of a head, his name is lost to legends, and his history is no longer in the memory of man! His tombstone, also, will soon disappear. Some vine-dressers of Sonnech or of Ruppertsberg will take it, and trample upon the mutilated skeleton that it perhaps still covers, break the stone in two, and make a seat of it, on which peasants will sit, old women knit, and children play. In our days, both in Germany and France, ruins are of utility; with old palaces new huts are constructed.

But, my friend, allow me to return to Falkenburg. It

is enough for me, in this nest of legends, to speak of this old tower, still erect and proud, though its interior be dilapidated. If you do not know the adventures that transpired here, the legends that abound respecting this place, a recital of a few of them may amuse you. One in particular (that of Guntram and Liba) starts fresh in my memory. It was upon this bridge that Guntram and Liba met two men carrying a coffin, and on this stair that Liba threw herself into her lover's arms, saying smilingly, "A coffin! No, it is the nuptial bed that you have seen!" It was in this court, at present filled with hemlock in flower, that Guntram, when conducting his bride to the altar, saw — to him alone visible — a man clothed in black, and a woman with a veil over her face, walking before him. It was in this Roman chapel, now crumbling, where living lizards now creep upon those that are sculptured, that, when Guntram was putting the wedding-ring upon the taper finger of his bride, he suddenly felt the cold grasp of an unknown hand, — it was that of the maiden of the castle, who, while she combed her hair, had sung, the night long, near an open and empty grave.

I remained several hours in these ruins; a thousand ideas crowded upon me. *Spiritus loci!* My next chapter may contain them. Hunger also came; but, thanks to the French deer that a fair *voyageuse* whom I met spoke to me about, I was enabled to reach a village on the borders of the Rhine, which is, I believe, called Trecktlingshausen, — the ancient Trajani Castrum.

All that is here in the shape of an *auberge* is a *taverne*

à bière; and all that I found for dinner was a tough leg of mutton, which a student, who was smoking his pipe at the door, tried to dissuade me from eating by saying that a hungry Englishman, who had been an hour before me, had tried to masticate it, but had left off in disgust. I did not reply haughtily, as Maréchal de Créqui did before the fortress of Gayi, "What Barbarossa cannot take, Barbegrise will take;" but I ate of the leg of mutton.

I set out as the sun was declining, and soon left the Gothic chapel of Saint Clement behind me. My road lay along the base of several mountains, on the summits of which were situated three castles, — Reichenstein, Rheinstein (both of which were demolished by Rodolph of Hapsburg and rebuilt by the Count Palatine, and Vaugtsberg, inhabited in 1348 by Kuno of Falkenstein and repaired by Prince Frederick of Prussia). My thoughts turned upon a ruin that I knew lay between the place where I was and Bingen, — a strange, unsightly ruin, which, between the conflux of the Nahue and the Rhine, stands erect in the middle of the river.

I remember from childhood a picture that some German servant had hung above my bed: it represented an old, isolated, dilapidated tower, surrounded by water; the heavens above it were dark, and covered with heavy clouds. In the evenings, after having offered up my prayers to God, and before reposing, I looked attentively at the picture. In the dead of the night I saw it in my dreams, and then it was terrible. The tower became enormous, the lightning flashed from the

clouds, the waters roared, the wind whistled among the mountains, and seemed every moment about to pluck them from their base. One day I asked the servant the name of the tower, and she replied, making the sign of the cross upon her forehead, "Mausethurm." Afterwards she told me the following story: —

At one time there lived at Mayence a cruel archbishop named Hatto, a miserly priest, who, she said, was "readier to open his hand to bless than to bestow in charity." During one bad harvest he purchased all the corn, in order to sell it again at a high price (money was the sole desire of this wicked priest); at length famine became so great that the peasants in the villages of the Rhine were dying of hunger; the people assembled in the town of Mayence, weeping, and demanding bread, and the archbishop refused to give them any. The starving people did not disperse, but surrounded the palace, uttering frightful groans. Hatto, annoyed by the cries of starvation, caused his archers to seize the men and women, old and young, and to shut them up in a granary, to which he set fire. "It was," added the old woman, "a spectacle that might have caused the stones to weep." Hatto did nothing but laugh, and as the wretched sufferers were screaming in agony, and were expiring in the flames, he exclaimed:

"Do you hear the squeaking of the rats?"

The next day the fatal granary was in ashes, and there were no longer any inhabitants in Mayence. The town seemed dead and deserted, when suddenly a swarm of rats sprang, like the worms in the ulcers of Ahasuerus,

from the ashes of the granary, coming from under the ground, appearing in every crevice, swarming the streets, the citadel, the palace, the caves, the chambers, and the alcoves. It was a scourge, an affliction, a hideous *fourmillement.* Hatto, in despair, quitted Mayence and fled to the plains, but the rats followed him; he shut himself up in Bingen, which was surrounded by walls, but the rats gained access by creeping under them. Then the despairing bishop caused a tower to be erected in the middle of the Rhine, and took refuge in it; the rats swam over, climbed up the tower, gnawed the doors and windows, the walls and ceilings, and at last, reaching the palace, where the miserable archbishop was hid, devoured him. At present the malediction of Heaven and of man is upon this tower, which is called Mausethurm. It is deserted; it is crumbling into ruins in the middle of the stream; and sometimes at night a strange red vapour is seen issuing from it resembling the smoke of a furnace, — it is the soul of Hatto, which hovers round the place.

There is one thing remarkable. History, occasionally, is immoral; but legends are always moral, and tend to virtue. In history the powerful prosper, tyrants reign, the wicked conduct themselves with propriety, and monsters do well; a Sylla is transformed into an honourable man; a Louis XI. and a Cromwell die in their beds. In tales, hell is always visible. There is not a fault that has not its punishment, not a crime which leads not to inquietude, no wicked men but those who become wretched. Man, who is the inventor of

fiction, feels that he had no right to make statements and leave to vague supposition their consequences; for he is groping in the darkness, — is sure of nothing; he requires instruction and counsel, and dares not relate events without drawing immediate conclusions. God, who is the originator of history, shows what he chooses, and knows the rest.

Mausethurm is a convenient word, for we may find in it whatever we desire. There are individuals who believe themselves capable of judging of everything, who chase poesy from everything, and who say, as the man did to the nightingale, "Stupid beast! won't you cease to make that noise!" These people affirm that the word Mausethurm is derived from "maus" or "mauth," which signifies "custom-house;" that in the tenth century, before the bed of the river was enlarged, the Rhine had only one passage, and that the authorities of Bingen levied, by means of this tower, a duty upon all vessels that passed. For these grave thinkers, — these wise-acres, — the cursed tower was a *douane*, and Hatto was a custom-house officer.

According to the old women, with whom I freely associated, Mausethurm is derived from "maus" or "mus," which signifies a "rat." The pretended custom-house is the Rat Tower, and its toll-keeper a spectre.

After all, these two opinions may be reconciled. It is not altogether improbable that towards the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century, after Luther, after Erasmus, several burgomasters of nerve made use of the tower of Hatto for a custom-house. Why

not? Rome made a custom-house of the temple of Antonius, the *dogana*. What Rome did to History, Bingen might well do to Legend.

In that case "Mauth" might be right, and "Mause" not be wrong.

Let that be as it may, one thing is certain, — that since the old servant told me the story of Hatto, Mausethurm has always been one of the familiar visions of my mind. You are aware that there are no men without their phantoms, as there are none without their whims.

Night is the time of dreams; at one time a ray of light appears, then a flame of fire; and according to the reflection, the same dream may be a celestial glory or an apparition of hell.

I must admit that the Rat Tower, in the middle of its agitated waters, never appeared to me but with a horrible aspect. Also — shall I avow it? — when chance, by whose fantasy I was led, brought me to the banks of the Rhine, the first thought that struck me was, not that I should see the Dome of Mayence or the Cathedral of Cologne or the Poalz, but that I should see the Rat Tower.

Judge then of my feelings, poor believing poet and infatuated antiquary that I am! Twilight slowly succeeded day; the hills became sombre, the trees dark, and a few stars twinkled in the heavens. I walked on, my eyes fixed on obscurity; I felt that I was approaching Mausethurm, and that in a few minutes that redoubtable ruin, which to me had up to this day been only a dream, was about to become a reality. A Chinese proverb says: "Bend the bow to much, and the arrow swerves." And

this was the very thing that happened to my mind. Gradually, that vapour which is called reverie entered my soul. The vague rustling of the foliage was scarcely heard on the mountain; the faint but clear-toned and delicious clinking of a distant invisible anvil came to my ears. Insensibly the thought of the Mausethurm, the rats, and the archbishop faded away. I listened, while sauntering along, to the clang of the anvil, which among all the sounds of the evening is the one that awakens in my mind the most inexpressible ideas. It ceased before I ceased listening; and, I do not know how it happened, but at the end of a quarter of an hour I had composed the verses which I send you.

L'Amour forgeait. Au bruit de son enclume,
Tous les oiseaux, troublés, rouvraient les yeux;
Car c'était l'heure où se répand la brume,
Où sur les monts, comme un feu qui s'allume,
Brille Vénus, l'escarboucle des cieux.

La grive au nid, la caille en son champ d'orge,
S'interrogeaient, disant : Que fait-il là !
Que forge-t-il si tard ? — Un rouge-gorge
Leur répondit : Moi, je sais ce qu'il forge ;
C'est un regard qu'il a pris à Stella.

Et les oiseaux, riant du jeune maître,
De s'écrier : Amour, que ferez-vous
De ce regard, qu'aucun fiel ne pénètre ?
Il est trop pur pour vous servir, ô traître !
Pour vous servir, méchant, il est trop doux

Mais Cupido, parmi les étincelles,
Leur dit : Dormez, petits oiseaux des bois.
Couvez vos œufs et repliez vos ailes.
Les purs regards sont mes flèches mortelles ;
Les plus doux yeux sont mes pires carquois.

I came to a turn in the road, and suddenly stopped. At my feet was the Rhine, running rapidly, and murmuring among the bushes; to my right and left, mountains, or rather huge dark heaps, whose summits were lost in a sky in which a star was scarcely to be seen; at the base, for the horizon, an immense curtain of darkness; in the middle of the flood, in the distance, stood a large black tower, of a strange form, from which a singular red light issued, resembling the vapour of a furnace, casting a glare upon the surrounding mountains, showing a mournful-looking ruin on the left bank, and reflecting itself fantastically on the waters. There was no human voice to be heard; no, not even the chirping of a bird. All was solitude, — a fearful and sad silence, troubled only by the monotonous murmurings of the Rhine.

My eyes were fixed upon Mausethurm. I could not imagine it more frightful than it appeared. All was there, — night, clouds, mountains; the quivering of the reeds; the noise of the flood, full of secret horror, like the roaring of hydras under water; the sad and faint blasts of wind; the shadows, abandonment, isolation; all, even to the vapour of the furnace upon the tower, — the soul of Hatto!

An idea crossed my mind, perhaps the most simple, but which at that moment produced a giddiness in my head. I wished at that hour, without waiting till next day, or till daylight, to go to the ruin. The apparition was before my eyes, the night was dark, the phantom of the archbishop was upon the tower. It was the time to visit Mausethurm.

But how could I do it? Where could I find a boat in such a place? To swim across the Rhine would be to evince too great a taste for spectres. Moreover, had I imagined myself a good swimmer, and been fool enough for such an act, the redoubtable gulf of Bingerloch, which formerly swallowed up boats as sea-dogs swallow herrings, and which is at this identical spot, would have effectually deterred me. I was somewhat embarrassed.

Continuing my way towards the ruin, I remembered that the tinkling of the silver bell and the spectres of the dungeon of Velmich did not prevent the peasants from propping the vine and exploring the ruins; I concluded that near a gulf, where fish necessarily abound, I should probably meet with the cabin of some fisherman. When vine-dressers brave Falkenstein and his Mouse, fishermen might well dare Hatto and his Rats.

I was not deceived. I continued, however, walking for some time before I met anything; but at length reached a point of the bank where the Nahue joins the Rhine. I began to give up all hopes of meeting a waterman, but on decending towards some osiers, I descried a boat of a strange construction, in which a man, enveloped in a covering, was sleeping. I went into the boat, awoke the man, and pointed to the tower; but he did not understand me. I then showed him one of the large Saxony crowns, which are of the value of six francs each. He understood me immediately; and a few minutes afterwards, without exchanging a word, we, spectre-like, were gliding towards Mausethurm.

When in the middle of the flood, it seemed to me as if the tower diminished in size instead of increasing.

It was the Rhine which made it appear less. As I had taken the boat at a place which was higher up than Mausethurm, we descended the river, advancing rapidly. My eyes were fixed upon the tower, from the summit of which the vague light was still issuing, and which, at each stroke of the oar, I saw distinctly increasing. Suddenly I felt the bark sinking under me, as if we were in a whirlpool, and the jerk caused my stick to roll at my feet. I looked at my companion, who, returning my gaze with a sinister smile which, seen by the supernatural light of Mausethurm, had something frightful in it, said, "Bingerloch." We were upon the gulf. The boat turned. The man rose, seized the anchor with one hand and a cord with the other, plunged the former into the surge, leaped on the gunwale, and began to walk upon it. This manœuvre was accomplished with admirable dexterity and marvellous *sang-froid.*

We landed. I raised my eyes. A short distance from where I stood, on a little island not observable from the land, was Mausethurm, — an enormous formidable castle, dilapidated and in fragments, as if gnawed by the frightful rats of the legend.

The faint light that I observed was a red flame, which shed rays along the mountains, giving to every crevice the appearance of the mouth of an enormous lantern. It also seemed to me as if I heard in that fatal edifice a strange, continued noise, — a sort of gnawing sound.

I looked at the waterman, told him to wait my return, and walked towards the ruin.

It was truly the tower of Hatto, — the place of rats. Mausethurm was before my eyes, and I was about to

enter. In directing my steps towards a low door in the façade, through which the wind from the river was whistling, I was startled by some black living creature which ran rapidly by my feet. It appeared to me to be a huge rat running towards the reeds. On reaching the door, I ventured to look into the room from which the strange gnawing sound and the extraordinary glare of light still came. I will tell you what I saw.

In an angle opposite the door were two men with their backs turned to me. One was in a stooping posture, and the other seated upon a kind of iron vise, which a person of discernment might have taken for an instrument of torture. Their feet and arms were naked, their clothes tattered, and each wore a leathern apron. One was old, — his grey hair testified it; the other was young, — I saw his fair locks, which, from the reflection of a large lighted furnace in the opposite angle, appeared red. The old man wore, like the Guelphs, his cowl inclined to the right; and the young one, like the Ghibellines, had his upon the left side. But they were neither Ghibellines nor Guelphs, demons nor spectres. Two blacksmiths were before me. The light — the soul of Hatto, changed by hell into a living flame — was the fire and smoke of the chimney; the gnawing sound, the sound of files.

The two blacksmiths were worthy individuals. They showed me the ruins, pointed out the place in which Hatto had taken shelter, and then lent me a lantern, with which I ranged through the whole of the little island.

It is a long and narrow tongue of land, on which the

Euphorbia officinalis grows everywhere, encircled by a belt of reeds and flags. Every moment your feet knocks against little mounds, or sinks into subterranean galleries. Moles have taken the place of rats.

The Rhine has laid bare the eastern point of the islet, which struggles like a prow against its current. It has neither earth nor vegetation, — only a rose-coloured marble rock, which, in the glare of the lantern, seemed veined with blood.

It is on such marble that the tower is built. The Rats' Tower is square. The turret — the interior of which was pointed out by the smiths — bulges out in a picturesque fashion on the side looking towards the Rhine. Its long and slender pentagonal shape, and the base upon which it rests, indicate a structure of the eleventh century. The base of the turret is the part the rats seem to have gnawed most industriously. The apertures of the tower have so entirely lost their form that it would be impossible to conclude on any date from an examination of them. The stone facings, scarred in every direction, give a leprous appearance to the exterior walls. The formless stones that were once battlements have the figure of a walrus's teeth or a mastodon's bones inserted in the building.

Above the turret, from the end of a long pole, floats a wretched black and white rag, torn by the wind. I discovered at first a certain indescribable harmony between the ruined structure and the dismal tatter. It was, however, simply the Prussian flag.

Then I remembered that the domains of the Grand

Duke of Hesse end at Bingen. Rhenish Prussia begins there.

Do not take what I have said of the flag of Prussia in bad part, I beg of you. I am speaking of the effect produced, — nothing more. All flags are glorious. He who loves the flag of Napoleon will never insult the flag of Frederick.

After seeing everything, and plucking a sprig of *Euphorbia*, I left the Mausethurm. My boatman had fallen asleep. At the moment he took hold of his oar and pushed the boat from the islet, the two smiths returned to the anvil, and I heard the hissing of the bar of red iron they were plunging in the water.

Now, what shall I tell you? That half an hour after I was at Bingen; that I was very hungy; and that after my supper, although very tired, and it was very late, and the worthy burghers were all asleep, I climbed the Klopp, — an old ruined castle that towers above the Rhine. The prudent disposal of a thaler enabled me to do this.

There I enjoyed a spectacle worthy of closing a day during which I had seen so many things and come in contact with so many ideas. It was the dead of night. Beneath me lay a mass of dark houses like a lake of blackness. In the whole city there were only seven windows lit; and they, like seven red stars, were a faithful reproduction of the Great Bear, which was sparkling at that very moment, pure and white, in the depths of the heavens, so that the majestic constellation, millions of miles above our heads, seemed to be reflected beneath my feet in a mirror of jet.

CHAPTER XXI.

LEGEND OF THE HANDSOME PECOPIN AND THE BEAUTIFUL BAULDOUR.

The Hunter and the Spinner. — The Planet Venus and the Bird Phœnix. — The Difference between the Ear of a Young Man and that of an Old One. — The Qualities Essential to Different Embassies. — Happy Effect of a Good Thought. — The Devil is Wrong in being a Gourmand. — Amiable Proposition of an Old Sage. — The Wandering Christian. — The Danger to which we expose ourselves by getting on a Strange Horse. — The Return. — Bauldour.

I PROMISED to relate one of the legends of Falkenburg, perhaps the most interesting, — that of the grave adventure of Guntram and Liba; but after reflection, I think it would be useless to do so, as you will find it in almost any collection, written in a spirit far more enlivening than I could tell it. However, I will record one which will be found nowhere else. You may thank the old French soldier for it. This follower of the republican army believes, at present, in gnomes and fairies, as devotedly as he formerly credited the puissance of the emperor. Solitude has always this effect upon the mind; it develops the poetry which is inherent in man, and makes him a believer in the wonderful and supernatural.

PART I.

The Hunter and the Spinner. — The handsome Pecopin loved the beautiful Bauldour, and the lovely Bauldour was enamoured of the gay Pecopin. He possessed all the qualities of a lord and of a man; and she was a queen when at home, a holy virgin at church, a nymph in the woods, and a fairy at work.

Pecopin was an excellent hunter, and Bauldour was a good spinner. When he was absent, the distaff amused and consoled her; and when the sound of the horn, mingling with the noise of the hounds, would strike her ear, she fancied she could distinguish the words, "Think of thy lover." Besides, the wheel, which caused the *belle reveuse* to stoop, was ever saying in a soft and small voice, "Think of him."

When the husband and lover are united in one person, all goes well. Marry, then, the spinner to the hunter, and fear nothing.

However, I must say that Pecopin was too fond of hunting. When he was on horseback, the falcon resting on his hand, or when he was following the stag, he forgot everything. Whoever loves horses and dogs too much displeases woman; and he who loves woman too much displeases God. Govern, therefore, your tastes, and bridle your inclinations.

When Bauldour, that noble and lovely young girl, that star of love, of youth, and of beauty, saw Pecopin caressing his dog, a huge animal, with large nostrils, long ears, and a black mouth, she was jealous of it. She

entered her room disconcerted and sad, and there wept. Then she scolded her servants, and after them her dwarf. Woman's anger is like rain in a forest, — it falls twice. *Bis pluit.*

In the evening Pecopin, blackened with powder and weary with fatigue, returned to Bauldour, who pouted and murmured, with a tear in the corner of her large black eye. Pecopin pressed her little hand, and she ceased murmuring; then he kissed her rosy lips, and she smiled. She never suffered the chevalier to take her by the waist. One evening he slightly pressed her elbow, and her face coloured up with blushes and offended pride. She was betrothed and not married. Modesty in woman is what bravery is in man.

PART II.

The Bird Phœnix and Venus. — Pecopin had in his hall at Sonnech a large gilt painting which represented the nine heavens, each with its appropriate colour and name affixed to it, — Saturn, leaden colour; Jupiter, clear and brilliant; Venus, the east on fire; Mercury, sparkling; the Moon, with its silvery appearance; the Sun, shining flames. Pecopin erased the word "Venus," and substituted "Bauldour."

The fair demoiselle had in her room a large tapestry, on which was an immense bird, the size of an eagle, with a golden neck and a blue tail. Above this marvellous animal was written the Greek word "Phœnix." Bauldour effaced it, and substituted "Pecopin."

The day fixed for the nuptials drew near. Pecopin was full of joy, and Bauldour was happy.

A week before the appointed day of marriage, Bauldour was busily spinning at her window. Her dwarf came to tell her that Pecopin was coming upstairs, at which intelligence she rose hurriedly to run to her betrothed, but her foot got entangled with the thread, and she fell. Poor Bauldour rose; she was not hurt, but remembering that a similar accident happened at the castle to Liba, she felt sad at heart. Pecopin entered beaming with joy, spoke of their marriage and of their happiness, and the cloud that hovered round her soul vanished.

PART III.

The Difference between the Ear of a Young Man and that of an Old One. — Next day Bauldour was spinning in her chamber, and Pecopin was hunting in the woods. He had no companion but his dog. In following the chase, he came to the forest of Sonn, where there are four large trees, — an ash, an elm, a fir, and an oak, — which are called by the people "The Evangelists." As Pecopin passed under the shade, four birds were perched upon the trees, — a daw upon the ash, a blackbird upon the elm, a magpie upon the fir, and a crow upon the oak. These feathered creatures made a strange, confused noise, and seemed as if they were interrogating each other. A few steps farther on, an old man was seated on the stump of a tree; and as Pecopin passed he turned round and said, —

"Sir Chevalier, do you know what the birds are saying?"

"My good fellow," Pecopin replied, "what does it matter to me?"

"Sir," said the peasant, "for the young the blackbird whistles, the magpie chatters, and the raven croaks; for the old, the birds speak."

The chevalier burst out into a fit of laughter, saying, "Pardieu! you 're raving."

"You are wrong, Sir Pecopin," said the old man, gravely.

"You never saw me before; how is it that you know my name?"

"From the birds," replied the peasant.

"You are an old fool, my worthy fellow," said Pecopin, continuing his route.

About an hour afterwards Pecopin heard the sound of a horn, and then perceived the Count Palatine and his suite, who were out on a hunting excursion.

"Holloa!" one of them cried out on seeing Pecopin; "my brave hunter, won't you accompany us?" He consented, and conducted himself so marvellously, by killing the different animals they pursued, that the count gave him a fief of Rhineck, enrolled him amongst his followers, and prevailed upon him to go to Stahleck, to take the oath of allegiance. Pecopin sent a message to Bauldour, announcing the intention of the *pfalzgraf*. "Be not uneasy, my beloved," he added; "I will be with you next month." The messenger set out, and Pecopin retired with the prince and his followers to the castle at Bacharach.

PART IV.

The Qualities Essential to Different Embassies.—Pecopin was a nobleman by blood, by nature, and by outward appearance, and pleased the *pfalzgraf* so much that this prince one day said to him, "My friend, I have an embassy for my cousin of Bourgogne, and your noble appearance and gallant behaviour have induced me to make you my ambassador."

Pecopin obeyed the wishes of his prince, and went to Dijon, where the duke received him kindly; and he was soon after, on account of his rank, sent on an embassy to the King of France. One day the king said, "Pecopin, I require a gentleman to go to Spain on urgent business; but finding none of my followers capable of undertaking such a task, I have fixed upon you, on account of your mien and mind." Pecopin again set out; and when the negotiation was terminated he went to the sultan to take his leave.

"I receive your adieus with pleasure, for you must set out immediately for Bagdad."

"For Bagdad!" Pecopin replied with astonishment.

"Yes, chevalier," replied the Moorish prince, "for I cannot sign the treaty with the King of France without the consent of the Caliph of Bagdad."

Pecopin went to Bagdad, where a strange adventure happened to him. One day, while passing the walls of the seraglio, the sultan's favourite perceived him; and as he was handsome, bold, and of a haughty air, she conceived a passion for him and sent a black slave to speak to him.

"This talisman," she said, "is the gift of a princess who loves you, but who will never see you more. Take care of it, for as long as you wear it you will never be old; when you are in dangers, touch it and you will be saved." Pecopin accepted the talisman, and attached it to his neck-chain. "Now," the slave added, "do not lose it, for whilst you have it in your possession you will always have the same youthful appearance; but when you lose it, the infirmities of every year which has passed over your head will instantly attack you. Adieu, handsome giaour." Having said this the negress left him.

The caliph had observed his favourite's slave speaking with Pecopin, and was fired with jealousy. He invited the stranger to a feast, and at night conducted him to the summit of a high tower. Pecopin, without suspicion, advanced near the parapet, which was very low, when the caliph addressed him in these words: —

"Chevalier, the Count Palatine sent you to the Duke of Bourgogne on account of your renown; the Duke of Bourgogne sent you to the King of France because you were of a noble race; the King of France sent you to the Sovereign of Grenada on account of your wit; and he sent you to the Caliph of Bagdad because you were dignified in appearance. As for me, on account of thy fame, thy rank, thy wit, and thy fine appearance, I send thee to the devil."

On pronouncing the last word, the caliph pushed Pecopin over the parapet.

PART V.

Happy Effect of a Good Thought. — When a man falls from a height, terrible ideas flash across his brain, — life which he is going to leave, and the regions of death which he is about to enter. In that awful moment Pecopin thought of Bauldour, put his hand to his heart, and, without knowing, touched the talisman. No sooner had his finger come in contact with the magic stone than he felt as if he were supported by wings. He no longer fell, he flew; and he continued to do so all night. Just as day was breaking, the invisible hand that supported him placed him gently upon the sea-shore.

PART VI.

The Devil is Wrong in being a Gourmand. — At this time a singular and disagreeable adventure happened to the devil. It was customary for Asmodeus to go about picking up all the souls that belonged to him, putting them into a bag and carrying them away upon his back. One day, being more fortunate than usual, he was filling his sack gaily, when, turning round, he beheld an angel, who was smiling at him. The devil shook up the bag, and continued filling for some time. At last he stopped, and seized hold of it to swing it over his shoulder; but the souls that he had crammed into it were so numerous, and the iniquities with which they were burdened weighed so heavily, that he could not move it. He took both his hands, and made a second attempt, which proved as futile as the first. "O souls of lead!" the devil

exclaimed, and then he began swearing. Again he looked up, and he saw the angel laughing at him.

"What are you doing there?" cried the demon.

"You see well enough. I was smiling a short time ago; now I am laughing."

"Oh, celestial fowl! huge innocent! begone!" Asmodeus cried.

The angel looked at him gravely, and said, —

"Hear me, dragon; thou wilt not be able to carry away that load of souls till a saint from paradise or a Christian from heaven falls upon the earth and helps thee to put it on thy shoulders." That said, the angel opened his wings and flew away.

The devil was very much disconcerted. "What does that imbecile mean?" he muttered between his teeth. "A saint from paradise or a Christian from heaven! I shall be forced to remain a long time if I wait the coming of such assistance. How, in the name of all the saints, did I so cram my sack!"

As the devil stood by the side of his heavy burden, heaping imprecations upon himself for his own stupidity, he cast his eyes upwards, and perceived a black speck in the heavens, which every moment became larger and larger. The devil put his hands on his knees to take a better view of it, and discovered that it was a man,— an armed Christian, bearing a cross upon his breast, falling from the clouds.

"What is it to me who sends him?" exclaimed the devil, jumping with joy. "I am saved! I could not get around four saints a short time ago, who laughed at the

pitiful tale that I told them ; but it will be easy for me to manage this fellow."

Pecopin, on finding himself on terra firma, looked round, and on perceiving the old man, who was like a slave resting by the side of his load, he accosted him thus : " Who are you, friend ; and, pray, where am I ?"

The devil whined out piteously, —

" You, sir, are on the borders of the Red Sea, and I am the most wretched of all miserable beings. I have a very cruel master, who has taken it into his head to build a mountain, and he obliges me, an old man, to carry loads of sand from the borders of the sea. I begin at the break of day, and never leave off before sunset. Yesterday I was returning with my sixth load, when fatigue overcame me. I thought I would rest myself, and afterwards found that I had not strength to lift the load on my shoulders, and therefore was obliged to remain here all night, looking at my burden, and cursing my master for his cruelty. My good sir, for pity's sake help me with this load, that I may return to my master. I am sure he will kill me."

Pecopin shook his head, saying, " Good man, your story is an unlikely one."

" My dear sir," the devil replied, " what has happened to you, if told, would be as unlikely ; yet it is true. Then," he continued, " what harm would it do to you to help an infirm old man to place his load upon his back ?"

This was a just question. Pecopin stooped, seized the bag, and was placing it on the back of the old man, who

was leaning forward to receive the load, when the devil, who is vicious (it was for vice that he fell) and who is greedy (which passion often causes the loss of all), was struck with the idea of adding his soul to the others; but first of all he must kill Pecopin.

The devil began to speak to some invisible spirit in a kind of jargon, half Italian, half Spanish, which Pecopin fortunately understood: "Bamus, non ciera occhi, verbera, frappa, y echa la piedra."

Suspicion flashed like lightning across the mind of Pecopin; he raised his eyes, and saw above his head an enormous stone that some invisible hand held suspended in the air.

He stepped backwards, touched his talisman with his left hand, seized his poniard with his right, and plunged it violently into the bag. The devil cried hideously, and the souls, profiting by the hole which Pecopin had made, flew away, leaving behind them their dark deeds and crimes, which, by their natural attraction to the demon, fixed upon his back; thus it is that the devil is always represented with a hump.

At the moment that Pecopin stepped backwards, the invisible giant dropped the stone, which fell upon the foot of the devil and crushed it; and from that day Asmodeus has always been club-footed.

The devil, like Jove, has thunder at his command; but it is of a more frightful nature, coming from the earth and uprooting trees. Pecopin felt the ground tremble beneath him; a dense cloud rose around, and a noise met his ear. It seemed to him that he fell, and

rolled along the earth like a withered leaf when blown by the wind. He fainted.

PART VII.

Amiable Proposition of an Old Sage. — When Pecopin recovered he heard a soft voice, saying, "Phi sma," which is Arabian, and signifies, "He is in heaven." Another person placed his hand upon his chest, and replied, "Lo, lo, machi mouth," which means, "No, no, he is not dead." Pecopin opened his eyes and saw an old man and a young girl kneeling by his side. The countenance of the former was as dark as night; he had a long white beard, and was enveloped in a scarf of green silk. The young girl was of a copper colour, had large hazel eyes, lips of coral, and gold rings hanging from her nose and ears; she was exceedingly handsome.

Pecopin was no longer by the sea-side. The blast of hell had borne him into a valley filled with rocks and trees of a strange form. He rose. The old man and the handsome girl looked at him affectionately. He approached one of the trees; the leaves contracted, the branches receded, and the flowers, which were white, became red. Pecopin recognized the mimosa, or "tree of shame," and concluded that he had left India, and was now in the famed country of Pudiferan.

The old man beckoned to Pecopin to follow, and in a few minutes all three were seated upon a mat in a cabin built of palm-leaves, the interior of which was filled with precious stones that shone like a heated furnace. The old man looked at Pecopin, and said in German, —

"My son, I am the man who knows everything, — the great Ethiopian lapidary, the *taleb* of the Arabs. I am the first that ever penetrated this desert; thou art the second. I have passed my life in gleaning from Nature the science of things, and filling them with the science of the soul. Thanks to me and to my lessons; thanks to the rays which, in this valley of animate stone, of thinking plants, and of wise animals, have fallen for a hundred years from my eyeballs! It was I who pointed out to beasts their true medicine, of which man stands so much in need. Till now I have only had beasts for disciples, but have long wished for a man. Thou art come; then be my son. I am old. I will leave thee my cabin, my precious stones, my valley, and my science. Thou shalt marry my daughter, who is called Aissab, and who is good and beautiful. We shall pass our days happily in picking up diamonds and eating the roots of plants. Be my son."

"Thanks, my venerable seignor!" Pecopin said. "I accept with joy your kind offer."

When night came he made his escape.

PART VIII.

The Wandering Christian. — To tell all the adventures of Pecopin would be to relate his journey around the world. At one time he was walking with naked feet on the sea-shore; at another, in sandals, climbing a mountain, now riding upon an ass, afterwards seated on a zebra or an elephant. He lost in the desert, like Jerome Costilla, four of his toes; and, like Mendez Pinto, was

sold twenty times. He clambered up mountains whose summits were hidden in the clouds, and on approaching their tops vomited blood and phlegm. He came to that island which no one when seeking can find, and to which chance only can bring one. In Scythia he killed a griffin which the people had long been endeavouring to destroy, in order to possess the gold guarded by that animal; for which act they wished to make him their king, but he declined their offer. Amidst all his adventures, all his daring deeds, his miseries and troubles, the brave and faithful Pecopin had only one end in view, — to find Germany, to enter Falkenburg, with the hope of seeing Bauldour.

He counted with a sad heart the days as they passed, and on reaching the north of France, found that five years had elapsed since he had seen Bauldour. He sat down upon a stone by the roadside; his thoughts wandered to his beloved; something fell upon his hand; he started, — it was a tear that had dropped from his cheek.

"Five years," he thought, "is a long time; but I will see her now." Then, though his feet were lacerated with the stones, and his clothes torn, he proceeded with a light heart on his journey.

After travelling all day among rocks, trying to discover a passage which decended to the Rhine, he arrived at a wood, which without hesitation he entered; and after walking for upwards of an hour, found himself near a ditch. Tired, and dying of hunger and thirst, he sank down upon the grass, lifted his eyes upwards, and perceived a flock of sheldrakes soaring above him.

In agony of soul, he was asking himself where he was, when the sound of some one singing in the distance floated on the evening breeze. Pecopin raised himself on his elbow, listened attentively, and distinguished these words: —

Mon petit lac engendre, en l'ombre qui l'abrite,
La riante Amphitrite et le noir Neptunus;
Mon humble étang nourrit, sur des monts inconnus,
L'empereur Neptunus et la reine Amphitrite,
Je suis le nain, grand-père des géants.
Ma goutte d'eau produit deux océans.

Je verse de mes rocs, que n'effleure aucun aile,
Un fleuve bien pour elle, un fleuve vert pour lui,
J'épanche de ma grotte, où jamais feu n'a lui,
Le fleuve vert pour lui, le fleuve bleu pour elle.
Je suis le nain, grand-père des géants.
Ma goutte d'eau produit deux océans.

Une fine émeraude est dans mon sable jaune.
Un pur saphir se cache en mon humide écrin.
Mon émeraude fond et devient le beau Rhin ;
Mon saphir se dissout, ruisselle et fait le Rhone.
Je suis le nain, grand-père des géants.
Ma goutte d'eau produit deux océans.

Pecopin could no longer doubt the sad conviction that crossed his mind. Poor, hungry, and fatigued traveller! he was in the fatal Wood of the Lost Path, which is full of labyrinths, and where the dwarf Roulon is ever seen deceiving the traveller, who, if once within the wood is never known to leave it.

The voice was that of Roulon; the song was that of the wicked dwarf of the Bois des Pas Perdus.

Pecopin, in despair, threw himself on the ground, crying, "Alas! all is over. I shall never more behold Bauldour."

"You are wrong, if you serve me," said some one from behind.

Pecopin looked up, and beheld an old gentleman equipped for the chase. It was not the dwarf Roulon, which circumstance made his heart leap with joy.

"What do you want with me?" Pecopin demanded.

"To take thee to Bauldour," replied the old man, smiling.

"When?"

"After you have spent a night in the chase."

"But I am dying with hunger," Pecopin replied. "I am not able to get on horseback."

The old gentleman took a bottle from his pocket and presented it to Pecopin, who no sooner swallowed two or three mouthfuls than he felt invigourated, and cried, —

"To the chase with all my heart. But shall I really see Bauldour to-morrow?"

"Before the sun rises you shall be at the gates of Falkenburg."

"Holloa, gentlemen! holloa!" the old man cried. "To the chase!"

On turning round, Pecopin perceived that his companion was humpbacked; and when he walked, he discovered that he was club-footed.

At the call of the old man a host of gentlemen, clothed like princes, and mounted like kings, came from a thicket, and ranged themselves round him. He seemed

to be their master. All were armed with knives and spears, the old man alone having a horn. The night was dark; but suddenly two hundred servants appeared carrying torches.

"Ebbene," said the master, "ubi sunt los perros?"

This mixture of Italian, Latin, and Spanish was not at all agreeable to Pecopin.

The old man then said with impatience, —

"The dogs! the dogs!" and in less than a minute a pack came howling and barking to the spot.

Pecopin thought there was something extraordinary in all that he saw, and was beginning to consider whether he should follow in the chase, when the old man addressed him: —

"Well, chevalier, what do you think of our dogs?"

"My good sir," Pecopin replied, "to follow such animals we must have most wonderful horses."

The old man, without replying, raised the horn to his mouth and blew it; a noise was heard among the trees, and two magnificent horses, black as jet, appeared.

"Well, seigneur," said the old man, smiling, "which of the two do you prefer?"

Pecopin did not reply, but leaped upon one of them. The old man asked him if he was well saddled; and on being answered in the affirmative, he burst into a fit of laughter, jumped like a tiger upon the other, which trembled fearfully, and began to blow the horn so violently that Pecopin, deafened by the noise, believed that this singular individual had thunder in his chest.

PART IX.

The Danger to which we expose ourselves by getting on a Strange Horse. — At the sound of the horn a thousand strange lights started up in the forest; strange shadows were seen everywhere; and the words, "To the chase!" were heard mingling with the barking of the dogs, the neighing of horses, and the shaking of the trees. Pecopin's horse, accompanied by that of the old man, started off at a violent gallop, making every step resound in the lover's brain, as if the horse's hoofs had come in contact with his skull. It was a gallop, rapid, supernatural, which almost deprived him of reason; for he was only sensible to the frightful noise around, — the whistling of the wind, the rustling of leaves, the barking and howling of dogs, and the neighing of horses.

Suddenly all was silent, save the sound of the old man's horn in the distance. Pecopin knew not where he was. He looked round, and perceived his reflection in what he thought was the White Lake, then in the Black one; but he saw it as the swallows see their shadows while gliding over the surface of a pond. In the midst of this course he raised his hand to his talisman, and suddenly he was enveloped in darkness, while his horse began to gallop with renewed fury. At this terrible moment Pecopin commended his soul to God, and his heart to his mistress. He continued for some time thus, flying, as it were, through the air, when the thought struck him that death was preferable to such torment. He tried to throw himself from his horse, but he discovered that some iron hand held him by the feet.

The distant cries, the barking of dogs, the neighing of horses, mingling with the blasts of the old man's horn, again resounded frightfully in his ears. The poor chevalier closed his eyes and resigned himself to his fate. When he opened them, the heat of a tropical night struck his countenance, the roarings of tigers and lions reached his ear, and he saw huge ruins and strange trees. Pecopin was in an Indian forest. He again shut his eyes.

Suddenly his horse stopped, the noise ceased, and all was quiet.

Pecopin, who had remained for some time with his eyes shut, opened them, and found himself before the façade of a sombre and colossal edifice.

The old man's horn resounded through the building, the doors of the castle opened violently, as if by a blast of wind, and Pecopin, on his horse, entered a magnificent room, splendidly lighted. He cast his eyes towards the extremity of the hall, and saw a number of guests, of strange appearance, seated at table. No one spoke; no one ate; nor did any of them look at him. There was an empty seat at the head of the table, which indicated that they were waiting their superior's arrival.

Pecopin discovered among this motley group the giant Nimrod; King Mithrobusane; the tyrant Machanidas; the Roman Consul, Æmilius Barbula the Second; Rollo, King of the Sea; Zuentibold, the unworthy son of the great Arnolphe, King of Lorraine; Athelstan, King of England; Aigrold, King of Denmark. By the side of Nimrod, Cyrus, the founder of the Persian empire, was seated, leaning on his elbow.

The old man's horn was again heard; a large door, opposite the one by which Pecopin had entered, opened, and innumerable valets appeared, carrying an immense golden plate, in the middle of which was a stag with sixteen horns, roasted and smoking. The old man entered and took his seat; and after observing the grave looks of his guests, burst into a fit of laughter, saying, —

"Hombres y mugeres, or ca vosotros belle signore domini et dominæ, amigos mios, comment va la besogne."

"You come very late," said one of the guests.

"That is because I have a friend that is fond of hunting; I wished to show him one of our excursions."

"Yes; but look," Nimrod said, pointing to a little crevice which exposed the break of day.

"Well, we must make haste," the old man said, making a sign to the valets to approach and deposit their load upon the table. Pecopin at this moment drew his sword, sunk his spurs into the sides of his horse, which moved forward, and said with a loud voice, —

"Pardieu! whoever ye may be, — spectres, demons, or emperors, — I forbid ye to move; or, by all that is holy, you shall feel, as well as that old man, the weight of a living cavalier's sword upon the heads of phantoms. I am in the cave of shadows; but I shall do things real and terrible. Thou hast lied, miserable old man. Defend thyself; or, by the Mass, I will cleave thy head, wert thou King Pluto in person."

"What's the matter, my dear sir?" the old man replied smiling. "You are going to sup with us."

The grimace which accompanied this gracious invitation exasperated Pecopin, who cried, —

"Defend yourself, old villian! You made me a promise, and you shall pay dearly for breaking it."

"Ho, ho, my worthy friend! I have not done so; you must wait a little."

"Thou promisedst to take me to Bauldour; thou knowest that she is my betrothed."

"Well, since you will have it, be it so. Bad examples are shown by men and women above to those below. The sun and moon are wedded, but they are a disconsolate couple, for they are never together."

"A truce to raillery!" Pecopin cried, bursting with rage, "or I will exterminate thee and thy demons, and purge thy cavern."

The old man replied, laughing, "Purge, my friend. Here is the prescription: senna, rhubarb, and Epsom salts."

Pecopin in fury levelled a blow at the old man's head; but his horse drew back, trembling. At this moment a gleam of light stole through a crevice, the cock crowed, and all disappeared. Pecopin, on his horse gliding from beneath him, found himself standing, sword in hand, in a ravine near an old castle. Day broke; he lifted his eyes, and leaped with joy. It was the castle of Falkenburg. He sheathed his sword, and was beginning to walk cheerfully towards the manor, when he heard some one say, —

"Well, Chevalier de Sonnech, have I kept my word?"

Pecopin turned round, and saw the little hunchback

that he had met in the wood, who in irony asked him if he knew him. Pecopin said that he did, and thanked him for thus bringing him to his Bauldour.

"Wait a little," the old man said. "You were in too great a hurry in accusing me; you are in too great a hurry in returning me thanks. Listen. You are my creditor; I owe thee two things, — the hump on my back and my club-foot; but I am a good debtor. I found out thy inclinations, and I thought it would be a pity to debar such a good hunter as thou art from partaking in the night chase."

Pecopin involuntarily shuddered, and the Devil added, —

"If thou hadst not had thy talisman, I would have taken charge of thee; but I am as well pleased that things have turned out as they have done."

"Tell me, demon," Pecopin said, "is Bauldour dead or married, or has she taken the veil?"

"No;" the demon replied, with a sinister grin.

"She is at Falkenburg, and still loves me?"

"Yes."

"In that case," Pecopin said, respiring as if a load had been taken from his chest, "whoever thou art, and whatever may happen, I thank thee."

"Dost thou?" the devil replied. "Then, if thou art satisfied, so am I." On saying these words he disappeared.

Pecopin shrugged his shoulders, and said to himself, smilingly, —

"Bauldour lives; she is free, and still loves me. What

have I to fear? When I met the demon yesterday evening, five years had expired since I left her, and it is now only a day more."

He approached the castle, recognized with joy each projection of the bridge, and felt happy. The threshold of the house in which our boyish years have been spent, like the countenance of an affectionate mother, smiles upon us, when returning after a year's absence, with all the vigour of manhood.

As he was crossing the bridge, he observed a beautiful oak, whose top overlooked the parapet. "That is strange," he said to himself; "there was no tree there." Then he remembered that, two or three weeks before he left, Bauldour and he had amused themselves by throwing acorns at each other, and that at this spot one had fallen into the ditch.

"The devil!" he exclaimed; "an acorn become a tall oak in five years! This is certainly a fertile soil!"

Four birds were perched upon this tree, trying which could make the most noise. Pecopin looked up, and saw a daw, a blackbird, a magpie, and a crow. He hurried on; his thoughts were on Bauldour.

He arrived at the staircase, and was ascending quickly, when he heard some one laughing behind him; but on turning round, he could see no one. He reached the door, in which was the key; his heart beat violently; he listened, and the sound of a wheel struck his ear. Was it that of Bauldour? Pecopin, trembling, turned the key, opened the door, entered, and beheld an old woman, decrepit and worn down by age, her face covered

with a thousand wrinkles, long grey hair, escaping here and there from her cap, her eyebrows white, and gums toothless. This venerable yet frightful object was seated near the window, her eyes fixed upon the wheel at which she was spinning, with the thread between her long thin fingers.

The old lady was apparently very deaf, for notwithstanding the noise that Pecopin made in entering, she did not move. Nevertheless, the chevalier took off his hat, as it becomes a man before a person of advanced age, and going near her, said, "Madame, where is Bauldour?"

The old dame lifted her eyes and fixed them on Pecopin; the thread dropped from her trembling hand; she screamed, and said with a feeble voice,—

"Oh, Heaven! Pecopin? What would you? Masses for your troubled soul? — or why is it that, being so long dead, your shadow still walks abroad?"

"Pardieu! my good lady," Pecopin replied, laughing and speaking very loud, so that if Bauldour was in the next room she might hear him, — "Pardieu! I am not dead! It is not my ghost which stands before you. I am of good solid flesh and bone, and have come back, not to have masses said for my soul, but for a kiss from my betrothed, whom I love more than ever."

As he finished the last words, the old lady threw herself into his arms. It was Bauldour! The night chase with the devil had lasted a hundred years!

Pecopin, distracted, left the apartment, ran down-stairs, crossed the court, flew to the mountain, and took refuge

in the forest of Sonnech. Like a madman, he wandered about the woods all day; and when evening came, seeing that he was approaching the turrets of his own castle, he tore off the rich clothes which the devil had given him, and threw them into the torrent of Sonnech. Suddenly his knees trembled, his hands shook, and to prevent himself from falling, he leaned against a tree. Pecopin in the excess of his grief had unconsciously seized the talisman, and thrown it with his clothes into the torrent. The words of the Sultana's slave proved true. In one minute Pecopin had all the infirmities attendant upon extreme old age. At that moment he heard a burst of laughter; he looked round, but could see no one.

Pecopin, in pain and dejection, supporting himself on a stick, was returning to his castle, when he perceived a jackdaw, a blackbird, a magpie, and a crow seated on the roof of the out-house. He remembered the words of the old man: "For the young the blackbird whistles, the jackdaw chatters, and the raven croaks, the hens cackle, and the doves coo; for the old man, the birds speak." He listened attentively, and the following is the dialogue he heard: —

Blackbird.—Enfin mon beau chasseur, te voilà de retour.
Jackdaw.—Tel qui part pour un an croit partir pour un jour.
Raven.—Tu fis la chasse à l'aigle, ou milan, ou vautour.
Magpie.—Mieux eut value la faire au doux oiseau d'amour!
Hen.—Pecopin! Pecopin!
Dove.—Bauldour! Bauldour! Bauldour!

CHAPTER XXII.

BINGEN.

Houses at Bingen. — Paradise Plain. — The Klopp. — Mdlle. Bertin. — The Sage.

YOU scold me in your last letter, my friend; you are partly wrong and partly right. You are wrong in what concerns the church of Epernay, for I have not really written what you believe you have read. You are right, because I now think that I have not been clear. You tell me you have collected information on the subject of the church of Epernay, that I am mistaken in attributing it to M. Poterlet-Galichet, that this honest citizen of Epernay had nothing to do with the building, and that besides there were two very distinguished men of that name in the town, — a singularly able engineer and a painter of great promise.

I admit all this; and ten years ago, I myself knew a young and delightful painter of the name of Poterlet, and who, if he had not died at the early age of twenty-five, would to-day be as much esteemed by the public as he then was by his friends. But I deny having said what you make me say. Read my second letter again. I do not connect M. Galichet in any way with the church of Epernay. I only said, "The third, the present one, ap-

peared to me to be built," etc., — a sarcasm which, however, only touches the church.

This little affair settled, I return to Bingen from Epernay. The transition is abrupt, and the space to be strided over is long.

Bingen is an exceedingly pretty place, having at once the sombre look of an ancient town and the cheering aspect of a new one. From the days of Consul Drusus to those of the Emperor Charlemagne, from Charlemagne to Archbishop Willigis, from Willigis to the merchant Montemagno, and from Montemagno to the visionary Holzhausen, the town gradually increased in the number of its houses as the dew gathers drop by drop in the cup of a lily. Excuse this comparison; for, though flowery, it has truth to back it, and faithfully illustrates the mode in which a town near the conflux of two rivers is constructed. The irregularity of the houses — in fact, everything — tends to make Bingen a kind of antithesis, both with respect to buildings and the scenery which surrounds them. The town, bounded on the left by the Nahue, and by the Rhine on the right, develops itself in a triangular form near a Gothic church, which is backed by a Roman citadel. In this citadel, which bears the date of the first century, and has long been the haunt of bandits, there is a garden; and in the church, which is of the fifteenth century, is the tomb of Bartholomew of Holzhausen. In the direction of Mayence, the famed Paradise Plain opens upon the Rhingau; and in that of Coblentz, the dark mountains of Leyen seem to frown on the surrounding scenery. Here Nature smiles like a lovely woman ex-

Bingen.

Photo-etching by John Andrew and Son Company,
from Photograph.

tended unadorned on the greensward; there, like a slumbering giant, she excites a feeling of awe.

A thousand memories, represented now by a forest, now by a building, now by a rock, jostle one another in this corner of the Rhingau. That green hillside yonder is pleasant Johannisberg; at its foot is the formidable square keep which flanks the angle of the stout city of Rudesheim, and was once an outpost of the Romans. On the summit of Niederwald, which is opposite Bingen, at the outskirt of a magnificent forest, upon a mountain which was formerly the beginning of the contraction of the Rhine, and which in the olden times barred its passage, a little temple with white columns, somewhat like the rotunda of a Parisian café, stands above the gloomy and haughty Ehrensfels, built in the twelfth century by Archbishop Siegfried; its sombre towers were once a formidable citadel, and form a splendid ruin to-day. The toy house rises higher than the fortress, and humiliates it. On the other side of the Rhine, on the Rupertsberg, which faces the Niederwald, in the ruins of the convent of Disibodenberg, the holy well dug by Saint Hildegarde borders on the infamous tower built by Hatto. Vines surround the convent; gulfs environ the tower. Blacksmiths have taken possession of the tower; the office of the Prussian customs is established in the convent. The spectre of Hatto hears the clank of the anvil, and the shade of Hildegarde is present at the gauging of spirits.

By an odd contrast, the insurrection of Civilis which destroyed the bridge of Drusus, the war of the Palatinate which destroyed the bridge of Willigis, the legions of

Tutor, the quarrels of Adolphus of Nassau and Didier of Isemberg, the Normans in 890, the burghers of Creuznach in 1279, the Archbishop Baldwin of Treves in 1334, the plague in 1349, the inundation in 1458, the Palatine Bailiff Goler of Ravensberg in 1496, the Landgrave William of Hesse in 1504, the Thirty Years' War, the armies of the Revolution and Empire, — all kinds of devastation, — have successively traversed this happy and smiling plain, while the most charming figures of liturgy and legend (Gela, Jutta, Liba, Guda; Gisela, the sweet daughter of Broemser; Hildegarde, the friend of Saint Bernard; Hiltrude, the penitent of Pope Eugene) have by turns inhabited these lonely rocks. The smell of blood is still in the plain; the perfume of sanctity and loveliness still fills the mountain.

The more we examine this beautiful place, the more the antithesis is multiplied under our looks and thoughts. It assumes a thousand different forms; and as the Nahue flows through the arches of the stone bridge, upon the parapet of which the lion of Hesse turns its back to the eagle of Prussia, the green arm of the Rhine seizes suddenly the fair and indolent stream, and plunges it into the Bingerloch.

The church of Bingen is plastered in grey both outside and in. Still, the abominable restorations that are taking place in France will finally reconcile me to plaster. I may say, in passing, that I know nothing in this regard more deplorable than the restorations of the abbey of Saint-Denis, now, alas! finished, and of Notre Dame de Paris, at this moment in progress. You may be quite

sure I shall return some day to these two barbarous acts. I cannot help feeling a sense of personal shame when I think that the first has been accomplished at our doors and the second in the very centre of Paris. We are all guilty of this double architectural crime, by our silence, by our toleration, by our inertia; and we shall justly deserve the scorn and indignation of posterity, when it points to these two degraded and disfigured basilicas, once the most beautiful of churches and the most illustrious of monuments, — one the metropolitan church of royalty, the other of France!

Let us hide our heads. Such restorations are equivalent to demolitions.

Plastering is simply an act of stupidity. It does not destroy. It soils, smears, tattoos, disfigures, but it does not ruin. It adjusts the idea of Cæsar Cesariano or Herwin von Steinbach just as it does the face of Gauthier Garguille; it puts a mask of plaster on it, — nothing more. Scrape off the white or red or yellow or grey plaster from the poor ill-used façade, and you will find the venerable countenance of the church as pure and vivid as before.

To sit down towards the evening on the summit of the Klopp; to see the town at its base, with an immense horizon on all sides, the mountains overshadowing all; to see the slated roofs smoking, the shadows lengthening, and the scenery breathing to life the verses of Virgil; to respire at once the wind which rustles the leaves, the breeze of the flood, and the gale of the mountain,—is an exquisite and inexpressible pleasure, full of secret enjoyment, which is veiled by the grandeur of the spectacle, by

the intensity of contemplation. At the windows of huts, young women, their eyes fixed upon their work, are gaily singing; among the weeds that grow round the ruins birds whistle and pair; barks are crossing the river, and the sound of oars splashing in the water, and unfurling of sails, reaches our ears. The washerwomen of the Rhine spread their clothes on the bushes; and those of the Nahue, their legs and feet naked, beat their linen upon floating rafts, and laugh at some poor artist as he sketches Ehrenfels.

The sun sets, night comes on, the slated roofs of the houses appear as one, the mountains congregate and take the aspect of an immense dark body, and the washerwomen, with bundles on their heads, return cheerfully to their cabins: the noise subsides; the voices are hushed; a faint light, resembling the reflections of the other world upon the countenance of a dying man, is for a short time observable on the Ehrenfels; then all is dark, except the tower of Hatto, which, though scarcely seen in the day, makes its appearance at night, amidst a light smoke and the reverberation of the forge.

A few days ago I was seated on the platform at Klopp, and in a reverie had allowed my thoughts to wander at will. Suddenly a small skylight window under my feet was opened, and I perceived a young girl appear at the window, who was singing to a slow and plaintive air, in a clear, rich voice, the following stanza: —

"Plas mi cavalier frances
E la dona catalana
E l'onraz del ginoes

E la court de castelana
Lou cantaz provenzales
E la danza trevisana
E lou corps aragones
La mans a kara d'angles
E lou donzel de Toscana."

I immediately recognized the joyful verses of Frederick Barbarossa. It would be impossible for me to describe the effect they had upon me when heard in this ancient ruin, in the midst of obscurity, — that song of the emperors, sung by a young girl; these Roman verses, accented by a German tongue; that gaiety of by-gone times changed into melancholy; that ray of the Crusades piercing the shadow of the present, and throwing its light upon me, poor, bewildered dreamer.

Since I have spoken upon the music which I heard upon the Rhine, why not mention that which I heard when at Bacharach? Several students, seated upon the trunk of a tree, sang to German words that admirable air in "Quasimode," which is the most beautiful and most original in Mademoiselle Bertin's opera. The future, doubt it not, my friend, will render justice to that remarkable opera, which on its appearance was unfairly attacked and unjustly dealt with. The public, too often duped by ungenerous criticisms, by the malice of rivalry, with respect to works of genius, will think for itself, and will one day admire that soft and profound music, so pathetic and powerful, at moments melancholy, yet pleasing, — music, so to speak, where in each note is mixed that which is most tender and most grave: the

heart of a lady and the mind of a sage. Germany has already rendered her justice; France will soon follow her example.

As I care little about what are termed local curiosities, I must admit that I did not see the miraculous horn nor the nuptial bed nor the iron chair of Broemser. To make amends, I visited the square dungeon of Rudesheim, the Roman caves, and saw lanterns of the thirteenth century and numerous sepulchral urns.

In the room where I was accustomed to dine at Bingen, I saw two individuals seated at opposite tables. There was such a contrast, both in their appearance and in their repast, that it could not fail to excite attention. The one was a huge Bavarian major, who spoke a little French, and who allowed dish after dish to be taken away without scarcely touching them; the other was a poor looking devil, seated before a plate of *choucroute*, who, after having his meagre pittance, finished his dinner by devouring with his eyes the loaded plates of his neighbour. The words of Albancourt struck me forcibly when looking at that living parable: "La Providence met volontiers l'argent d'un coté et l'appetit de l'autre."

The poor fellow was a young savant, pale, grave, and melancholy. It was said that he was in love with one of the servants of the *auberge*, which is rather strange, — for to me a savant in love is a problem. How is it possible that the studies, the dull experiments, and the minute observations which compose the life of a sage can agree with the hope, disappointment, jealousy, rage, and loss of time which attend the tender passion? Imagine how

Doctor Huxham could have loved, who, in his excellent treatise "De Ære et Morbis Epidemicis," has told, month after month, the quantity of rain that fell at Plymouth during the period of twenty-two years. Imagine Romeo looking through a microscope, and counting the seventeen thousand facets of the eye of a fly; Don Juan with an apron on, analyzing the paratar trovinate of potash; and Othello, in a stooping posture, looking for *gaillonelles* in the fossils of China.

However, in spite of all laws, this poor devil was in love. At times he spoke French which was far superior to the major's, and his address was more gentlemanly, — yet he had not a stiver. Sometimes my young savant drank, during the hours at *table d'hôte,* a bottle of small beer, while his eye surveyed in envy the opening and shutting the mouths of the inmates of the Hotel Victoria. The society here was rather mixed, and not at all harmonious. At the end of the table was an old English dame, and by her side three pretty children. She was apparently a governess or an aunt, whose consequential airs raised in my heart a feeling of sympathy for the pretty little ones. The major was seated near her, to whom, for politeness, he addressed his conversation, at one time describing an engagement, at another telling her he was going to Baden, because everybody went there. On his right hand was an advocate; and next to the advocate was an old man, whose thin grey hair and reverential mien had that mild appearance which a near approach to the grave gives, and which cites in every look the beautiful verses of Homer. In

front of the old gentleman was my young sage, who spoke pompously of the "harrangues" that were brought from the sea. To me, "harengs" [herrings] would have been more likely to have come from such a quarter.

Two Alsatian tradesmen completed the party, men enriched by smuggling weasel-skins, who are to-day electors and jurymen. They smoked their pipes and related their histories, — histories always the same. No sooner had they finished than they began the same old stories over again. As they invariably forgot the name of the persons to whom they referred, one said Mr. So-and-So, and the other Mr. Thingumbob. They understood each other.

The verse-maker — poet if you will — was a philosophical rascal, at once classical, constitutional, ironical, and Voltairian, who took a delight, he told us, in *sapping prejudices*; that is to say, in sneering at all established usages and at all the grave, mysterious, and holy things which men respect. He liked, he assured us, *to prick human errors;* and although he never had the luck of attacking the real windmills of the century, he called himself, in his moments of gaiety "Don Quichotte." I called him "Don Qui-choque."

Sometimes the poet and lawyer, although admirably suited to each other, quarrelled. The poet, to complete his picture, was a man of unintelligible intelligence, a man of confused ideas, — one of those who stammer when they speak and scribble when they write. The lawyer crushed him by his superiority. Sometimes the poet got enraged with the lawyer. Then the indignant advocate would

speak for two hours with a limpid, running, inexhaustible eloquence, like a waterpipe opened by a turncock.

Upon this, the entomologist, who was something of a wit, would, in turn, crush the lawyer. He spoke admirably, winning the applause of the company, but every now and then looking askance, to see if his pretty *inamorata* was listening.

One day he was perorating on the virtues of resignation and self-denial; but he had not eaten. As philosophy is but a meagre supper, except one has had a dinner before it, I invited him to share my meal; and although he could hardly guess from the few words I had spoken to what country I belonged, he condescended to accept. We fell into conversation. He seemed to take a fancy to me, and we made some excursions together to the Isle of Rats and the right bank of the Rhine. I paid the boatman.

As we were returning one evening from the tower of Hatto, I asked him to supper. The major was at table. My learned entomologist had caught a fine scarabæus encased in blue, and happened to say when showing it to me, "Nothing is so beautiful as the *sagres bleues*." Upon hearing which the major could not refrain from interrupting with, "Faith, sir, the *sacres-bleus* are occasionally useful for stirring up soldiers and horses on the march, but I never knew before that they were beautiful."

And so you have my adventures at Bingen. Although the town is not large, I don't know any place more conducive to ridding you of your loose cash. A regular cascade of *something-to-drinks* rains down on you from

all sides, — from porter and guide, from chamber-maid and boatman, and at the end of them the purse of the unhappy traveller is as flat as a pancake.

By the way, since I quitted Bacharach, I have left behind me thalers, silbergrossen, and pfennings and have entered the land of florins and kreutzers. Confusion worse confounded! If you enter a shop, you will hear some such dialogue as this, —

"How much?"

"One florin fifty-three kreutzers."

"Explain yourself more clearly."

"That makes one thaler two grosschen and eighteen pfennings in Prussian coin."

"Pardon me, I do not yet understand. How much in French money?"

"A florin is worth two francs three sous and one centime; a Prussian thaler, three francs and three quarters; a silbergrossen, two sous and a half; a kreutzer three fourths of a sou; a pfenning three fourths of a liard." Then I answer, like the Don Cæsar with whom you are acquainted, "That is perfectly clear," and I open my purse, trusting to the proverbial honesty which is probably the Ubian altar of which Tacitus speaks, — *Ara Ubiorum.*

The pronunciation also complicates things. Among the Hessians, "kreutzer" is pronounced "creusse;" among the Badenese, "criche;" and in Switzerland, "cruche."

CHAPTER XXIII.

MAYENCE.

Cathedral. — Its Interior. — Henry Frauenlob, the Tasso of Mayence.— Market Place.

MAYENCE and Frankfort, like Versailles and Paris, may at the present time be called one town. In the Middle Ages there was a distance of eight leagues between them, which was then considered a long journey; now, an hour and a quarter will suffice to transport you from one to the other. The buildings of Frankfort and Mayence, like those of Liége, have been devastated by modern good taste, and old and venerable edifices are rapidly disappearing, giving place to frightful groups of white houses. I expected to see at Mayence, Martinsburg, which up to the seventeenth century was the feudal residence of the ecclesiastical electors; but the French made a hospital of it, which was afterwards razed to the ground to make room for the Porte Franc; the Merchant's Hotel, built in 1317 by the famed League, and which was splendidly decorated with the statues of seven electors, and surmounted by two colossal figures, bearing the crown of the empire, also shared the same fate.

I reckoned on lodging opposite, in the hostelry of the Three Crowns, opened in 1360 by the Cleemann family, and certainly the oldest inn in Europe; I had hoped to find one of those hostelries described by the Chevalier de Gramont, with an immense fireplace, a spacious hall with pillars and beams, the wall of which would be one continued latticed window, and, outside, a stone to mount your mule. I did not even enter it. The ancient inn of the Cleemanns is now a sham Hotel Meurice, with rose-windows in pasteboard at the roofs, and at the windows all that luxuriance of drapery and poverty of curtains which characterize German hotels.

Some day, Mayence will do with the house Bona Monte and the house Zum Jungen, what Paris has done with the venerable House of the Pillars at the Halles. It will be destroyed; and some ugly façade adorned with an ugly bust will take the place of the roof that saw the birth of John Gensfleisch, gentleman of the chamber to the elector Adolphus of Nassau, but whom posterity knows under the name of Gutenberg, as it knows, under the name of Molière, Jean Baptiste Poquelin, valet of Louis XIV.

Still, the old churches protect all that surrounds them; and it is around its cathedral that you must search for Mayence, just as it is around its collegial precincts that you must search for Frankfort.

Cologne is a Gothic city, still lingering in the Roman epoch; Frankfort and Mayence are two Gothic cities already affected by the Renaissance, and with something of the rococo and spurious art of the succeeding century.

Hence, there is an indescribable Flemish atmosphere about them that distinguishes them, and almost isolates them from the other cities of the Rhine. You feel at Cologne that the austere architects of the Dome, Master Gerard, Master Arnold, and Master John, long influenced the taste of the city. You can imagine these three great shades watching for four centuries over Cologne, protecting the church of Plectrude, the church of Annon, the tomb of Theophania, and the golden chamber of the eleven thousand virgins; barring the way against false taste, preserving the purity of the ogives and arches; weeding the endive work of Louis XV., wherever it dared to appear; maintaining in all the firmness of their outlines the carved gables and severe *hôtels* of the fourteenth century; and we see that they have been routed, like the lion by the ass, only by the presence of the stupid and abominable art of the Parisian architects of the Empire and the Restoration. At Mayence and Frankfort, on the other hand, we have the Rubens school of architecture. The vigorous and flowing outline, the rich Flemish caprices, the thick, involved vegetation of iron trellis-work loaded with flowers and animals, the inexhaustible variety of angles and turrets; superabundance of colour and of opulent contours that show more health than beauty; masks, tritons, naiads, and dolphins streaming with water, all the robust, fleshy sculpture of paganism, enormous and hyperbolical ornamentation, magnificent bad taste, — all these invaded the city after the beginning of the seventeenth century, and have decked and festooned according to their fantastic imaginings the antique and

solemn German architecture of the city. Seen as the bird flies, Mayence and Frankfort, having both the same position, — the one on the Rhine, the other on the Mein, — which Cologne has, have necessarily the same form. Upon the opposite bank, the bridge of boats of Mayence has produced Castel, and the stone bridge of Frankfort has produced Sachshausen, just as the bridge of Cologne has produced Deuz.

The dome of Mayence, like the cathedrals of Worms and Treves, has no façade, and terminates at its two extremities by two choirs. These are two Roman apses, having each its transept facing each other, and united by a great nave, as if the two churches were soldered together by their façade. The two churches touch and unite at their feet. This geometrical formation results in six towers; that is to say, on each apsis a large belfry between two turrets, like the priest between the deacon and subdeacon, — a symbolism that reproduces, as I have said elsewhere, in our own cathedrals the great rose-window between its two ogives.

The two apses, whose junction composes the cathedral of Mayence, are of two different epochs, and although almost identical in geometrical design, and very nearly so in dimensions, present a complete and striking contrast. The smaller one dates from the tenth century, having been begun in 978 and finished in 1009; the other, whose great tower is two hundred feet high, was commenced some time after; but it was burned in 1190, and since then every century has added a stone to it. A hundred years ago, the reigning taste invaded the dome;

all the flora of the Pompadour style has mingled its frippery, its foliage, and its Byzantine lacework with the Lombard lozenge and the full Saxon arch; and to-day this queer, grimacing vegetation covers the old apsis. The huge belfry, broad and spacious at its base, haughtily crowned by three diadems wrought in flowers, whose diameters diminish towards the summit, with its rose and facet-cut ornaments, looks as if it were built of gems rather than of stones. On the other tower, which is severe and simple, Byzantine as well as Gothic, modern builders have erected, probably through economy, a sharp-pointed cupola, supported at its base on a circle of pointed gables, resembling the crown of the Lombard kings; this cupola is of zinc, without gilding or ornament, slightly rounded in the centre, reminding one of the pontifical mitre of primitive times, — the austere tiara of Gregory VII. looking on the splendid tiara of Boniface VIII.; a lofty thought, wrought and sculptured by Time and Chance, those two great architects.

The whole of this venerable edifice has been smeared over with rose-coloured plaster from top to bottom, — the two apses as well as the great nave and the six towers. The thing has been managed with exquisite taste! The Byzantine tower is in pale rose, the Pompadour in red!

Like the chapel of Aix, the cathedral of Mayence has its gates of bronze adorned with heads of lions; those of Aix-la-Chapelle are Roman. When I visited Aix and saw these doors, I vainly sought, as you may remember, the hole made by the kick of the devil when he flew away in his fury at having swallowed the soul of a wolf

instead of the soul of a fat burgess. There is no story of this kind connected with the doors of the cathedral of Mayence. They are of the eleventh century, and had been given by Archbishop Willigis to the church of Our Lady, which is to-day demolished; they were taken from it to embellish the majestic Roman portal of the cathedral. Over the top of the two folding doors are written in Roman characters the privileges accorded the city in 1135 by Archbishop Adelbert, Elector of Cologne. Below is engraved this older legend (*sic*): —

WILLIGISVS ARCHIEPS EX METALLI
SPECIE VALVAS EFFECERAT PRIMVS

If the interior of Mayence recalls the Flemish cities, the interior of the cathedral recalls the Belgian churches. The nave, the two apses, the chapels, and the two transepts are without stained glass or mystery; they are plastered in white from the pavement to the roof, but sumptuously furnished. The eye meets everywhere with frescos, pictures, woodwork, twisted and gilt columns. But the true jewels of the immense edifice are the tombs of the Archbishop Electors. The church is paved with them, the altars are made of them, the pillars are buttressed by them, and the walls are covered with them; they are magnificent slabs of stone and marble, more precious on account of their carving than the golden plates of Solomon's temple. I have verified in the church, in the capitulary hall, and in the cloister, one tomb of the eighth century, two of the thirteenth, six of the four-

teenth, six of the fifteenth, eleven of the sixteenth, eight of the seventeenth, and nine of the eighteenth, in all forty-three sepulchres. Among these I do not reckon the altar-tombs, difficult of approach and examination, nor the pavement-tombs, sombre and confused mosaics of death, becoming more and more worn out under the footsteps of the tourist. I also omit the four or five insignificant tombs of the nineteenth century.

All these tombs, with the exception of five, are the burial-places of archbishops. On the thirty-eight cenotaphs, scattered without chronological order and at random under a forest of Byzantine columns, with enigmatical capitals, the art of six centuries develops itself and ramifies its inextricable branches, from which falls a double fruit, — the history of ideas and the history of facts. There, Liebenstein, Hompurg, Gemmingen, Heufenstein, Brandenburg, Steinburg, Ingelheim, Dalberg, Eltz, Stadion, Weinsberg, Ostein, Leyen, Hennenberg, Turm-and-Taxis, — almost all the great names of Rhenish Germany, — shine through that gloomy radiance which tombs shed in the darkness of churches. All the fancies of an epoch and of an artist mingle with the caprices of the dead in all these epitaphs. The mausoleums of the eighteenth century half disclose their skeletons, bearing in their long fleshless fingers the archiepiscopal mitre or the electoral cap. The archbishops of the time of Richelieu and Louis XIII. recline upon their sarcophagi, resting on their elbows. The arabesques of the Renaissance throw out their tendrils, and perch their chimeras on the delicate foliage of the fifteenth century, and ex-

hibit under a thousand charming complications statuettes, Latin distichs, and painted escutcheons. Austere names, like those of Mathias Burhecg, Conradus Rheingraf, are inscribed between the tonsured monk that represents the clergy and the mailed man-at-arms that represents the nobility, under the pure equiangular ogive of the fourteenth century; and on the painted and gilt slab of the thirteenth century, gigantic archbishops, who have apocalyptic monsters under their feet, crown with both hands kings and emperors, their inferiors. In this haughty attitude you behold Siegfried, staring at you with his mummy eyes, who crowned two emperors, — Henry of Thuringia and William of Holland; and Peter Aspeld, who crowned two emperors and one king, — Louis of Bavaria, Henry VII., and John of Bohemia. Coats of arms, heraldic mantles, mitres, crowns, electoral caps, cardinals' hats, sceptres, swords, crosiers, superabound, and are piled up on the monuments, and serve to impress the wayfarer with the power of that great and formidable figure that presided over the nine electors of the German Empire, and was styled the Archbishop of Mayence. It is the chaos, already half hid in darkness, of things illustrious or august, of venerable or dread emblems, by which these powerful princes wished to create an idea of their grandeur, and from which has only sprung an idea of their nothingness.

It is a striking fact, showing to what degree the French Revolution was a providential and necessary, nay, mathematical, resultant of the entire European system, that what it has destroyed, it has destroyed for-

ever. It came at its appointed hour, like a wood-cutter in a hurry to finish his task, to cut down all the old trees mysteriously marked by the Lord. We must feel, as I think I have remarked somewhere, that in it there was a *quid divinum*. Nothing it has cast down has risen again; nothing it has condemned has survived; nothing it has undone has been renewed. And let us observe here that the life of nations does not hang by the same thread as that of individuals. Cities and realms are killed only when their time has come to die. The French Revolution touched Venice, and Venice fell; it touched the Empire of Germany, and the Empire of Germany fell; it touched the electors, and the electors vanished. The same year, the great abysmal year, saw swallowed up the King of France, who was almost a god, and the Archbishop of Mayence, who was almost a king.

The French Revolution has not extirpated or destroyed Rome, because Rome has not foundations but roots, — roots whose growth is unceasing in the shadow under Rome and under all nations; roots that penetrate the entire globe from end to end, and reappear at the present hour in China and Japan at the extremity of the earth.

William von Hagen, the town clerk of Cologne in 1270, — the Jean de Troyes of his age, — relates in his Chronicle (a manuscript unhappily torn during the French occupation, and of which there are a few leaves in the library of the city of Darmstadt) that during the reign of the same Archbishop Siegfried, whose tomb in the cathedral is such an impressive spectacle, an old

astrologer named Mabusius was condemned to the stake as a sorcerer, and was led to be executed at the stone gibbet of Lorchausen, which marked the frontier of the Archbishop of Mayence, and faced another gibbet, which marked the frontier of the Count Palatine. When the astrologer reached the spot he refused the crucifix, and obstinately declared that he was a prophet. The monk who attended him asked him, with a sneer, in what year would the line of the archbishops come to an end. The old man asked to have his right hand unbound, which was done. Then he picked up a nail lying on the ground, and after a moment's reflection engraved on the front of the gibbet facing Mayence this singular polygram, —

IV. XX XIII

Thereupon he gave himself up to the executioner, whose aids laughed at his folly and his riddle. To-day we find, by combining these three mysterious numbers, the portentous date '93, — *quatre, vingt, treize.*

And be it also noted that this grisly gibbet, bearing on its menacing front since the thirteenth century the date of the fall of empires, bore also the date of its own condemnation. The gibbet formed a part of the ancient power. The French Revolution had as little respect for gibbets as it had for dynasties. There was no longer

reverence for either stone or marble. The scaffold also has lost its majesty and grandeur in the nineteenth century; it is now made of deal, like the throne.

Like Aix-la-Chapelle, Mayence has had one bishop — only one — named by Napoleon. He is said to have been an excellent pastor; he sat on the throne from 1802 till 1818, and is buried in what was once his cathedral. It must be confessed that, in presence of the majestic nothingness of the archiepiscopal electors of Mayence, the nothingness of M. Louis Colmar, bishop of the Department of Mont-Tonnerre, shrinks, if that were possible, into still smaller dimensions in its paltry little tomb. If, instead of a prelate's medallion, a dial were affixed to it, it would serve as the model for a Gothic clock for the wealthy tradesmen of the Rue Saint-Denis. However, this modest bishop, who was at least great in this, that he was an accident of the Revolution, destroyed the last sovereign archbishop. Since M. Louis Colmar, there has been no bishop in Mayence, to-day the capital of Rhenish Hesse.

I have found there, also, an Arcadian couple of archbishop brothers interred opposite each other after having reigned over the same people and governed the same souls, — one in 1390, the other in 1419. John and Adolphus of Nassau gaze on one another in the nave of Mayence, just as Adolphus and Antony of Schauenburg do in the choir of Cologne.

I have said that one of the forty-three tombs was of the eighth century. This one is not the monument of an archbishop; but it is the one for which I first sought,

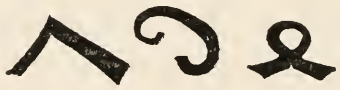
and at which I lingered longest, for it was associated in my mind with the great sepulchre at Aix-la-Chapelle. It is the tomb of Fastrada, the wife of Charlemagne. The tomb of Fastrada is a simple slab of white marble fixed in the wall. I have deciphered this inscription on it, engraved in Roman letters with Byzantine abbreviations: —

FASTRADANA PIA CAROLI CONIVX VOCITATA
CHRISTO DILECTA IACET HOC SVB MARMORE TECTA
ANNO SEPTENGENTESIMO NONAGESIMO QVARTO.

Then come these three mysterious verses: —

QVEM NVMERVM METRO CLAVDERE MVSA NEGAT
REX PIE QVEM GESSIT VIRGO LICET HIC CINERESCIT.
SPIRITVS HÆRES SIT PATRIE QVÆ TRISTIA NESCIT.

And underneath the year 1000, in Arabic: —



It was, in fact, in 794 that Fastrada, at first buried in the church of Saint Alban, was interred under this slab. A thousand years after, — with such awful precision does history interfere in great events, — in 1794, the consort of Charlemagne was disturbed in her rest. Her ancient city of Mayence was bombarded; her church of Saint Alban was in flames; her tomb was opened. No one knows what has become of her bones. The slab of her tomb was removed to the cathedral.

Such is the story a poor old beadle, in a bobwig and a

veteran's tunic, relates to the traveller to-day. In addition to the tombs, the shrines with figures, the gold-grounded oil-paintings on wood, bas-reliefs on altars, each of the two apses has its special decorations.

The old apsis of 798, adorned with two charming Byzantine staircases, encircles a magnificent baptismal urn, in bronze, of the fourteenth century. On the exterior face of this vast piscina are sculptured the Twelve Apostles and Saint Martin, patron of the church. The cover was broken during the bombardment. Under the empire — that age of fine taste! — they capped the Gothic font with a kind of saucepan.

The other apsis — the largest and most modern — is occupied, and almost choked, with woodwork and stalls in black oak, on which the impetuous style of the eighteenth century displays all its scorn for the straight line; and this with such violence that it almost attains to beauty. Never has a more delicate chisel, a more potent fantasy, or a more varied invention been placed at the service of bad taste. Four statues — Crescentius, first bishop of Mayence in the year 70; Boniface, first archbishop in 755; Willigis, first elector in 1011; and Bardo, founder of the cathedral — stand gravely around the choir, and above the Oriental daïs of the archbishop is the group of Saint Martin and the Beggar. At the entrance to the choir stand Aaron in all the mysterious pomp of the Hebrew High Priest, who represents the spirituality, and Melchizedek, who represents the temporality of the bishop.

The Archbishop of Mayence, like the prince-bishops of

Worms and Liége, like the Archbishops of Cologne and Treves, and like the Pope, united in his person the double pontificate; he was at once Aaron and Melchizedek.

The capitulary hall, bordering on the choir, is gloomy and superb, and with its splendid Pompadour woodwork repeats the antithesis of the two big towers. Nothing is seen but a great naked high wall; a dusty pavement, with tombs here and there in relief; some remains of stained glass in the baw window; a coloured pediment representing Saint Martin, not as a Roman knight, but as bishop of Tours; three great groups of sculpture of the sixteenth century, — the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, and the Ascension; around the hall, a stone bench for the canons; and at the back, a broad seat for the archbishop, also in stone, which recalls the austere marble chair of the first popes, which is still kept at Notre-Dame-des-Doms-d'Avignon. And if we leave this hall we enter a cloister, — a cloister of the fourteenth century, which at all times has been a severe spot, and is to-day a gloomy spot. The bombardment of '94 is there written everywhere. Tall, damp grass, amid which lie stones silvered by the slime of serpents; ogive arches broken, tombstones cracked by shells as if they were panes of glass; stone knights, armed cap-a-pie, stricken in the face by bombs, and rendered unrecognizable; old women's rags drying on lines; and planking which has here and there taken the place of granite, — a dismal solitude only broken by the croaking of the ravens. Such is to-day the archiepiscopal cloister of Mayence. Bullets and petards have left their mark everywhere. Two

or three melancholy statues, standing in a corner under the rain and the wind, look on in silence at all this desolation.

Under the galleries of the cloister I observed an obscure monument, a bas-relief of the fourteenth century, and tried in vain to guess the enigma. On one side are two men in chains, wildness in their looks, and despair in their attitudes; on the other, an emperor, accompanied by a bishop, and surrounded by a number of people, triumphing. Is it Barbarossa? Is it Louis of Bavaria? Does it speak of the revolt of 1160, or of the war between Mayence and Frankfort in 1332? I could not tell, and therefore passed by.

As I was leaving the galleries, I discovered in the shade a sculptured head, half protruding from the wall, surmounted by a crown of flower-work, similar to that worn by the kings of the eleventh century. I looked at it. It had a mild countenance; yet there was stamped on it that severe and august beauty which sublime thoughts give to man. Above it some visitor had written "Frauenlob!" a name which reminds one of that Tasso of Mayence, so calumniated during life, so revered after death. When Henry Frauenlob died in 1318, the women of Mayence, who had mocked him when alive, carried his coffin to the grave. The women and the coffin are carved in stone a little beneath his head. The head is grand, and the sculptor has represented him with his eyes open. Amid the crowd of bishops and princes reposing in this church, the poet alone appears to keep watch with unwearied vigilance.

The market-place around the cathedral, has rather an amusing and pleasing aspect. In the middle is a pretty triangular fountain of the German Renaissance, which, besides having sceptres, nymphs, angels, dolphins, and mermaids, serves as a pedestal to the Virgin Mary. Upon one of the faces is the following pentameter: —

Albertus princeps civibus ipse suis.

This recalls, but with less geniality, the dedication written on the fountain raised by the last elector of Treves, near his palace, in the new city of Coblentz:

Clemens Vinceslaus, elector, vicinis suis.

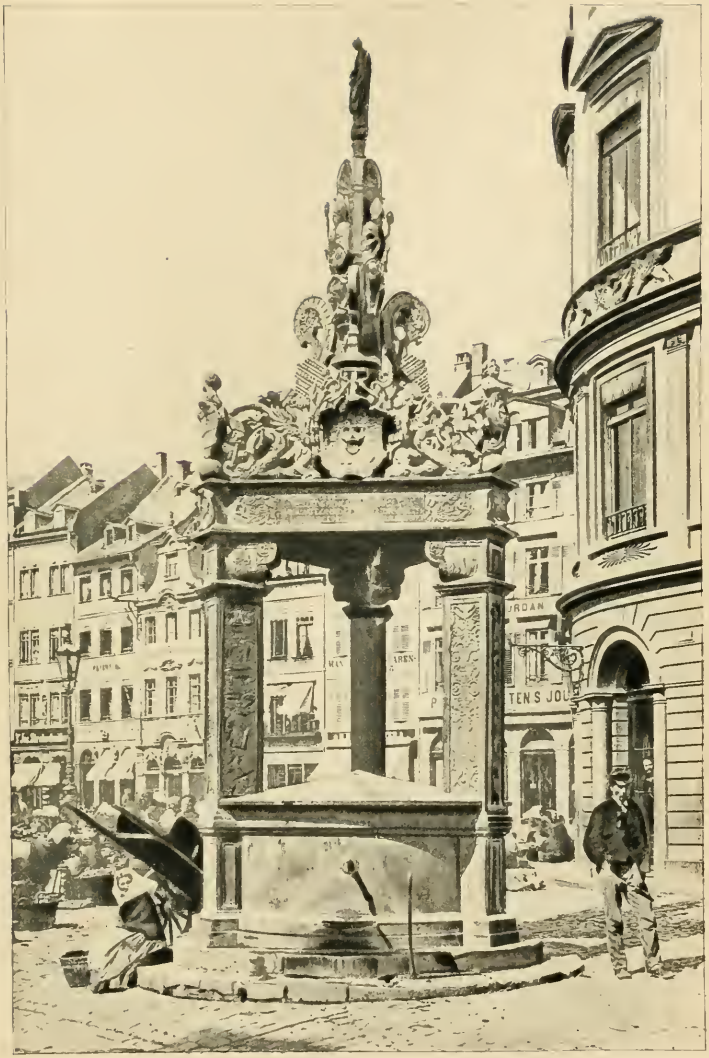
To his fellow-citizens is constitutional; to his neighbours is charming.

The fountain of Mayence was built by Albert of Brandenburg, who reigned about 1540 and whose epitaph I have just read in the cathedral: "Albert, Cardinal, Priest of Saint Peter-in-Chains, Archchancellor of the Holy Empire, Marquis of Brandenburg, Duke of Stettin and Pomerania, elector." He erected, or rather rebuilt, this fountain as a souvenir of the successes of Charles V. and the captivity of Francis I., as is shown by this inscription in gold letters lately restored: —

DIVO KAROLO V CÆSARE SEMP. AVG. POST VICTORIA GALLICAM REGE IPSO AD TICINV̄ SVPERATO AC CAPTO TRIV̄PHANTE FATALIQ RVSTICORV̄PER GERM̄NIA̅ CO̅SPI RATIONE PROSTRATA ALBER. CARD. ET ARCHIEP. MOG. FONTE̅ HVNC VETVSTATE DILAPSV̄ AD CIVIV̄ SVORVM POSTERITATISQVE VSVM RESTITVI CVRAVIT.

Fountain, Market-Place, Mayence.

Photo-etching by John Andrew and Son Company, from Photograph.



Seen from the top of the citadel, Mayence presents sixteen redoubts, from which the guns of the Germanic Confederation gracefully point, — the six towers of the cathedral, two fine military towers, a spire of the sixteenth century, four Flemish turrets, with the dome of the Carmelites in the Rue de Cassette thrice repeated, which is quite enough. On the slope of the hill crowned by the fortress, one of these ignoble domes rises above a poor old Saxon church, — one of the most melancholy and humiliated churches in the world, close to a charming Gothic cloister containing Roman sarcophagi from which the horses of the Kaiserlings drink.

The beauty of the women of the Rhine appears in its full splendour at Mayence; but, like the Flemish and Alsatian ladies, they have one defect, — curiosity. Mayence is the junction between the spy-glasses of Antwerp and the spy-turrets of Strasburg.

Mayence, white though it be, receives not the respect of a mercantile city. The river here is not less crowded with sails, the town not less encumbered with bales, nor more free from bustle, than formerly. People walk, speak, push, sell, buy, sing, and cry; in fact, in all the quarters of the town, in every house, life seems to predominate. At night the buzz and noise cease, and nothing is heard at Mayence but the murmurings of the Rhine and the everlasting noise of seventeen water-mills, which are fixed to the piles of the bridge of Charlemagne.

Whatever the Congresses may have done, or rather, in spite of what the Congresses have done, the void left by

the triple domination of the Romans, the archbishops, and the French is not filled up. No one feels at home there. The Grand Duke of Hesse reigns only in name. On his fortress of Castel he may read, "Cura confæderationis conditum;" and he may also see a white soldier and a blue soldier — that is to say, Austria and Prussia — pacing to and fro before his fortress of Mayence, with gun on shoulder. Nor do Prussia and Austria feel at home either; they jostle and elbow each other. Clearly the present state of things is only provisional. In the very wall of the citadel there is a ruin included in the new rampart, a sort of truncated pedestal, which is still called the "eagle's stone," — Adlerstein. It is the tomb of Drusus. An eagle — indeed, a formidable and all-powerful eagle — perched there for sixteen hundred years, and then vanished. It reappeared in 1804; in 1814 it flew away again. At this moment, Mayence perceives, in the direction of France, a black spot that is growing larger and is approaching. It is the eagle returning.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAINE.

Jews at Frankfort. — Slaughter-House. — Roemer. — Inhabitants of the Steeple.

I ARRIVED at Frankfort on a Saturday; and after walking for some time in search of the beauties of my old favourite town, I came to a singular street, with two long ranges of high, sombre, and sinister-looking houses, clinging to each other, as it were, in terror. Not a door was open, not a window that not was secured with iron gratings. There was no singing, no merry voices; no, a dismal silence reigned over all. One or two men passed, who looked at me with an air of suspicion and discontent, and through the bars of iron of the third-floor windows I observed several females, whose countenances were of a brown colour, and who looked with stealth to see who was passing. I was in the street of the Jews; it was their Sabbath.

At Frankfort there are still Jews and Christians, — true Christians who hate the Jews, and Jews who hate the Christians.

Both parties avoid and execrate each other. Our civilization, which holds all ideas in equilibrium and tends to banish prejudice, cannot understand why strangers should

look at one another with such hateful glances. The Jews live in their lonely houses, situated in the most retired courts, in order to avoid breathing the same air as Christians. Twelve years ago this Jewish street, rebuilt and somewhat enlarged in 1662, had still at its two extremities iron gates, furnished with bars and bolts exteriorly and interiorly. At nightfall the Jews returned home, and the two gates were locked. They were bolted on the outside as if those within were plague-stricken; and those within barricaded themselves as if they were besieged by those outside. The street of the Jews is not a street; it is a city within a city.

After issuing from the street of the Jews, I found myself in the old city. I made my entrance into Frankfort.

Frankfort is the city of the caryatides. Nowhere have I seen so many colossal porters as at Frankfort. It would be impossible to torture marble, bronze, stone, and wood with a richer invention or a more varied cruelty. Whichever way we turn, statues of all epochs, of all styles, and of all sexes are sure to meet the eye, — horned satyrs, nymphs, dwarfs, giants, sphinxes, dragons, devils; in fact, an unfortunate world of supernatural beings is to be seen here. Some bear balconies, others turrets; and the most oppressed of all have to support houses, and others raise up on their shoulders insolent bronze negroes clad in robes of gilt tin, or an immense Roman emperor in stone in all the pomp of the costume of Louis XIV., including wig, mantle, arm-chair, estrade, the table with the crown, the canopy with its draperies, a colossal

machine representing an engraving by Audran, completely reproduced in a monolith twenty feet high. These prodigious monuments are signs for inns. Under these Titanic burdens the caryatides bend in all the postures of rage, grief, and weariness. Some lower their heads, others half turn round; others place their clinched hands on their hips, or squeeze their swollen chests, which are ready to burst. Yonder is a scornful Hercules that lifts up a house six stories high with one shoulder while he shakes the hand that is free in the face of the public. There are humpbacked Vulcans, supporting one another with their knees, or unhappy Sirens whose scaly tails are frightfully crushed between stones, or angry Chimæras biting each other with fury; other figures weeping, others laughing with a bitter laugh, others making fearful grimaces at the passers-by. I noticed that many of the tap-rooms, re-echoing to the clink of glasses, are built on caryatides. The free burghers of Frankfort would seem to take a delight in piling their goods and chattels on these much enduring statues. The most horrible nightmare that could visit the good folk of Frankfort would not be the invasion of the Russians, nor the irruption of the French, nor a European war desolating the land, nor the old religious wars renewing their ravages in the fourteen quarters of the city, nor typhus, nor cholera; it would be the revolt, the unchaining, the vengence of the caryatides!

One of the curiosities of Frankfort is the Slaughter-house. It is impossible to see older and blacker houses decorated with more splendid legs of mutton and loins

of beef. Gluttonous and jovial-looking figures are curiously sculptured upon the façades; and the openings of the ground-floors seem like huge mouths, ready to devour innumerable cattle, either living or dead. The blood-bedaubed butcher chats freely with the rosy-cheeked *bouchéres* under garlands of gigots and before a red stream, on which two fountains are playing, as it runs smoking through the middle of the street. When I was there, frightful cries were heard in all directions, — it was a massacre of sucking-pigs that was taking place. Servants with baskets on their arms were laughing amidst the general uproar, and casting amorous looks towards some stalwart youths, with knives in their hands, who were ready to obey the demands of their customers; here, some bargaining; there, others quarrelling. A butcher passed carrying a sucking-pig by the hind legs, which I would have purchased had I known what to do with it. The poor little creature squeaked not; it was ignorant of its impending fate, and knew not what was about to take place. A pretty little girl about four years of age was looking at it with compassion, and seemed to beseech me with her soft eyes to purchase the little thing and save it from immediate death. I did not do what that charming eye told me; I disobeyed her demand, so sweetly expressed; but I reproached myself afterwards for not gratifying the wishes of that innocent child.

After leaving the Slaughter-house, we enter a large square, worthy of Flanders, and which excites the curiosity of all travellers. It comprises all the styles of

architecture of the Renaissance, and is ornamented according to the taste of that epoch. Near the middle of the square are two fountains, — the one of the Renaissance, and the other of the eighteenth century, — upon the tops of which are the staues of Minerva and Judith (the Homeric and Biblical viragos), the former bearing the head of Medusa, the latter that of Holofernes. Judith — beautiful, haughty, and charming, surrounded by four sirens who blow trumpets at her feet — is a heroic maiden of the Renaissance; she no longer holds the head of Holofernes, which she used to bear in her left hand, but she still has the sword in her right, and her robe, ruffled by the wind, rises above her marble knee and discloses one of the finest and firmest carved legs that can be seen anywhere.

Some critics insist that this statue represents Justice, and that what she held in her hand was not the head of Holofernes, but a balance. I attach no value to this opinion. A Justice with the balance in her left hand and the sword in her right would be Injustice. Beside, Justice has no right to be so pretty nor to wear so short a petticoat.

Opposite to this figure rise the three gables of the Roemer with their black dial and their five severe windows of unequal height. It was in the Roemer that the emperors were elected, and in this square that they were proclaimed. It was also in this square that were held and are still held the two famous fairs of Frankfort, — the September fair, instituted in 1240 by letters-patent of Frederick II., and the Easter fair, established in 1330

by Louis of Bavaria. These fairs have survived the emperors and the empire.

I now entered the Roemer, and after roaming about without meeting any one in a wide hall with low arched ceiling, already encumbered with stalls for the fair, I ascended a broad staircase with balustrade after the style of Louis XIII., adorned with some poor pictures without frames; then I groped along a number of corridors and dark passages, and by dint of knocking at several doors I at last discovered an old woman, who, when she heard me utter the word *Kaisersaal*, took a key from a nail in her kitchen and led me to the Hall of the Emperors. The good woman smilingly conducted me first into the old Hall of the Electors, — to-day, if I mistake not, the place where the high and mighty Senate of Frankfort holds its sessions. It was here that the electors, or their delegates, declared the emperor King of the Romans. On an arm-chair between the two windows, the Archbishop of Mayence presided. Next came in order, seated around an immense table covered with yellow leather, the electors of Treves, Bohemia, and Saxony, on the right of the Archbishop of Mayence; the electors of Cologne, the Palatinate, and Brandenburg on his left, and those of Brunswick and Bavaria in front. The traveller experiences the feeling produced by simple things that in themselves contain great things, when he sees and touches the reddish, dusty covering of this table around which the German kaisar was chosen. With the exception of the table, which has been transported into a neighbouring room, the Hall of the Electors

is to-day in the same condition in which it was in the seventeenth century. The nine escutcheons on the ceiling, surrounding a poor fresco; red damask tapestry; old silver-plated candelabra representing figures of Fame; a large mirror between twisted pillars, and opposite it a full-length portrait of Joseph II; above the door a portrait of the last of the grandsons of Charlemagne, who died in 910, just as he was about to reign, and called by the Germans "the child," — such are all the adornments of this memorable hall. The whole has an austere, serious, and quiet aspect that induces you to meditate rather than to observe.

After the Hall of the Electors. I examined the Hall of the Emperors.

In the fourteenth century, the Lombard merchants who have left their names to the Roemer, and who used to keep their counters there, took it into their heads to surround the grand hall with niches for the display of their merchandise. An architect whose name is lost constructed forty-five of them around the hall. In 1564, Maximilian II. was elected at Frankfort and shown to the people from the balcony of this hall, which from that time was called the Kaisersaal, and served for the proclamation of the emperors. Then it was thought necessary to decorate it, and the first idea was to install the statues of all the German Cæsars who had been elected and crowned since the extinction of the race of Charlemagne in these niches, reserving such as were vacant for future Cæsars. From Conrad I., in 911, to Ferdinand I., in 1556, thirty-six emperors had been

consecrated at Aix-la-Chapelle. After adding to them the new King of the Romans, there remained but eight empty niches. These hardly seemed enough. Still, the project was executed, with the proviso that the hall should be enlarged if necessary. The niches were furnished with their tenants at the rate of about four emperors a century. When Joseph II. ascended the imperial throne in 1764, only one niche was vacant. Then there was a serious intention to make additions to the niches prepared five centuries before by the architects of the Lombard merchants. In 1794, Francis II., the forty-fifth King of the Romans, occupied the forty-fifth niche. When the hall was full, the German empire crumbled to pieces.

The unknown architect was destiny. This mysterious hall with the forty-five recesses is the very history of Germany, which after the extinction of the race of Charlemagne was fated to contain forty-five emperors and no more.

There, in fact, in that oblong hall, vast, cold, and almost dark; encumbered at one of its corners with lumber, among which is the leather-covered table of the electors; scarcely lighted at its eastern extremity by the five narrow unequal windows, which form a sort of pyramid to harmonize with the exterior gable; between four high walls loaded with defaced frescos; under a wooden vault with groinings once gilt; alone, in a kind of half-shadow that resembles the beginning of oblivion; all rudely painted and represented in busts of bronze whose pedestals bear the two dates that open and close

each reign; some crowned with laurel like Roman Cæsars, others wearing the Germanic diadem, — there gaze upon each other in silence, each in his gloomy ogive, the three Conrads, the seven Henrys, the four Othos, one Lothaire, four Fredericks, one Philip, two Rodolfs, one Adolphus, two Alberts, one Louis, four Charleses, one Wenceslaus, one Robert, one Sigismund, two Maximilians, three Ferdinands, one Mathias, two Leopolds, two Josephs, two Francises: forty-five phantoms that during nine centuries, from 911 to 1806, have crossed the history of the world, with the sword of Saint Peter in one hand and the globe of Charlemagne in the other.

At the extremity opposite the five windows is a mediocre painting representing the judgment of Solomon, now grown black and faded.

When the electors had finally chosen the emperor, the Senate of Frankfort assembled in that hall, the burghers, divided into fourteen sections according to the fourteen quarters of the city, met in the square outside. Then the five windows of the Kaisersaal facing the people opened. The great window in the centre was surmounted by a canopy and remained empty. At the middle window on the right, adorned with an iron balcony from which I had a view of the main street of Mayence, the emperor appeared alone in his imperial robes and crown. He had the three electors of Mayence, Treves, and Cologne on his right, gathered together at the little window. At two other windows on the left of the great unoccupied window were the electors of Bohemia, Bavaria, the Palatinate, Saxony, Brunswick,

and Brandenburg. In the square, just in front of the façade of the Roemer, there were a large heap of corn, an urn full of gold and silver coin, a table bearing a silver ewer and a bottle, and another table upon which was an ox roasted whole; all these objects were surrounded by guards. As soon as the emperor made his appearance there was a flourish of trumpets and a clash of cymbals, and the archmarshal of the Holy Empire, the archchancellor, the archcupbearer, the archtreasurer, and the archcarver entered the square in solemn procession. Amid the acclamations of the crowd and the roar of trumpets, the archmarshal spurred his steed into the heap of corn up to the saddle-girth, and filled a silver vessel; the archchancellor took the ewer from the table; the archcupbearer filled the bottle with wine and water; the archtreasurer took money from the urn and flung it among the people in handfuls; the archcarver cut a slice of roast beef. At this moment the grand prebendary arose, proclaimed the emperor in a loud voice, and read the oath to the people. When he had finished, the Senate in the hall and the burghers in the square gravely answered, "Yes." During the taking of the oath, the new emperor, now a formidable personage, took up the crown and grasped the sword. From 1564 to 1794, this hall now ignored and this square now deserted beheld this majestic ceremony nine times.

The great offices of the empire, which belonged by inheritance to the electors, were filled by delegates. In the Middle Ages, the secondary monarchies considered it highly

honourable as well as politic to occupy the great offices of the two empires, which had taken the place of the Roman Empire. Each prince gravitated towards the imperial centre nearest to him. The King of Bohemia was archcupbearer to the German emperor; the Doge of Venice was protospatary to the Emperor of the East.

After the proclamation in the Roemer came the coronation at the collegial church.

I have followed in the track of the ancient ceremonial. After leaving the Kaisersaal, I entered the church.

The collegial church of Frankfort, dedicated to Saint Bartholomew, is composed of a double crossed nave of the fourteenth century, surmounted by a fine tower of the fifteenth, unfortunately still unfinished. The church and tower are of a fine red gritstone blackened by age. The interior alone is plastered.

This is another example of a Belgian church. White walls, no stained glass, but a rich collection of sculptured altars, coloured tombs, pictures, and bas-reliefs. In the naves are austere marble knights, mustachioed bishops of the time of Gustavus Adolphus with the air of lansquenets, admirable niches looking as if they must have been wrought by fairies, magnificent copper lamps reminding one of the lamp of the Alchemist in Gerard Dow's picture, a "Christ at the Tomb" painted in the fourteenth century, and a "Virgin at the Bed of Death" carved in the fifteenth. In the choir may be seen some curious frescos, horrible with their Saint Bartholomew, charming with their Magdalen; a rough piece of wood-carving of about the year 1400; woodwork and frescos given by the Knight of Ingelheim,

who has had himself painted in a corner with his escutcheon *or*, chevrons *gules*. On the walls there is a complete collection of those fantastic morions and frightful crests peculiar to German chivalry, hanging from nails on the walls like so many saucepans and kettles. Near the door is one of those enormous clocks which may be compared to a house of two stories, a book of three volumes, a poem in twenty cantos; it is a world in itself. Its brow bears a diurnal dial on a broad Flemish fronton; at the bottom, in the depths of a species of cavern in which move numberless thick threads which might be taken for the antennæ of monstrous insects, revolves mysteriously the dial of the year. The hours turn round above; the seasons, below. The sun in the glory of his gilded rays, the moon, white and black, the stars on a blue ground, perform complicated evolutions which act at the other end of the clock on a system of little pictures where scholars skate, old men warm themselves, peasants cut corn, and shepherdesses pick flowers. Maxims and sentences which have somewhat lost their varnish shine in a sky lit by stars that have somewhat lost their gilding. Each time the hands point to the hour, doors open and close on the fronton of the clock, and figures armed with hammers, abruptly issuing forth or returning, strike the hours on a bell, at the same time executing odd little pirouettes. All this mechanism lives, palpitates, and roars in the very walls of the church with some such noise as a whale might make shut up in the big tun of Heidelberg,

The church possesses an admirable Crucifixion of Van Dyke. Albert Dürer and Rubens have each a picture

on the same subject, — Christ on the knees of the Virgin. The subject is the same in appearance, but the two pictures are very different. Rubens has placed on the knees of the Divine mother a child-Jesus; Albert Dürer, a Christ crucified. Nothing equals the grace of the first figure, if it be not the anguish of the second. Each of the two painters has followed his genius. Rubens has chosen life, Dürer death.

Another picture in which anguish and grace are mingled is a precious painting on leather of the sixteenth century, representing the interior of the sepulchre of Saint Cecilia. The frame is composed of the principal incidents in the life of the saint. In the middle, under a gloomy crypt, the saint is lying at full length on her face, in her golden robe, with the gash made by the axe in her neck,—a rosy and delicate wound resembling a charming mouth which one would like to kiss kneeling. You seem to hear the voice of the holy songstress issue forth and sing, "por la boca de su herida." Beneath the bier is written in letters of gold, —

En tibi sanctissimæ virginis Ceciliæ in sepulchro jacentis imaginem, prorsus eodem corporis situ expressam.

In the sixteenth century, a pope (Leo X., I believe) caused the tomb of Saint Cecilia to be opened, and this delightful painting is said to be an exact reproduction of the miraculous body.

It was in the centre of the collegial church, at the entrance to the choir, at the point of intersection of transept and nave, that the emperors who succeeded Maximilian II.

were crowned. I saw in a corner of the transept the immense gilt imperial crown, wrapped up in grey paper, which was suspended above their heads during the ceremony; and this reminded me that, a year before, I had seen the carpet wrought with *fleur-de-lis* used at the coronation of Charles X. tied up and forgotten in a wheelbarrow in the lumber room of the cathedral of Rheims. To the right of the spot where the emperor was crowned, the Gothic wood-carving complacently exhibits the following antithesis wrought in oak: Saint Bartholomew skinned alive, carrying his skin on his arm and disdainfully looking over his left shoulder at the devil perched on a magnificent pyramid of mitres, diadems, helmets, tiaras, sceptres, swords, and crowns. A little farther on, the new emperor could, from behind the tapestries where he was doubtless concealed, get a glimpse at moments of that sinister apparition, the stone image of the unfortunate pseudo-emperor Gunther of Schwarzburg, standing in the shadow against the wall, with fatality and hate in his eyes, holding with one arm his shield with the lion rampant, and in the other his imperial morion. A proud and terrible tomb this, which during two hundred and thirty years has witnessed the enthronement of emperors, and whose gloomy granite figure has survived all those celebrations of painted pasteboard and gilt wood.

I now desired to ascend the steeple. The *glockner* who had conducted me through the church, and who did not know a word of French, left me at the foot of the stairs, and I mounted alone. When I reached the top, I found myself intercepted by a barrier of iron spikes; I called,

but received no answer; whereupon I decided to climb over, and stood on the platform of the Pfarrthurm.

The view here was charming. Over my head was a lovely sun; at my feet the town of Frankfort; to my left, the Roemer; and to my right, the black and narrow street of the Jews. Whilst buried in a profound reverie, the clouds gathered above me, and chased by the wind, rolled about the heavens, covering and uncovering at each instant shreds of azure, while heavy drops of rain began to fall upon the earth, and lightning to flash from the heavens. I thought I was alone upon the tower, and would have remained there all day, but suddenly a rustling noise startled me, and on looking round I perceived a young girl about fourteen years of age looking at me from a small window. I advanced a few steps, and after passing the angle of the Pfarrthurm, I found myself amongst the inhabitants of the steeple, — a little world, smiling and happy. A young girl was knitting; an old woman, probably her mother, spinning; doves were cooing on the top of the steeple; and an hospitable monkey, on perceiving me, extended its little paw from the bottom of its cage. Add to this the peace of elevated places, where nothing is heard but the murmuring of the winds, and from whence we see the beauty of the surrounding country. In a part of the tower the old woman had made a fire, on which she was cooking a humble repast. How this little family came there, and for what end, I do not know; but they interested me much. This proud city, once engaged in so many wars, this city which dethroned so many Cæsars, this city whose walls were like an armour, is at present crowned by the hearth of a poor old woman.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE RHINE.

Origin of Switzerland and of the Rhine. — Configuration of the Rhine. — Its Banks and its Towns. — Rafts on the Rhine. — Secret Souvenirs. — Oberwerth.

A STREAM issues from Lake Toma, on the eastern slope of Saint Gothard; another stream issues from another lake at the foot of Mount Lucmanierberg; a third stream distils from a glacier and decends through rocks from a height of six thousand feet. At fifteen leagues from their sources, these streams meet at the same ravine, near Reichenau. There, they mingle. Do you not admire, my friend, the powerful and simple fashion in which Providence produces grand results? Three shepherds meet, and we have a nation; three streams meet, and we have a river.

The nation sprang into existence on the 17th of November, 1307, during the night, on the borders of a lake where three shepherds met and embraced; it stood upright, it called the great God to bear witness, who makes peasants and Cæsars, and then ran to seize flails and pitchforks. A rustic giant, it took that sovereign giant the Emperor of Germany in its grip. It crushed at Küssnacht the bailiff Gessler, who would have it adore his cap; at Sarnen, the bailiff Landenberg, who put out the eyes of old men; at Thalewyl, the bailiff Wolfen-

schiess, who killed women with an axe; at Morgarten, Duke Leopold; at Morat, Charles the Bold. It buried under the hill of Buttisholz the three thousand Englishmen of Enguerrand de Coucy. It held at bay the four formidable enemies that came against it from the four cardinal points: at Sempach it beat the Duke of Austria; at Granson, the Duke of Burgundy; at Chillon, the Duke of Savoy; at Novara, the Duke of Milan; and let us note by the way, that at Novara, in 1513, the Duke of Milan was duke by the right of the sword, and was called Louis XIII., King of France. It hung from a nail in its arsenals above its peasant garb, beside the chains destined for it, the splendid ducal caparisons of vanquished princes; it had great citizens, — William Tell, first, then the three liberators, then Peter Colin and Gundoldingen, who left their blood on the banner of their city, and Conrad Baumgarten and Scharnachthal and Winkelried, who cast themselves on the pikes, as Curtius did into the gulf; it struggled at Bellinzona for the inviolability of the soil, and at Cappel for the inviolability of the conscience; it lost Zwingli in 1531, but it delivered Bonnivard in 1536, and has since maintained its ground and accomplished its destiny between the four colossuses of the continent; it has remained firm, solid, impenetrable, the nucleus of civilization, the asylum of science, the refuge of thought, a barrier to unjust aggression, a support to legitimate resistance. For six hundred years, in the centre of Europe, on a rugged soil, under the eye of a benevolent Providence, these great mountaineers, worthy sons of these great mountains, grave,

cold, serene as they, submissive to necessity, jealous of their independence, in presence of absolute monarchies, idle aristocracies, and envious democracies, have lived the lives of freemen, practising at the same time the first of rights, liberty, and the first of duties, labour.

The Rhine issues forth from between two walls of granite. It takes a leap and meets at Andeer, a Roman village, the memory of Charlemagne; at Coire, the ancient Curia, the memory of Drusus; at Feldkirch the memory of Massena; then, as if consecrated for the destinies that await it by this triple baptism, — German, Roman, and French,— leaving the mind undecided between its Greek etymology of *Ῥέειν*, and its German etymology of *Rinnen*, which also signifies *to flow*, it flows indeed; it clears both forest and mountain, reaches Lake Contance, leaps down at Schaffhausen, winds round the hindmost slopes of the Jura, coasts the Vosges, pierces the chain of the extinct volcanoes of the Taunus, traverses the plains of Friesland, inundates the low bottoms of Holland; and after hollowing through rocks, lava, sand, and reeds a tortuous ravine of two hundred and seventy-seven leagues; after sending through the great European ant-hill the perpetual murmur of its waves, which sounds like the eternal quarrel between north and south; after receiving its twelve thousand tributaries, watering a hundred and fourteen cities, separating, or rather dividing, eleven nations, rolling in its foam and mingling with its noise the history of thirty centuries and thirty peoples, — it is lost in the sea. A Protean river this, the belt of empires, the limit of ambitions, the curb

of conquerors, the serpent of the enormous caduceus which the God of Commerce stretches over Europe, the grace and ornament of the globe, the long, green tress of the Alps trailing even to the ocean.

Thus, through three shepherds and three streams, Switzerland and the Rhine have their origin in the same fashion in the same mountains.

The Rhine assumes all aspects, — at one time broad, then narrow; it is transparent, tranquil, and rapid; it is a torrent at Schaffhausen, a gulf at Laufen, a river at Sickingen, a flood at Mayence, a lake at Saint Goar, and a marsh at Leyden.

The Rhine is calm, at least towards evening, and appears as if sleeping, — a phenomenon more apparent than real, and which is visible upon all great rivers.

I have said somewhere that unity in variety is the principle of all perfect art. Under this relation Nature is the greatest artist of all. She never abandons a form without having made that form pass through all its logarithms. No two things resemble each other less in appearance than a tree and a river; at bottom, however, the tree and the river have the same generative principle. Examine, in winter, a tree despoiled of its leaves, and suppose it lying flat on the ground; you will then have the aspect of a river seen from a bird's-eye view. The trunk will be the river; the main branches will be the estuaries; the smaller branches and the twigs will be the torrents, streams, and sources; the extension of the root will be the embouchure. All rivers, seen on a map, are trees bearing cities, sometimes at the ex-

tremities of the branches, as fruit, sometimes between two branches as nests; and their numberless confluents and affluents imitate, according to the inclination of their currents or the slope of the soil, the different branchings of the various vegetable species, which, as it is known, have their shoots more or less separated from the stem, according to the special strength of their sap or the density of their wood. It is worthy of notice that if we look at the Rhine from this point of view, the idea of royalty which seems to cling to this vigorous river is capable of being vindicated. The Y of almost all the affluents of the Rhine, Murg, Neckar, Mein, Nahe, Lahn, Moselle, and Aar, has an opening of about ninety degrees. Bingen, Neiderlahnstein, and Coblentz are in right angles. If you can conceive by your imagination the immense geometrical silhouette of the river standing up, the Rhine will appear bearing all its streams like outstretched arms, and will have the figure of an oak. The numberless streams into which it is divided before reaching the ocean have the forms of roots exposed to view.

The part of the Rhine the most celebrated and admired, the most curious for the historian, and the loveliest for the poet, is that which traverses, from Bingen to Königswinter, that dark chaos of volcanic mounds which the Romans termed the Alpes of the Catti.

From Mayence to Bingen, as from Königswinter to Cologne, there are seven leagues of rich smiling plains, with handsome villages, on the river's brink; but the great *encaissement* of the Rhine begins at Bingen by the

Rupertsberg and Niederwald, and terminates at Königswinter at the base of the Seven Mountains.

There all is beautiful; the gloomy precipices of the two banks are mirrored in the deep pools of the water. The steepness of the declivities causes the vine to be cultivated on the Rhine in the same fashion in which the olive is cultivated on the coasts of Provence. Wherever the rocks are high enough to catch the sunbeams, the peasant carries sacks and baskets of earth. In this earth he plants an olive in Provence, a slip of vine on the Rhine. Then he props the soil with a rampart of uncemented stones that holds the soil in and lets the water flow free. With excess of caution the vintager overlays the earth with broken slates from the mountain, so that the rains may not carry it away. And so, on the sides of the most precipitous rocks, the vine of the Rhine, like the olive of the Mediterranean, grows in a kind of bracket suspended over the head of the passer-by, like the flower-pot in an attic. Every gentle declivity bristles with its vines.

Still, it is an ungrateful labour. For ten years the Rhinelanders have not had a good yield. In several places, notably at Saint Goarshausen, in the county of Nassau, the vineyards have been abandoned.

From below, all these ramparts of uncemented stone, which follow the innumerable undulations of the slope and the channels of the rock, assume almost always the form of a crescent surmounted by a green fringe of vines, attached, and as it were nailed, to the projections of the mountain by their two ends which gradually diminish,

and look like garlands hanging over the rugged wall of the Rhine.

In winter, when vine and soil are black, these terraces of a dirty grey resemble cobwebs suspended one above the other in the corners of deserted dwellings, and bear a likeness to hideous hammocks for the reception of dust.

At each turning of the river, a group of houses — a town or borough — develops itself, with a huge tower in ruins peering over it. These hamlets present an imposing aspect. Young women are seen busily washing and singing, with children playing round them; the basket-maker at work on the door-step of his hut; the fisherman mending his net in his boat: all perform what God has ordered, — man as well as the orb of day.

The towns have a more complicated and lively aspect. They abound on the Rhine. We have Bingen, Oberwesel, Saint Goar, Neuwied, Andernach, Linz, the big commune with square towers, which was besieged by Charles the Bold in 1476, and which faces Sinzig, on the other side of the Rhine, built by Sentius to guard the embouchure of the Aar; Boppart, the ancient Bodobriga, a fort of Drusus, a royal fief of the Frank kings, proclaimed an imperial town at the same time as Oberwesel; the bailiwick of Treves, a charming old city, which preserves an idol in its church, over which church rise two Roman towers connected by a bridge, and resembling two big oxen under the yoke. I remarked at the gate of the town as you ascend the river, a lonely ruined apsis. It is Caub, the town of the Palatines. Then comes Braubach, named in a charter of 933, a fief of the counts of Arnstein and Lahngau,

an imperial city under Rodolph in 1279, a domain of the Counts of Katzenellenbogen in 1283, which fell to Hesse in 1473, to Darmstadt in 1632, and to Nassau in 1802.

Braubach, which communicates with the baths of the Taunus, is admirably situated at the foot of the high rock which is crowned by Markusburg. The old castle of Saint Mark is to-day a state prison. Every marquis must have his pages. My lord of Nassau would seem to be giving himself airs in having state prisoners. It is quite too great a luxury.

Twelve thousand six hundred inhabitants in eleven hundred houses; a bridge of thirty-six boats built over the Rhine in 1819; a stone bridge of fourteen arches built over the Moselle on the foundations of the bridge constructed by Archbishop Baldwin in 1311, by means of an ample sale of indulgences; the celebrated fort of Ehrenbreitstein, surrendered to the French on the 27th of January, 1799, after a blockade during which the besieged paid three francs for a cat and thirty sous for a pound of horse-flesh; a well five hundred and eighty feet deep, dug by the margrave John of Baden; the square of the arsenal, on which was once mounted the famous culverin the Griffon, which carried a hundred and sixty pounds and weighed twenty thousand; a fine old Franciscan convent converted into a hospital in 1804; a Roman church of Our Lady, restored after the Pompadour style and painted rose; a church of Saint Florin converted into a storehouse for forage by the French, and now an evangelical church (it is worse still, in point of art, and also painted rose); a collegial church of Saint

Castor, enriched with a portal of 1805 and painted rose; not a single library, — such is Coblentz, which the French write *Coblentz* out of politeness towards the Germans, and the Germans *Coblence*, out of courtesy to the French. Coblentz was at first a Roman castrum in the Altehof, then a royal court under the Franks, an imperial residence up to Louis of Bavaria, a city patronized by the Counts of Arnstein until 1250, and by the Archbishops of Treves from the time of Arnold II. It was in vain besieged by Vauban and Louis XIV. in person, was captured by the French in 1794, and given to the Prussians in 1815. As for myself, I did not enter it. So many churches painted in rose frightened me away.

As a military station, Coblentz is an important place. Its three fortresses face in all directions. The Chartreuse commands the road to Mayence, the Petersberg guards the road to Treves and Cologne, and the Ehrenbreitstein watches the Rhine and the road to Nassau.

Coblentz has been perhaps too highly praised for its scenery, especially if it be compared to other cities of the Rhine which nobody visits or speaks of. Ehrenbreitstein, once a fine colossal ruin, is now a gloomy citadel which crowns in sorry fashion a magnificent rock. The ancient fortresses were the true crowns of the mountains. Every tower was a *fleuron*.

Some of these cities are rich beyond price in art and archæology. The oldest masters and the greatest painters people their museums. Domenichinos, Carracci, Guercinos, Garduens, Snyders, Laurente, Sciarpellonis, can be seen at Mayence. At Cologne are Augustin Brauns,

Albert Dürers, and Mesquidas. Holbein, Lucas, Cranach, Scorel, Raphael, and the sleeping Venus of Titian are at Darmstadt. Coblentz has the entire work of Albert Dürer, with the exception of four leaves. Mayence has the psalter of 1459. Cologne had the famous missal of the castle of Drachenfels, coloured in the twelfth century. She has lost it, but she has preserved and still keeps the precious letters of Leibnitz addressed to the Jesuit De Brosse.

These beautiful towns and charming villages are set in the wildest landscapes. Mists creep along the ravines, and clouds perched on the hills seem to waver as to what wind they shall wait for; sombre druidical forests recede between the mountains into the far-away haze; immense birds of prey swoop through a fantastic sky that pertains to the two climates which the Rhine separates, now dazzling with sunshine as an Italian sky, now dulled with the reddish fogs of a Greenland atmosphere. The bank is rugged, the lava blue, the basalt black; everywhere dust of mica and quartz abounds; everywhere violent fissures are to be seen, while the rocks have the profile of flat-nosed giants. Ridges of slate as fine and thin as silk shine in the sun, and look like the backs of huge boars. The aspect of the entire river is extraordinary. It is evident that when making the Rhine, Nature planned a desert; man has made a street of it.

At the time of the Romans and of the barbarians the Rhine was termed the "street" of soldiers; in the Middle Ages, when the river was bordered with ecclesiastical states, and from its source to its mouth was under the control of the Abbott of Saint Gall, the Bishops of Con-

stance, Bael, Spire, Worms, the Archbishop-Electors of Mayence, Treves, and Cologne, the Rhine was called "the street of the priests;" at present it is that of the merchants.

The traveller who ascends the river sees it, so to speak, coming to him, and then the sight is full of charms. At each instant he meets something which passes him; at one time, a vessel crowded with peasants, especially if it be Sunday; at another, a steamboat; then a long, two-masted vessel laden with merchandise, its pilot attentive and serious, its sailors busy, with women seated near the door of the cabin; here, a heavy-looking boat, dragging two or three after it; there, a little horse, drawing a huge bark, as an ant drags a dead beetle. Suddenly there is a winding in the river; and formerly, on turning, an immense raft, a floating house, presented itself, the oars splashing on both sides. On the ponderous machine were cattle of all kinds, some bleating, and others bellowing, when they perceived the heifers peaceably grazing on the banks. The master came and went, looked at this, then at that, while the sailors busily performed their respective duties. A whole village seemed to live on this float, — on this prodigious construction of fir.

The present rafts are, compared to the ancient floats, what a sloop is to a three-decker. The rafts of other times, composed as now of firs, oak, etc., destined for ship-building, bound at their extemities by clamps called *bundsparren*, secured at the joinings by osier twists and iron ties, used to carry fifteen or sixteen houses, ten or twelve boats laden with oars, rigging, and anchors, and

a thousand rowers; they drew eight feet of water, were seventy feet broad, and about nine hundred long, that is to say, the length of ten first-class pines of Murg tied end to end. Around the central raft and moored to its sides by means of a trunk which served at once as cable and bridge, floated, either to direct its course or lessen the perils of stranding, ten or twelve small rafts about eighty feet long, some named *knie*, others *anhänge*. On the great raft was a street abutting on one side a vast tent, and on the other the house of the skipper; it was a kind of wooden palace. The smoke was always rising from the kitchen. A big copper caldron was boiling day and night. Evening and morning the pilot shouted the signal, and raised a basket suspended from a pole; it was a sign that the meal was ready, and the thousand workmen ran up with their wooden spoons. These rafts consumed during the voyage eight tuns of wine, six hundred hogsheads of beer, forty sacks of dried vegetables, two thousand pounds of cheese, ten thousand pounds of smoked meat, twenty thousand pounds of fresh meat, and fifty thousand pounds of bread. They took a flock of sheep and butchers with them. Each of these rafts represented seven or eight hundred thousand florins, — that is to say, about two millions of francs.

It is perhaps difficult to imagine such an island of wood coming and going from Namedy to Dordrecht, along the windings and turnings, the falls and serpentine meanderings of the Rhine. Wrecks, it is true, frequently take place, which gave rise to the saying, "that a float merchant ought to have three capitals, — the first upon

the Rhine, the second on land, and the third in his pocket." The conducting of each of these enormous constructions was left entirely to the charge of one man. At the end of the last century the great *maître flotteur* of Rudesheim was called Old Jung. He died: since that time these great floats have disappeared.

At present, twenty-five steamers are engaged on the Rhine, nineteen of which belong to the Cologne Steam Company, and are constantly plying from Strasburg to Dusseldorf; they are known by their white and black funnels. The remaining six belong to the Dusseldorf Company, and have tri-coloured funnels; they ply from Mayence to Rotterdam. The ancient mode of navigating the Rhine, which was by vessels with sails, contrasts strangely with the present. The steamboats, with life in their appearance, rapid, comfortable, and painted with the colours of all nations, have for invocation the names of princes and cities, — Ludwig II., Gross Herzog von Hessen, Konigin, Victoria, Herzog von Nassau, Prinzessin Mariann, Gross Herzog von Baden, Stadt Manheim, Stadt Coblentz. The sailing-vessels glide slowly along, and have at their prows grave and reverential names, such as Pius, Columbus, Amor Sancta Maria, Gratia Dei. The steamboat is varnished and gold lettered; the sailing-vessel is bedaubed with pitch. The one pursues its way beseeching of men; the other continues its course in prayer. The one depends upon man; the other places its reliance in God, — food, and that which is the gift of Heaven, being its cargo.

From Cologne to Mayence there are forty-nine islands,

covered with thick verdure, which hides the smoking roofs, and shades the barks in their charming havens, each bearing some secret souvenir: Graupenwerth, where the Hollanders constructed a fort, and called it "the Priest's Bonnet;" Pfaffenmuth, a fort which the Spaniards took, and gave it the name of "Isabella;" Graswerth, the island of grass, where Jean Philippe de Reichenberg wrote his "Antiquitates Saynenses;" Niederwerth, formerly so rich with the gifts of the Margrave Archbishop, Jean II.; Urmitzer Insel, which was well known to Cæsar; and Nonnenswerth, the spot frequented by Roland.

The souvenirs of the banks of the Rhine seem to have responded to those of the islands, and whatever took place on one side was sure to have given rise to something else on the opposite one. Permit me to run over a few of them. The coffin of Saint Nizza, granddaughter of Louis-le-Debonnaire, is at Cologne; the tomb of Saint Ida, cousin of Charles Martel, is at Cologne. Saint Geneviéve lived in the woods at Fraunkirch, near a mineral fountain, which is still seen, adjoining a chapel that was built to her memory. It was Schinderhannes who, with a pistol in his hand, forced a band of Jews to take off their shoes; then, after mixing them, ordered each person to take the first pair he could find and be off, for he would put the last to instant death. The terrified Jews did so, and fled precipitately, some stumbling, others limping and hobbling, making a strange clattering noise, which excited the laughter of John the Flayer.

When the traveller has passed Coblentz, and left behind him the graceful island of Oberwerth, the mouth of the Lahn strikes his attention. The view here is admirable. The two crumbling towers of Johanniskirch, which vaguely resemble Jumeiges, rise, as it were, from the water's brink. To the right, above the borough of Cappellan, the magnificent fortress of Stolzenfels stands, upon the brow of a huge rock; and to the left, at the bottom of the horizon, the clouds and the setting sun mingle with the sombre ruins of Lahneck, which abound with enigmas for the historian, and darkness for the antiquary. On each side of the Lahn is a pretty town,— Niederlahnstein and Oberlahnstein, which seem smiling at each other. A few stone-throws from the Oriental gate of Oberlahnstein, the trees of an orchard disclose, and at the same time hide, a small chapel of the fourteenth century, which is surmounted by a mean-looking steeple.

It was in this village that the four electors of the Rhine — John of Nassau, Archbishop of Mayence, Frederick of Saarwarden, Archbishop of Cologne, Werner of Königstein, Archbishop of Treves, and Rupert III., Count Palatine — met to solemnly proclaim the deposition of Wenceslaus, emperor of Germany. Wenceslaus was dissolute, wicked, a drunkard, and ferocious when he drank. He had priests drowned who refused to betray the secrets of the confessional to him. While suspecting the fidelity of his wife, he had confidence in her wisdom and was influenced by her opinions. This excited anxiety at Rome. The wife of Wenceslaus was Sophia of Bavaria, and her confessor was John Huss. John Huss, a dis-

ciple of Wickliff, was already undermining the Pope. It was at the instigation of the Holy See that the three archbishops invited the Count Palatine to sit with them. The Rhine then ruled Germany. These four defied the emperor; then they named in his place the only one of them who was not an ecclesiastic, — Count Rupert. Rupert, to whom this reward had been doubtless secretly promised, was a worthy and noble ruler. You see that in its lofty guardianship of kingdoms and kings, the action of Rome, whether open or concealed, was sometimes beneficent. The sentence passed on Wenceslaus rested on six counts; the four principal ones were, dilapidation of the domain, the schism in the Church, the civil wars of the empire, and his fondness for having dogs sleeping in his bed-chamber.

John Huss continued, and Rome also. "Rather than bend," said John Huss, "I would throw myself into the sea with a millstone around my neck." He grasped the sword of the spirit and fought body to body with Rome. Then, when the council summoned him, he came boldly, without safe conduct, — *venimus sine salva conducta*. You know the end. It took place on the 6th of July, 1415. The years which gnaw all that is flesh and surface reduce facts also to the state of a corpse, and lay bare the fibres of history. For the thinker of to-day, thanks to this denudation, the providential arrangement of the events of this gloomy period, and the deposition of Wenceslaus are the prologue to a tragedy of which the stake at Constance is the catastrophe.

In front of this chapel, on the opposite bank, might be

seen, not half a century ago, the seat of royalty, the ancient Königstühl of which I have already spoken. The Königstühl was about seventeen German feet high and twenty-four in diameter. The form of it was somewhat as follows: seven pillars of stone supported a broad octagonal platform of stone, sustained at its centre by an eighth pillar thicker than the others, representing the emperor in the midst of the seven electors. Seven stone chairs, corresponding to the seven pillars above which each of them was placed, occupied seven of the corners of the platform, arranged in a circle and facing one another. The eighth corner, looking towards the south, was filled by a staircase composed of fourteen steps, two for each elector. Everything in this grave and venerable edifice had a meaning. Behind each chair were sculptured and painted the arms of the seven electors, — the Lion of Bohemia; the Crossed Swords of Brandenburg; Saxony, which bore an eagle *argent* on *gules;* the Palatinate with a Lion *argent;* Treves, *argent,* Cross *gules;* Cologne, *argent,* Cross *sable;* and Mayence, *gules,* a Wheel *argent.* These emblazonments, whose enamel, colours, and gilding faded under sun and rain, were the only ornaments of this old granite throne.

Thus, in the open air, under the sunlight of heaven, seated in those rigid stone chairs above which the trees waved their foliage and the clouds chased one another, rough and simple-minded, innocent and august as the kings of Homer, did the ancient electors of Germany choose their emperor. Later on these grand customs faded away. A civilization less epic assembled around the leather-

covered table of Frankfort the seven princes, increased towards the end of the seventeenth century to the number of nine by the addition of Bavaria and Brunswick to the electorate.

The seven princes who sat on these stones in the Middle Ages were powerful and august. The electors occupied the summit of the Holy Empire. They took precedence in the imperial procession of the four dukes, the four archmarshals, the four landgraves, the four burgraves, the four chief counts of war, the four abbots, the four burghers, the four knights, the four cities, the four villages, the four hamlets, the four marquises, the four counts, the four lords, the four mountains, the four barons, the four possessions, the four huntsmen, the four officers of Suabia, and the four servitors. Each had borne before him by his own marshal a sword in a gilt scabbard. They called the other princes the "crowned heads," and styled themselves the "crowning hands." The Golden Bull compared them to the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost, to the Seven Hills of Rome, to the Seven Branches of Solomon's candlestick. Among them the rank of elector took precedence of the rank of king; the Archbishop of Mayence walked on the right of the emperor, and the King of Bohemia on the right of the archbishop. They were so great, their greatness was seen from so far, and they swayed nations from such a height that the Swiss peasants called and still call the seven mountains of their lake Sieben Chürfurstein, the Seven Electors.

The Königstühl has disappeared, the electors also.

Four stones to-day mark the place of the Königstühl; nothing marks the place of the electors.

In the sixteenth century, when it became the fashion to name the emperor at Frankfort, either in the hall of the Roemer or in the chapel of the conclave of Saint Bartholomew, the election became a complicated ceremony. It took its tinge from Spanish etiquette. The formulary became very minute; the surroundings, severe, suspicious, and even terrible at times. On the morning of the day appointed for the election, the gates of the city were shut, the burghers took their arms, the drums beat, the tocsin rang; the electors, clad in cloth of gold and scarlet lined with ermine, wearing the electoral cap or the mitre, according as they were seculars or archbishops, received solemnly the oath of the chief magistrate of the city, who pledged himself to guarantee them from "being taken by surprise by one another;" this over, they took an oath of the same tenor in presence of the Archbishop of Mayence; then Mass was said for them; they sat on chairs of black velvet, the marshal of the empire "shut the wickets," and they proceeded to the election. Although the doors were closed, the chancellors and notaries had free egress. At last the "most reverend" came to an agreement with the "most illustrious," the King of the Romans was named, the princes rose from their chairs, and while the presentation to the people was taking place at the window of the Roemer, one of the suffragans chanted a "Te Deum" in Saint Bartholomew with the aid of three choirs assisted by the organ of the church, the trumpets of the electors, and the trumpets of the emperor.

"All this was done," says the anonymous chronicler of the election of Mathias II., "to the sound of the great bells on the towers, and of the great cannon, which were mad from joy."

In my opinion the ceremony on the Königstühle was grander and simpler. The electors mounted in procession the platform by the fourteen steps, each a foot high, and sat down in the stone chairs. The people of Rhens, kept back by the halberdiers, surrounded the royal seat. The Archbishop of Mayence stood up and said, "Most high-born princes, the Holy Empire is vacant." Then he intoned the antiphone "Veni, sancte spiritus," and the Archbishops of Cologne and Treves chanted the other collects connected with it. The seven electors then took the oath,—the seculars with their hands on the Gospel, the ecclesiastics with their hands on their hearts; a fine and touching distinction, which means that the heart of every priest ought to be an exemplar of the Gospel. After the oath, they sat down and conversed in a low voice; suddenly the Archbishop of Mayence arose, stretched his hands to the heavens, and cried aloud to the people in the distance, scattered among the hedges, groves, and meadows, the name of the new temporal head of Christendom. Thereupon the marshal of the empire planted the imperial banner on the banks of the Rhine, and the people shouted, "Vivat rex!"

Before Lothaire, who was elected on the 11th of September, 1125, the same eagle, the golden eagle, was displayed on the banner of the empire of the East and on the banner of the empire of the West. But the ruddy

sky of the dawn was reflected in one, the chilly sky of the north in the other. The eastern banner was red; the western banner blue. Lothaire substituted for these colours the colours of his house, *or* and *sable*. The golden eagle on a blue field was replaced on the imperial banner by the black eagle on a golden field. As long as there were two empires, there were two eagles, and these two eagles had only one head; but at the end of the fifteenth century, when the Greek empire had fallen, the Germanic empire, being the only one left, decided, in sign of representing the two empires, east and west, on taking two heads.

Nor was this the first appearance of the double-headed eagle. We may see it carved on the buckler of one of the soldiers of Trajan's column; and if we are to believe the monk of Attaich and the collection of Urstisius, Rodolph of Hapsburg wore it embroidered on his breast on the 26th of August, 1278, at the battle of Marchefeld.

When the banner was planted on the banks of the Rhine in honour of the new emperor, the people, if the wind blew it about, drew omens from the manner in which it waved. In 1346, when the electors, at the instigation of Pope Clement VI., proclaimed Charles, Margrave of Moravia, King of the Romans, although Louis V. was still alive, to the cry of "Vivat rex!" the imperial banner fell into the Rhine and was lost. Fifty years later, in 1400, the fatal omen was accomplished: Wenceslaus, the son of Charles, was deposed.

And this fall of the banner also foretold the fall of the House of Luxemburg, which, after Charles IV. and Wen-

ceslaus, had only one emperor more, Sigismund, and sank forever before the House of Austria.

After leaving this place the traveller proceeds towards Braubach; passes Boppart, Welmich, Saint Goar, Oberwesel; and suddenly comes to an immense rock surmounted by an enormous tower on the right bank of the river. At the base of the rock is a pretty little town with a Roman church in the centre; and opposite, in the middle of the Rhine, is a strange oblong edifice, whose back and front resemble the prow and poop of a vessel, and whose large and low windows are like hatches and portholes.

The tower is the Gutenfels; this town is Caub; this stone ship—eternally on the Rhine, and always at anchor—is the Palace, or Pfalz. To enter this symbolic residence, which is built upon a bank of marble, called "the Rock of the Palatine Counts," we must ascend a ladder that rests upon a drawbridge, a portion of which is still to be seen.

From Taunus to the Seven Mountains there are fourteen castles on the right bank of the river, and fifteen on the left, making in all twenty-nine, which bear the souvenirs of volcanoes, the traces of war, and the devastations of time. Four of these castles were built in the eleventh century,—Ehrenfels, by the Archbishop of Siegfried; Stahleck, by the Counts Palatine; Sayn, by Frederick, first Count of Sayn, and vanquisher of the Moors of Spain; Hammerstein, by Otho, Count of Veteravia. Two were constructed in the twelfth century,—Gutenfels, by the Counts of Nuringen, and Rolandseck, by Archbishop Arnold II., in 1139; two in the thirteenth century,—

Furstenberg, by the Palatines, and Rheinfels, in 1219, by Thierry III., Count of Katzenellenbogen; four in the fourteenth century, — Vogtsberg, in 1340, by a Falkenstein; Fursteneck, in 1348, by Archbishop Henry III.; the Cat, 1383, by the Count of Katzenellenbogen; and the Mouse, ten years after, by a Falkenstein. Only one dates from the sixteenth century, — Philipsburg, built between 1568 and 1571, by the Landgrave Philip the Younger. Four of these citadels, all on the left bank (a fact worthy of notice),— Reichenstein, Rheinstein, Falkenberg, and Sonnech, — were destroyed in 1282 by Rodolph of Hapsburg. One, the Rolandseck, was destroyed by the Emperor Henry V., five by Louis XIV., in 1689, — Fursteneck, Stahleck, Schoenberg, Stolzenfels, and Hammerstein; one by Napoleon, — the Rheinfels; one by a conflagration, — Rheineck; and one by the Black Band, — Gutenfels.

We do not know who built Falkenberg, Stolzenfels, Rheineck, and Markusburg, restored in 1644 by John, Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt. We do not know who has demolished Vogtsberg, the ancient dwelling of some lord who had made a vow, as the name indicates, Ehrenfels, Fursteneck, Sayn, the Cat, and the Mouse. An obscurity still deeper covers six of these manors, — Heimberg, Rheinberg, Liebenstein, Sternberg, Lahneck, and Okenfels. They came from darkness and they have returned thither. We do not know who built or who destroyed them. Nothing is stranger in the very middle of history than this thick veil, through which we dimly perceive the wars of the Hanse towns of the Rhine

Sonnech Castle.

Photo-etching by John Andrew and Son Company, from Photograph.

against the lords, towards the year 1400 ; and still earlier, in the growing darkness of the twelfth century, the formidable figure of Barbarossa exterminating the burgraves. Several of these fortresses whose history is lost are half Roman, half Carlovingian. The other ruins are not quite so obscure. We can find some record of them here and there in the old charters. Stahleck, which towers above Bacharach and is said to have been founded by the Huns, witnessed the death of Hermann in the twelfth century ; the Hohenstaufen, the Guelfs, and the Wittelsbach lived in it, and it was besieged and taken eight times between 1620 and 1640. Schoenberg, the source of the Belmont family and of the legend of the Seven Sisters, was the birthplace of Frederick of Schoenberg, whose singular fate it was to established the Braganzas and throw down the Stewarts. The Rheinfels resisted the cities of the Rhine in 1225, and Marshal de Tallard in 1692, and surrendered to the French Republic in 1794. The Stolzenfels was the residence of the Archbishops of Treves. Rheineck saw the death, in 1544, of the last Count of Rheineck, Canon-custodian of the Cathedral of Treves. Hammerstein had to endure the quarrel between the Counts of Veteravia and the Archbishop of Mayence, the shock of the emperor Henri II. in 1017, the flight of the emperor Henry IV. in 1105, the Thirty Years' War, the passage of the Swedes and Spaniards, the devastation of the French in 1689, and the shame of having been sold for a hundred crowns in 1823. Gutenfels, the haughty sentry-box of Gustavus Adolphus, the pleasant asylum of the fair Countess Guda and the amorous

Emperor Richard, was besieged four times, — by the Hessians in 1604 and 1631, by the Imperialists in 1620 and 1642; was sold in 1289 by Garnier of Muzenberg to the Elector Palatine Louis the Severe for two thousand one hundred marks of silver; and had the degradation of being again sold in 1807 for six hundred francs.

This long and double row of venerable edifices, at once poetic and military, which bear upon their front all the epochs of the Rhine, every one having its sieges and its legends, begins at Bingen, by the Ehrenfels on the right, and by the Rat Tower on the left, and finishes at Königswinter, by the Rolandseck on the left, and the Drachenfels on the right.

The number which I have given includes only those castles that are on the banks of the Rhine, and which every traveller will see in passing; but should he explore the valleys and ascend the mountains, he will meet a ruin at every step; and if he ascend the Seven Mountains he will find an abbey, Schomburg, and six castles, — the Drachenfels, Wolkenberg, Lowenberg, Nonnestromberg, and the Œlberg, the last of which was built by Valentinian, in the year 368.

In the plain near Mayence is Frauenstein, which was built in the twelfth century, Scarfenstein, and Greifenklau; and on the Cologne side is the admirable castle of Godesberg.

These ancient castles which border the Rhine these colossal bounds, built by feudalism, fill the country with reveries and pleasant associations. They have been mute witnesses of bygone ages, prominent features in great

actions, and their walls have echoed the cries of war and the murmurings of peace. They stand there like eternal monuments of the dark dramas which, since the tenth century, have been played on the Rhine.

They have seen — at least the oldest of them have — the entrances and the exits of all the lofty, strange, and terrible actors in the providential drama: Pepin, who gave cities to the Pope; Charlemagne, clad in a woollen shirt and a doublet of otter skin, leaning on the shoulder of the old deacon Peter of Pisa, and caressing with his strong hand the elephant Abulabaz; Otho the Lion, shaking his blond mane; the Margrave of Italy, Azzo, bearing his victorious banner, with angels painted on it, at the battle of Marseburg; Henry the Lame; Conrad the Elder and Conrad the Younger; Henry the Black, who imposed four German popes on Rome; Rodolph of Saxony, bearing on his crown the papal hexameter, — *Petra dedit Petro, Petrus diadema Rodolpho;* Godfrey of Bouillon, who drove the pike of the imperial flag into the bodies of the enemies of the empire; Henry V., who rode his horse up the marble steps of Saint Peter at Rome. There is no great figure in German history whose profile has not been engraved on these venerable stones: the old Duke Welf, Albert the Bear, Saint Bernard; Barbarossa, who mistook the hand while holding the Pope's stirrup; Archbishop Raynald of Cologne, who tore away the fringe from the Carrocium of Milan; Richard Cœur-de-Lion, William of Holland; Frederick II., the gentle emperor with the Greek face, a friend of poets like Augustus, and a friend of caliphs like Charle-

magne, studying in his tent, where a golden sun and a silver moon marked the seasons and the hours. They have seen the monk Christian preaching the gospel to the peasants of Prussia; Hermann Salza, first grand master of the Teutonic Order, a great builder of cities; Ottocar, King of Bohemia; Frederick of Baden and Conradin of Suabia, both beheaded at sixteen; Louis V., Landgrave of Thuringia, and husband of Saint Elizabeth; Frederick the Bitten, who bore on his cheek the mark of his mother's despair; and Rodolph of Hapsburg, who mended his own grey doublet. They have resounded with the motto of Eberhard, Count of Wurtemburg, — "Glory to God! War to the world!"[1] They have sheltered Sigismund, that emperor whose justice was wisely weighed but badly executed; Louis V., the last emperor who was excommunicated; and Frederick III., the last emperor who was crowned at Rome. They have heard Petrarch chiding Charles IV. for having stayed only one day at Rome, and crying to him, "What would your ancestors the Cæsars say if they met you now, your head downcast, and your back turned on Italy?" They have seen pass, humiliated and furious, the German Achilles, Albert of Brandenburg, after the lesson taught him at Nuremberg, and the Burgundian Achilles, Charles the Bold, after the fifty-six assaults on Neuss. They have seen pass the western bishops, probably borne on their mules and in their litters, who went in 1415 to the Council of Constance to judge John Huss; in 1431 to

[1] In the text it is "*gloire* au monde;" but this must be an error, either of the author or printer. — Tr.

the Council of Basle to depose Eugenius IV.; and in 1519 to the Diet of Worms to interrogate Luther. They have seen floating on the river from Oberwesel to Bacharach, his fair hair mingled with the waves, the white body of Saint Werner, a poor little child, martyred by the Jews, and flung into the Rhine in 1287. They have seen the velvet-covered bier, borne under a golden canopy, of Mary of Burgundy, who died of a fall from her horse while hunting the heron. The hideous horde of the Magyars, the growls of the Mongols, checked by Henry the Pious in the thirteenth century; the cries of the Hussites, who would reduce to five all the cities of the earth; the threats of Procopius the Big and Procopius the Little; the tumultuous roar of the Turks as they sailed up the Danube after the taking of Constantinople; the iron cage into which the vengeance of kings flung John of Leyden chained between his chancellor Krechting and his headsman Knipperdolling; the youthful Charles V., his shield sparkling with the word *nondum* in diamond stars; Wallenstein, served by sixty pages of noble birth; Tilly, in his green satin coat on his little grey horse; Gustavus Adolphus crossing the Thuringian forest; the wrath of Louis XIV.; the wrath of Frederick II.; the wrath of Napoleon, — all these terrible things, which by turns shook and frightened Europe, have struck with their lightnings these old walls. These glorious fortresses have received the counter-shock of the Swiss destroying the ancient cavalry at Sempach, and of the great Condé destroying the ancient infantry at Rocroy. They have heard the cracking of scaling-ladders,

the hissing of boiling pitch, the bellowing of cannon. The lansquenets, those servants of the lance; the hedge-hog battle array so fatal to squadrons; the sudden attacks of Sickingen, the great knight; the well-planned assaults of Burtenbach, the great captain, — all this they have seen and braved and endured. Now melancholy during the night, when the moon clothes their spectral forms with her pallid shroud; still more melancholy by day; full of glory and of fame, of nothingness and weariness; gnawed by time, sapped by man; flinging over the vineyards on the hillsides a shadow that lessens from year to year, they are dropping the past, stone after stone into the Rhine, and date after date into oblivion.

Oh, noble donjons! Oh, poor old paralytic giants! Oh, insulted knights! a steamboat filled with tradesmen and burghers hurls its smoke into your faces as it passes by!

END OF VOL. I.

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